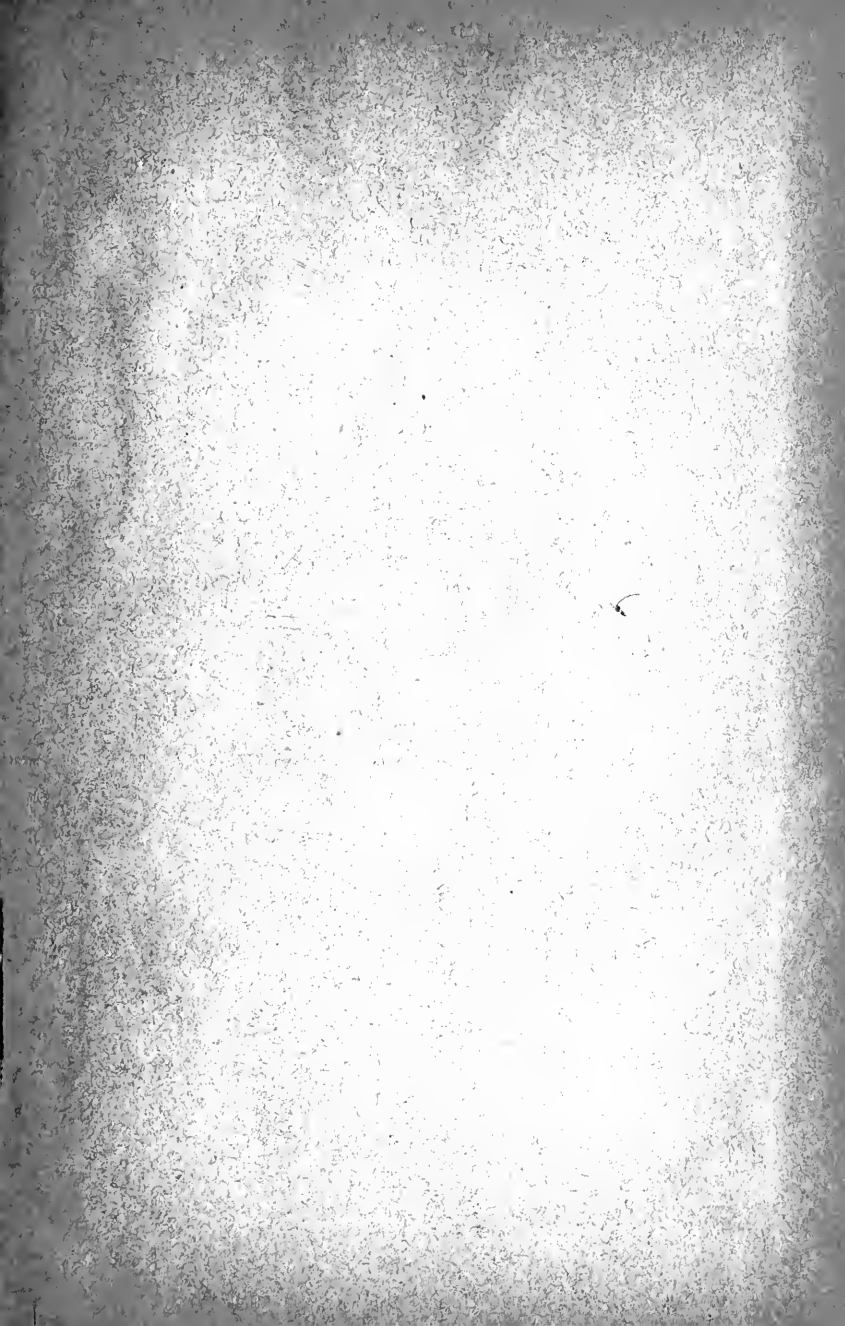


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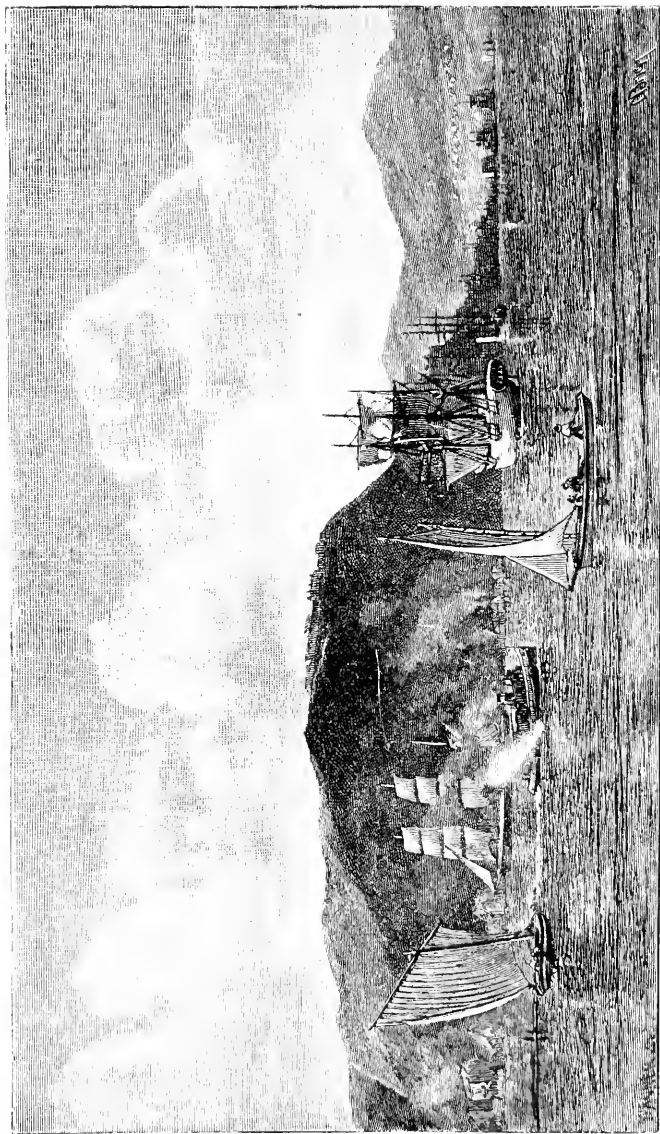








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and His Royal Highness Prince Leopold.

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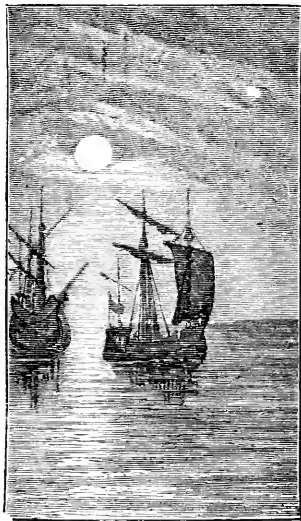
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# ADVANCED READER.



TORONTO:  
CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
(LIMITED.)

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the CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), in the office of the Minister  
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## PREFACE.

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IN the compilation and construction of the ADVANCED READER the following objects have been kept in view:—

I. *To continue the course of instruction in Reading and Composition carried on in the other books of the Series of ROYAL CANADIAN READERS.*

To this end, Elocutionary footnotes have been introduced, and suitable Composition Exercises appended to each set of selections. These exercises have been supplemented by a Literary Analysis, one object of which is to apply the laws of Criticism and Composition, by directing attention to the means used by each author to secure the various excellencies of his style. In both the Elocutionary footnotes and the Literary Analysis, frequent reference is made to the Introduction, the first part of which contains a brief statement of the leading principles of Elocution, and the second, a description of Literature and its Departments, with a concise exposition of the laws of Style.

II. *To develop a taste for Literature, by supplying the student with a series of interesting studies from the works of some of the best English, American, and Canadian authors.*

The accomplishment of this purpose has necessitated the insertion of longer selections than is usual in books of this class; but, as care has been taken to secure variety of subjects and of literary methods, the innovation will be found to harmonize with the general scheme of the Series. The chief object of the Literary Analysis is to suggest the proper mode of study, by developing the peculiarities of each author's style, and pointing out the beauties, defects, and difficulties of the text. As, however, the study of an author word by word and sentence by sentence has a tendency to contract the range of mental vision, general questions have been appended

to each set of selections, and most of the Composition exercises are of such a nature as to enable the student to obtain a connected view of the different parts of the subject.

The Explanatory Notes afford such necessary information as is not easily obtainable, and supplement the Literary Analysis in the elucidation of the text. They include also lists of the best works of reference in connection with each author and subject.

To secure greater variety and to afford material for the application of the methods of study adopted in the longer selections, shorter ones have been introduced throughout the volume, with introductions and annotations wherever difficulties present themselves.

III. *To illustrate the characteristics of the later periods of English Literature, and to supply an account of the lives and works of their chief representatives.*

In the compilation of the volume, special prominence has been given to the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as affording selections of the greatest interest and least difficulty. For the same reasons, the usual chronological arrangement has been inverted, and the later authors are here placed first. The selections represent generally some phase of style, of thought, or of literary method; and, with due regard for the main objects of this member of the Series, those selections have been preferred which supply useful information or contain noble thoughts.

The design of the work, however, has rendered it incomplete as an exposition of our literary history. It should, therefore, be studied in connection with the *Primer of English Literature*, which, with its appendix on American authors, now in preparation, will supply the unavoidable defects of the *ADVANCED READER* as a Manual of Literature for Canadian Schools.



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# INTRODUCTION.

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## PART I.

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### ELOCUTION.

The Art of Reading consists in the appropriate utterance of the thoughts and feelings presented in written language.

The written or printed words are only the signs or symbols of thought and feeling; and the best reader is the one who best uses these symbols to convey to the listener the thoughts and feelings which the words represent.

Some thoughts are bold, vigorous, and energetic, and show that the mind is roused. Others indicate that cool, calm, and collected state of the mind in which it is ready to deal with every-day matters. Again, the mind may be weighed down by sorrow, animated by joy, or softened by pity. Each of these states may be expressed by tones of the voice.

Now, it is impossible for a reader to give correct vocal expression to what he does not clearly understand and appreciate. Hence, he must first make a thorough study of the ideas and feelings to be expressed. He must determine—

(1) *The general spirit* of the selection; that he may know the force of voice, etc., with which it should be read.

(2) *The important individual ideas*; that he may know which words need special force or emphasis.

(3) *The relative importance of the different ideas*; that he may be able to express clearly the exact and full meaning of the author.

The primary requisites of a good reader are:—

I. CLEAR ARTICULATION.

II. CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

III. CORRECT VOCAL EXPRESSION.

---

#### I. CLEAR ARTICULATION.

Many persons acquire, through carelessness, habits of slow and indistinct articulation, such as mumbling, joining words together, and making unaccented syllables almost inaudible. For effective reading, distinct utterance is, therefore, the first and most important requisite.

Articulation is effected by the action of the lips, tongue, palate, and jaws. If these organs do not act promptly and easily, the articulation will be indistinct and imperfect.

The following exercises will aid in disciplining the muscles used in articulation, and in accustoming them to energetic action :

1. Pronounce the sound *ec*, extending the lips as much as possible side-wise, and showing the tips of the teeth.

2. Pronounce *ah*, opening the mouth wide.

3. Pronounce *oo* (as in *cool*), contracting the lips. Having uttered the sounds in this order, *Ec—ah—oo*, three or four times, rearrange them thus, *Ec—oo—ah*, *Ah—ec—oo*, *Ah—oo—ec*, *Oo—ah—ec*, *Oo—ec—ah*, and utter them as described above.

4. Pronounce the words *stand*, *strike*, *halt*, *hold*, forcibly expelling with each utterance all the air from the lungs.

After having continued this exercise for a short time, take a sentence and pronounce *each word* separately, with the utmost precision, exaggerating, at first, the movement of the lips and jaws. Next, pronounce *phrases* in the same way, and finally *whole sentences*, taking care in every case to open the mouth and move the lips.

#### EXAMPLES.

(1) Articulation of single words :—

The—hours—pass—slowly—by,—nine—ten—eleven—how—solemnly—  
the—last—strike—of—the—clock—floats—out—upon—the—still—air.  
That—lasts—till—night. Neither—sect—nor—schism—shall—divide—us.  
Ignorance—is—not—bliss. The—torrent—rushed—down—the—rocks—  
pouring—and—roaring—grumbling—and—rumbling.

(2) Articulation of phrases :—

Self-denial and discipline—are the foundation—of all good character,—  
the source—of all true enjoyment,—the means—of all just distinction. A  
correct articulation—is attained chiefly—through the free—and elastic  
movement—of the jaw,—tongue, and lips. To gain his ends—he lends—  
his utmost strength. This act—more—than all other acts—laid the axe—  
at the root—of the evil.

---

## II. CORRECT PRONUNCIATION.

By Pronunciation in its restricted sense is meant the exact employment in utterance, of the vowel and consonant sounds, and accents, which custom has established. Authorities differ as to the mode of expressing these sounds. Care should, therefore, be taken to follow those models which the best usage has sanctioned,

## III. VOCAL EXPRESSION.

The chief elements of Vocal Expression are:—Quality, Force, Pitch, Time, Stress, Inflection, Emphasis, and Pause.

## I. QUALITY.

By **Quality** is meant the tone of voice used in expressing thought and feeling.

Certain tones are always associated with certain emotions.

There are five qualities of voice used in reading:—Whisper, Pure Tone, Semi-Tone, Orotund, Basilar.

(a) **The Whisper** is used to express caution, fear, and secrecy. Horror, awe, and intense reverence are also expressed by a whisper, but one more strongly aspirated.

Example—

“Whispering with white lips—‘The foe! They come! They come!’”

(b) **Pure Tone** is that used in common conversation, simple narrative, description or argument, and in the expression of agreeable ideas, and tranquil or cheerful feelings. It is the natural tone of tenderness and compassion.

Example—

“Hail to thee, blithe spirit,  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”

In such a cry as “Boat! ahoy!” we use what is sometimes called **Mechanical Pure Tone**, which consists of purest tone, loudest force, highest pitch, and sustained movement, to carry the voice the greatest distance with the greatest ease.

(c) **The Semi-Tone** expresses physical or mental weakness.

Example—

“I fear it is too late, and I shall die.”

(d) **The Orotund** is the pure tone deepened and intensified, sonorous, round and full, rich and thrilling. It is thus the natural tone for awe, grandeur, vastness, reverence, deep pathos, and powerful appeals.

Example—

“Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, great billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal!”

(c) **The Basilar or Guttural Tone** indicates the meannesses of human nature—malice, rage, intense hatred, revenge, and loathing.

Example—

“On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!  
 “My deeds upon my head! I crave the law;  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.”  
 “Is that the law?”

Few selections can be read throughout with the same quality of voice. Hence the necessity for the reader to make an analysis of the thoughts and sentiments, so that he may know when to change the quality of his voice. He must notice, too, that every quality of voice has its peculiar possibilities of Force, Pitch, and Time.

## 2. FORCE.

**Force** is the volume or degree of loudness used in reading.

Although the volume of sound may vary from a soft whisper to a shout, it will be sufficient to make only three degrees of Force—**Soft, Moderate,** and **Loud.**

**Soft or Gentle Force** is generally used in the expression of pathetic and subdued feelings—caution, secrecy, awe, pity, and tenderness.

Example—

“My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?”

When the mind is unexcited, it expresses itself with **Moderate Force.** This, then, will be the prevailing force in unimpassioned discourse, and in reading narrative, descriptive, or didactic selections.

Example—

“A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed or wished to change his place.”

**Loud Force** is used in powerful appeals, and in the expression of all violent passions and vehement emotions, such as anger, command, exultation, scorn, and defiance.

Example—

“Fiercely he shouted: ‘Bear away,  
 East-by-north, for Seven Isles Bay.’”

## 3. PITCH.

**Pitch** of voice has reference to the degree of elevation in tone. There are three varieties of pitch—**High, Middle,** and **Low.**



**High Pitch** is that which rises above the ordinary speaking tone. It is the proper key for stirring description and animated narration, and for representing elevated feelings and impetuous, impulsive passion, such as joy, exultation, rage, invective, and eagerness. Selections expressing these admit of the greatest range or compass of voice, and variety in change of tone.

Example—

“On,” Hampden cried, “for the day is ours.

**Middle Pitch** is the key-note in common conversation and in unimpassioned thought. Language of little or no emotion admits of but a moderate range of voice.

Example—

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

**Low Pitch** is that which falls below the ordinary speaking tone, and is the key-note for the expression of sublimity, awe and reverence. Such language admits of less range of voice than the preceding, approaching in some cases almost to *monotone*, or entire sameness of tone.

Example—

“ So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Appropriate variety of pitch on successive words and syllables is one of the essentials of good reading. We have unconsciously a tendency to imitate the pitch of sounds that we describe. In nature, high sounds are usually produced by small objects or by rapid motions; low, by large objects or by slow motions.

#### 4. TIME, OR MOVEMENT.

The **Time** that should be given to Pause, to the pronunciation of syllables, and consequently to the entire reading of a piece, must depend upon the character of the selection.

If the selection be animated or joyous, witty or humorous, it will require **Fast time**. Excitement of all kinds, as in joy, impatience, rage, terror, surprise, quickens the pulse and the utterance.

Example—

“ And there was mounting in hot haste;  
The steed, the mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.”

An equable condition of the mind naturally requires a moderate quickness of utterance. Hence, narrative or descriptive selections should be read with **Moderate time**.

Example—

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

Gentle emotions naturally require slow utterance. Hence, grave or pathetic selections will require **Slow time**.

Example—

“ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”

## 5. STRESS.

If we examine a vowel sound when it is prolonged, we find the force or degree of loudness varying on different parts. Sometimes, the first part of the sound may be loudest, as in the following :—

“ It is ! It is the *cannon's* opening roar !  
The *foe* ! they *come* ! they *come* ! ”

Almost unconsciously, in uttering the words *cannon's*, *foe*, *come*, we give greater stress to the initial part of the vowel sound. This is called **Initial Stress**.

Some sounds begin gently, increase, and then diminish.

“ The curfew *tolls* the *knell* of parting day,  
The *lowing* herd *winds slowly* o'er the lea.”

Here, on the words *tolls*, *knell*, *lowing*, *winds*, *slowly*, the voice swells on the middle of the long sound. This is styled **Median Stress**.

Some sounds are loudest at the last part of the vowel sound.

“ I'll have my *bond* ; I will not hear thee *speak* :  
I'll have my *bond* ; and therefore speak no more.”

“ And *nearer* fast and *nearer* doth the red whirlwind *come*.”

Here, on the words *bond*, *speak*, *more*, *nearer*, *come*, the final part of the vowel sound is loudest. This is called **Final** or **Vanishing Stress**.

Abrupt, sudden sounds, represent abrupt, sudden emotions. Anger, for example, is quick, passionate and explosive. In such cases, **Initial Stress** is correct.

Gentle, swelling emotions, such as delight, tranquillity, tenderness, and sorrow, require **Median Stress**.

Obstinacy, impatience, scorn, and remorse require **Vanishing Stress**.

## 6. INFLECTION.

**Inflection** is the rise or fall of the voice, that occurs on the accented syllable of an emphatic word.

There are three inflections: **The Rising Inflection**, marked thus ( / ); **the Falling Inflection** ( \ ); **the Circumflex** ( ^ v ).

The **Rising Inflection** carries the voice upward from the general pitch, and suspends it on the highest tone required. This is the inflection heard in a direct question: "Are you sûre?"

The **Falling Inflection** marks a continuous downward slide of the voice. It ends on a lower pitch than that on which it begins. "No, I am not sûre."

The **Circumflex** is a union of the Rising with the Falling Inflection. It is always heard when a meaning is intended which the words, taken literally, do not convey.

Sometimes the voice has a continuous, level movement from tone to tone, sliding neither up nor down. This is called **Monotone**, and is employed in reading passages that are solemn or sublime, or that express awe and reverence.

The tones of animated conversation furnish the best examples of Inflection. It is a useful exercise for the reader to change each sentence into colloquial form, to note carefully the various inflections, and to reproduce them afterwards in his rendering of the selection.

## RULES FOR INFLECTION.

(a) The Falling Inflection is employed for positive commands and for all ideas that are leading, complete, or known.

(b) The Rising Inflection is employed for all ideas that are conditional, incidental, or incomplete, or for those that are doubtful, uncertain, or negative.

(c) Questions for information, or those that can be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the Rising Inflection: their answers, when positive, the Falling Inflection.

(d) Questions that cannot be answered by *yes* or *no*, or that are equivalent to a positive statement, require the Falling Inflection.

(e) When words or clauses are contrasted or compared, the first part usually has the Rising, and the last, the Falling Inflection; but when one part of the contrast is affirmed, and the other denied, the latter has the Rising Inflection.

(f) The Circumflex is used when the thoughts are not sincere, but are employed in jest, irony, double meaning, ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery.

## EXAMPLES OF INFLECTION.

- "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."
- "Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."
- "Will you ride in the carriage, or on horseback?"
- "I prefer to walk."
- "Do you study German or French?"
- "Do you study German or French?"
- "When are you going to the country?"
- "The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."
- "What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"

## 7. EMPHASIS.

**Emphasis** is that force of voice by which certain words in a sentence are distinguished above the rest.

Just as we accent certain syllables of a word, so we emphasize the important words of a sentence. If equal emphasis is placed on every word, the reading becomes monotonous.

## RULES FOR EMPHASIS.

- (a) Peculiarly significant or important words and phrases are emphatic.
- (b) Antithetical words and phrases are emphatic.
- (c) Words and phrases expressing new ideas take the highest degree of emphasis, but those referring to ideas already suggested or expressed are relatively unemphatic.

## EXAMPLES.

- "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."
- "The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest,"

## 8. PAUSE.

“A pause is often more eloquent than words.”

Pauses are of two kinds: **Grammatical** and **Rhetorical**.

**Grammatical**.—This pause is founded upon the grammatical structure of the sentence, and is indicated by the punctuation marks. It is addressed to the eye, and may or may not require to be used as a rest for the voice.

**Rhetorical**.—This is wholly dependent upon the sense, and, while resting the voice of the reader, is addressed to the ear of the listener.

The frequency, as well as the duration, of rhetorical pauses, varies with the character of the subject, and must be determined by the taste and feeling of the reader. A few rules, however, are subjoined:

**A Pause** is required—

(a) Between the subject and the predicate:

“The quality of mercy—is not strained.”

(b) After an inverted part of a sentence:

“Wherein doth sit—the dread and fear of kings.”

(c) Before and after every parenthetic and every qualifying clause:

“Even at the base of Pompey’s statue—  
(Which all the while ran blood)—Great Cæsar fell.”

(d) Before and after every strongly emphasized word or clause:

“But mercy—is above—this sceptred sway;—  
It is enthroned—in the hearts—of kings—  
It is an attribute—of God—Himself!”

(e) When an ellipsis occurs:

“One—to her cottage hearth,  
And one—to his sailor’s berth.”

(f) To arrest attention:

“Cuthbert, open; let me in!”

(g) Between nouns in apposition:

“John Robison—a young midshipman—was in the same boat with the General.”

## 9. DIFFERENT CLASSES OF IDEAS AND THEIR VOCAL REQUIREMENTS.

(a) **Unemotional** or **matter of fact**, whether didactic, narrative, or descriptive;—

Pure quality, moderate force, middle pitch, moderate time, initial but not strongly marked stress, short slides.

(b) **Bold**, including declamatory pieces and very emphatic passages in class (a);—

Pure or orotund quality, high pitch, moderate or fast time, loud force, initial or median stress, falling slides.

(c) **Animated** or **joyous**, including all lively, happy, or beautiful ideas;—

Pure quality, fast time, high or middle pitch, moderate or loud force, often median stress, long slides.

(*d*) **Subdued or pathetic**, including all gentle, tender, or sad ideas;—  
Pure quality, sometimes whisper or semi-tone, gentle force, moderate or slow time, low pitch, median stress, short slides.

(*e*) **Noble**, including all ideas that are grand, heroic, or sublime;—  
Orotund or pure quality, varied force, pitch, and time, median stress, moderate slides.

(*f*) **Grave**, including the deep feelings of solemnity and reverence;—  
Pure or orotund quality, slight or moderate force, low pitch, slow time, median stress.

(*g*) **Ludicrous or sarcastic**, including jest, raillery, ridicule, mockery, irony, scorn, and contempt;—  
Varied quality, force, pitch, and time, initial stress, long slides.

(*h*) **Impassioned**, including all very loud pieces, and the violent passions of anger, defiance, and revenge;—

Pure, guttural, or aspirated quality, loud force, high pitch, varied, generally quick time, varied stress.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER.

The following exercises are recommended as helps for developing and improving the voice:—

1. Breathing deeply and slowly, rapidly, and explosively.
2. Reading in a loud, distinct whisper.
3. Reading alternately slowly and rapidly, in a high and in a low tone, with a gentle and with a heavy voice.
4. Increasing and diminishing in force alternately.

#### SPECIFICS.

1. To strengthen the voice, use loud, explosive exercises.
2. To make enunciation distinct, use the whisper.
3. To make the voice smooth, practise exercises with median stress and slow time.
4. To make the voice flexible, read rapidly.

# INTRODUCTION.

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## PART II.

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### LITERATURE.

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#### LITERATURE AND ITS DEPARTMENTS.

1. By **Literature** we mean the thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women expressed in writing in such a way as to give pleasure to the reader, not merely by the things said, but by the artistic way in which they are said.

When a writer describes what is outside of his mind and is the object of his attention, the mode of treatment is **objective**; when he deals with the thoughts and feelings suggested to his mind by outward objects, it is **subjective**. When Goldsmith describes the appearance of the village of Auburn, his writing is objective; when he gives his thoughts and feelings caused by what he sees, it is subjective.

2. As regards *Form*, Literature is divided into two classes—Prose, and Verse or Poetry. **Poetry** possesses a measured structure called Metre (9, III.); **Prose** includes all literature not in metre.

3. As regards *Matter*, Literature is divided into five classes—Description, Narration, Exposition, Oratory, and Poetry. The same composition, however, may exemplify two or more of these modes of expression.

I. **Description** is the delineation of the characteristics of any object by means of words.

II. **Narration** is the statement of the particulars of any event or of any series of events.

III. **Exposition** includes all means of explaining or representing general propositions. The four leading methods of expounding a general principle or proposition are—*Iteration*, or repeating the statement of the principle in the same or in different words; *Obverse Iteration*, or the denial of the contrary; *Examples*, or Particular Instances; and *Illustrations*, or *Comparison*.

IV. **Oratory** is composition which influences men's conduct or belief. It may be intended simply to persuade; but this object may be combined with others. In criticising oratory, the chief points to consider are the orator's knowledge of, and power of adapting himself to, the persons he addresses, his happy turns of expression, his

argumentative and expository powers, and his skill in playing upon special emotions.

V. **Poetry** is composition written to produce pleasure by means of elevated or impassioned thought or feeling conveyed in a special artistic form. In addition to the measured structure which constitutes the difference in form, it differs from prose in possessing a greater variety of figurative expressions, and a peculiar and more unusual diction. The term Poetry is, however, sometimes applied to a composition prosaic in form, if the thoughts and language are those of Poetry proper. The following are the leading peculiarities of the language of Poetry:—

1. It is archaic and non-colloquial. The use of old and of unusual words raises its language above the level of prose.

2. It presents vivid and striking pictures; prefers images to the dry enumeration of facts; avoids general terms; and uses epithets instead of the names of things.

3. It is averse to lengthiness, and is euphonious. Poetry avoids the use of conjunctions and relative pronouns, and substitutes epithets for phrases; uses short words instead of long, commonplace ones; and prefers words that have a pleasant sound to those that are less euphonious. (See Abbott and Seeley's *English Lessons for English People*.)

4. There are five principal varieties of poetry—Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, Didactic, and Satiric.

I. **Epic** or Objective Poetry is a narration of outward events combined for poetic interest by plot, scenery, etc. The leading varieties of Epic Poetry are—

1. **The Great Epic**, in which supernatural beings are introduced to control events. It has for its subject some great complex action—*e.g.*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 103-105.)

2. **The Romance**, which differs from the Great Epic in introducing events more under human control. Supernatural beings, when introduced, perform a less important part. Love is one of its main elements—*e.g.*, Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 157.)

3. **The Tale**, a complete story, love being predominant—*e.g.*, Byron's *Corsair*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 159-160.)

4. **The Ballad**, generally made short and simple by rapidity in the succession of incidents, and by leaving many things merely suggested: hence it is less discursive than the tale—*e.g.*, Scott's *Rosabelle*.

5. **The Metrical History**, a narrative poem with a didactic purpose—*e.g.*, Barbour's *Bruce*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 53.)

6. **The Mixed Epic**, which possesses an epic character, with a mixture of sentiment, satire, moralizing, and other reflections—*e.g.*, Byron's *Childe Harold*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 159-160.)



7. **The Pastoral, Idyll, etc.** This division includes all other poems which have enough traces of narrative to bring them under the Epic class, and are distinguished by the predominance of poetic descriptions of manners or of external nature.

II. **Lyric or Subjective Poetry** is the expression of some intense feeling, passion, emotion, or sentiment. The leading varieties of lyric poetry are as follows:—

1. The **Song**, which is usually short, simple in measure, and broken up into stanzas, each complete in meaning, yet occupying a proper place in the development of the whole. There are many varieties of the song—*e.g.*, *The Love Song, The Drinking Song, etc.*

2. The **Ode**, which is the loftiest utterance—*e.g.*, Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.

3. The **Elegy**, now connected chiefly with the impassioned expression of regret for the departed—*e.g.*, Gray's *Elegy* and Milton's *Lycidas*

4. The **Sonnet**, which is sometimes descriptive, but is generally a concentrated expression of a single phase of feeling—*e.g.*, Wordsworth's *Sonnet on Westminster Bridge*.

5. The **Dramatic Lyric**, in which a person is represented as expressing his thoughts and feelings in such a way as to develop his own characteristics and occasionally even the characteristics of some one else, and to indicate with dramatic effect (4, III.) his own or another's actions and surroundings—*e.g.*, Roberts' *Brother Cuthbert*. For further explanations, see p. 236, ll. 76-85.

6. The **Simple Lyric**, which comprehends all other kinds of subjective poetry.

III. **Dramatic Poetry** is a picture of life adapted to representation on the stage, and consists of an impersonal representation by the author of an animated conversation of various individuals, from whose speech the movement of the story is to be gathered. Its two chief varieties are Tragedy and Comedy.

1. **Tragedy** is defined by Aristotle as "the representation of a completed action, commanding or illustrious in its character; the language being poetically pleasing; and with the moral effect of purifying the passions, generally by means of the two special passions—pity and fear,"—*e.g.*, Heavyside's *Saul*. But this definition applies only to the highest form of tragedy. The more moderate form, while retaining tragic elements, permits happy conclusions.

2. **Comedy** is the adaptation of the dramatic form to yield the pleasures of the ludicrous (13, II., 3) in conjunction with as many other pleasing effects as will harmonize with this quality. Comedy endeavors to produce amusement mainly—*e.g.*, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

IV. **Didactic Poetry** seeks to teach some moral, philosophical, or literary truth. It aims to instruct rather than to please—*e.g.*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

V. **Satiric Poetry** holds up to ridicule, or rebukes with severity, the weaknesses, follies, or wickedness of men—*e.g.*, Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*.

## VERSIFICATION.

5. **Verse** is that species of composition in which the words are arranged in lines, each of which contains a definite number and succession of accented and unaccented syllables. In its restricted sense it signifies a single line of poetry.

A **stanza** consists of a number of lines forming a division of a poem. Sometimes, especially in the case of sacred music, the word *verse* is used for *stanza*.

Verse is of two kinds—Rhymed and Blank Verse.

I. **Rhyme** is a similarity of sound at the end of words. The rhyming syllables should be accented. The three essentials of a **perfect rhyme** are: (1) That the vowels be alike in sound; (2) the consonants before the vowels, unlike in sound; and (3) the consonants after the vowels, alike in sound. When, however, the vowel sounds merely resemble one another, the rhyme is **Admissible**, if the other conditions of a perfect rhyme are satisfied. If the vowel sounds only are alike, we have **Assonance**. When the rhyme occurs at the end of two successive lines, they are called a **Couplet**; when at the end of three, a **Triplet**.

II. **Blank Verse** consists of unrhymed lines, and is generally Iambic Pentameter (3, III., 1 and 2). It is the most elevated of all measures, and is the only form in which Epic poetry should appear.

6. **Rhythm** is the recurrence, at regular intervals of duration, of the stress thrown on the pronunciation of a syllable. This stress is called **Accent**. The Greeks and Romans used **Quantity**, or the length or shortness of a vowel, as the basis of their verse. All modern European nations have based theirs on accent. Quantity is used in English verse chiefly to produce Imitative Harmony. (12, IV., 4, and 13, III., 2.)

7. **Alliteration** is similarity of sound at or near the beginning of consecutive or closely connected words—*e.g.*, "Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone." It adds to the pleasurable effect of poetry, but should be used with skill and in moderation. In prose it is admissible, if the language and thought are of a poetical character; otherwise its occurrence is a blemish, and should be carefully avoided. Alliteration is often subtly concealed owing to the separation of the words in which it occurs, or to the use, not of the same letters, but of the same order of letters. It may also occur, not in the initial, but in the middle,

syllables of words. This is known as **Concealed Alliteration**. The following examples illustrate these methods:—

- (1) The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot;  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
From leaf to flower, and flower to fruit.
- (2) From the full-flowered Lelantian pasturage  
To what of fruitful field the son of Zeus  
Won from the roaring river and laboring sea.

**8. A Foot** is a syllable, or a succession of two or more syllables, one of which must be accented, assumed as the basis of a line of poetry. Monosyllabic feet, though rare, sometimes occur in English—*e.g.*, in Tennyson's "*Break, Break, Break*." The feet commonly used in our verse are dissyllabic or trisyllabic. The following are the principal varieties in use, *x* in the verse formula indicating the unaccented, and *a* the accented, syllable:—

*Dissyllabic.*

- I. **Iambus**. Accent on the second syllable—*e.g.*, Bèg<sup>o</sup>nè. *xa*.
- II. **Trochee**. Accent on the first syllable—*e.g.*, Dúng<sup>e</sup>òn. *ax*.
- III. **Spondee**. Accent on both syllables—Súnbeám. *aa*.

*Trisyllabic.*

- IV. **Anapaest**. Accent on the third syllable—*e.g.*, Còlòn<sup>n</sup>áde. *xxa*.
- V. **Dactyl**. Accent on the first syllable—*e.g.*, Mérril<sup>y</sup>. *axx*.
- VI. **Amphibrach**. Accent on the second syllable—*e.g.*, Rèceív<sup>ing</sup>.  
*xxa*.

**9. I. A Line** is a succession or combination of feet, generally containing a fixed number of syllables, and having, as a rule, a regular recurrence of accents.

II. A **Hemistich** is half a line.

III. **Metre**, or Measure, is applied to the structure of the lines which form a poem or part of a poem, and their relation to one another as regards rhyme, length and arrangement. English metres are very numerous. The following classification includes the chief varieties:—

I. FROM KIND OF FOOT.

(*a*) Iambic; (*b*) Trochaic; (*c*) Spondaic; (*d*) Anapaestic; (*e*) Dactylic; (*f*) Amphibrachic.

2. FROM NUMBER OF FEET.

(*a*) **Monometer**, one foot; (*b*) **Dimeter**, two feet; (*c*) **Trimeter**, three; (*d*) **Tetrameter**, four; (*e*) **Pentameter**, five; (*f*) **Hexameter**, six; (*g*) **Heptameter**, seven; (*h*) **Octometer**, eight.

In describing metre, these systems of nomenclature are combined :

“ Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,  
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ? ”

This is described as “ Rhyiming Iambic Pentameter,” or briefly as an “ Iambic Pentameter Couplet.” The formula for each line is, therefore, *5va*.

**10. Poetic Pauses.** In addition to the pauses required by the sense (**Rhetorical**), or marked by points (**Punctuation**), two suspensions of the voice belong to verse—the Final and the Cæsural.

I. The **Final** pause is a slight suspension of the voice at the end of each line, even when the sense does not require it.

II. The **Cæsural** pause is a slight suspension of the voice within, and generally about the middle of, the line. Long lines may have two or more pauses; some long lines may have none, but this is generally compensated for by an additional or a longer pause in the line or lines following. Short lines may have none. The Cæsural pause must also be a Sense pause—*e.g.* :

Can storied urn || or animated bust  
Back to its mansion || call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honor's voice || provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery || soothe the dull, cold ear of Death ?

A great many irregularities occur in English verse. Those in this volume, not referred to above, are indicated in the notes to the selections in which they occur.

## STYLE AND ITS ANALYSIS.

**11. Style** is the peculiar mode in which a writer expresses himself; it is the art of choosing words, setting them in sentences, and arranging sentences in paragraphs.

Although every writer has his peculiarities, there are some general distinctive features on which can be based a classification of styles.

### I. ON THE PREVALENCE OF FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

The **Dry** style excludes literary ornament of every kind.

The **Plain** style, while it avoids embellishment, does not reject such ornaments as are natural, and conducive to perspicuity.

The **Neat** style employs ornaments, but not those of an elevated or brilliant character.

The **Elegant** style employs judiciously every ornament that conduces to beauty.

The **Florid, Ornate, or Flowery** style is one which indulges in luxuriance of ornament.

### II. ON THE STRUCTURE OF SENTENCES.

The **Simple** style bears no marks of art, but seems to be the language everyone would naturally use.

The **Labored** style is the reverse of the Simple. It shows effort on the part of the writer, and is characterized by affectation, a constrained tone, and long, involved sentences.

### III. ON THE NUMBER OF WORDS.

The **Concise** or **Terse** style rejects as unnecessary everything not material to the sense, and aims at the briefest possible mode of expression.

The **Diffuse** or **Verbose** style employs amplification, endeavors by repetition to secure perspicuity, and attempts to make up by copiousness for lack of strength.

### IV. ON STRENGTH.

The **Nervous** style is that which produces a strong impression on the reader. For other names for this species, see (13, II., 1).

The **Feeble** style is the reverse of the preceding, and produces but a slight impression upon the reader.

### V. ON THE PREVAILING FIGURES OF SPEECH.

A composition which abounds in any one figure is often described by that figure; thus we speak of a style as being **Sarcastic**, **Antithetical**, **Ironical**, etc.

For classification based on character of sentence, see (12, II., 1).

## THE ELEMENTS AND QUALITIES OF STYLE.

12. The Elements of style are Vocabulary, Sentence, Paragraphs, and Figures of Speech. Associated with these is the consideration of the number and order of the words.

### THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

I. **Vocabulary**.—The first requisite of an author is good command of language. In criticising style under this head, the following are the important considerations:—

*a.* **Extent**.—Authors differ greatly in copiousness. Few can write freely and eloquently on all subjects. Most have one vein in which they excel. Frequent repetitions of the same words or phrases is an unmistakable indication of poverty of language. Variety being a source of pleasure, a good writer varies his language as far as is consistent with elegance, simplicity and clearness.

*b.* **Aptness**.—Although many writers and speakers have a copious vocabulary, they do not always use the proper word to express their meaning. Fitness of language is one of the best proofs of an author's culture. See (13, I., 1, *c*), and (12, V., 1, *a*, 1).

*c.* **Purity**.—See (13, I., 1).

II. **Sentence**.—A knowledge of the proper mode of constructing sentences is one of the most important of a writer's qualifications. A great many forms of sentences are possible; but there are certain chief types.

### 1. Special Artifices of Construction—

*a.* A **Periodic** sentence is one in which the meaning remains in suspense till the sentence is finished. If we stop anywhere before the end, the preceding part does not form a sentence, and consequently does not convey a completely intelligible meaning. The effect of the Periodic sentence is to keep the mind in a state of uniform or increasing tension until the end is reached—*c.g.*: "On the rich and on the eloquent, on nobles and priests, the Puritans looked down with contempt."

In a **Loose** sentence the predicate follows the subject, and qualifying adjuncts follow what they qualify. Its parts may be separated without destroying the sense. This is the natural structure of the sentence in English—*c.g.*: "The Puritans looked down with contempt on the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests."

Very frequently a sentence combines the loose and the periodic structure.

*b.* **Sentences studiously long or short.**—The adjustment of the length of the sentence is an important element in a correct style; but no definite limit can be assigned. An extended series of either long or short sentences should be avoided: a good writer uses as much variety as possible. See (13, II., 1, 9.)

The distinction between the Periodic style and the Abrupt style depends to a great extent on the length of the sentences employed.

The **Periodic** style employs long periods elaborately constructed, holding the meaning in suspense throughout a connected series of clauses, and moving on with stateliness and dignity.

The **Abrupt** style employs short sentences, and is often used when abruptness, or quickness of motion, is to be indicated. Some writers, as Macaulay, systematically break up long, loose sentences into their constituent parts, and punctuate them as separate sentences. This artifice gives animation to their style. See (13, I., 1).

*c.* The **Balanced** sentence.—When the different clauses of a compound sentence are made similar in form, they are said to be Balanced—*c.g.*: "Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty."

The **Pointed** Style.—The proper use of the Balanced sentence, in conjunction with Antithesis, Epigram, and Climax (12, IV., 8, 33 and 38), constitutes the Pointed style.

An author's style may be characterized according to the preponderance of any of these types of sentence; but the Periodic, Abrupt, and Pointed structures are often used in the same paragraph.

*d.* The **Condensed** sentence is one shortened by a forced and unusual construction—*c.g.*: "Brutus instituted liberty and the consulship." This was a favorite type of sentence with Gibbon, but it is now generally used to produce a comic effect—*c.g.*: "Her conduct drew tears from his eyes, and a handkerchief from his pocket."

2. **General considerations—**

a. **Emphatic places in a Sentence.**—When a writer desires to give special prominence to a word, he places it at the beginning or the end of his sentence. The former position excites the attention, and on the latter it rests.

b. **Unity of a Sentence.**—The effect of the main statement in a sentence should not be lessened by the introduction of particulars not immediately relevant. All parts of the sentence should be kept in connection with, and logically subordinate to, the principal thought. Hence the necessity to change the subject as little as possible, to avoid crowding a sentence with too much matter, and to eschew the use of parenthetical clauses.

III. The **Paragraph** is a connected series of sentences relating to the same subject and forming a constituent part of a composition. Between paragraphs there are greater breaks than between sentences. The following are the principles which govern the construction of paragraphs:—

1. **Explicit reference.**—The bearing of each sentence on what precedes should be explicit and unmistakable.

2. **Parallel constructions.**—When several consecutive sentences repeat or illustrate the same idea or make a contrast in reference to the same subject, they should, as far as possible, be formed alike.

3. The **opening** sentence, unless so constructed as to be obviously preparatory, should indicate with prominence the subject of the paragraph.

4. **Continuity.**—The sentences in a paragraph should be so arranged as to carry the line of thought naturally and suggestively from one to another.

5. **Unity.**—A paragraph should possess unity, which implies that the sentences composing it should relate to one definite division of the subject which they illustrate or explain. Unity forbids digressions or the introduction of irrelevant matter.

6. **Proportion.**—It is a maxim in Style that every thought or idea should have prominence and expansion according to its importance: hence in a paragraph a due proportion should be maintained between the main subject and the subordinate parts.

7. **Transition.**—One of the most important arts in composition is the art of transition, that is, passing from one paragraph to another. The modes used by different writers are various. The thoughts in one paragraph should grow naturally out of those in the preceding one. The association of ideas should be as perfect as possible.

IV. **Figures of Speech.**—These are intentional deviations from the ordinary spelling, form, construction, or application of words. The last class, which are known as Figures of Rhetoric, are the most important. They dignify style, enrich it by increasing its facilities of expres-

sion, give pleasure by employing the mind in detecting and tracing resemblances, and frequently convey the meaning more clearly and forcibly than plain language.

1. **Metonymy** puts one word for another; as the cause for the effect, or the effect for the cause; the container for the thing contained; the sign for the thing signified; or the abstract for the concrete.

*Gray hairs for old age; bottle for intoxicating drink; sceptre for royalty; beauty and chivalry for beautiful women and brave men.*

2. **Metaphor**.—A comparison implied in the language used. It is a transference of the relation between one set of objects to another, for the purpose of brief explanation.

“He *bridles* his anger.”

A Metaphor may be expanded into a Simile; thus, in the case of the example given:—

“He restrains his anger, as a rider *bridles* his horse.”

3. **Vision**.—A description in strong and lively colors, so that the past, the distant, and the future are represented as present.

“Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.”

4. **Onomatopœia, or Imitative Harmony**.—The use of a word or phrase, the sound of which corresponds with, or resembles, the thing signified.

“Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
When Ajax strives some rock’s vast weight to throw,  
The line too labors and the words move slow;  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o’er the unbending corn and skims along the main.”

5. **Pleonasm**.—The employment of more words than are necessary to express the sense. An enumeration of particulars, which might be included in one general term, although not necessary to the sense, is not objectionable, provided emphasis is desired. (See No. 16, *infra*.)

“He went home full of a *great many* serious reflections.”

6. **Ellipsis**.—The omission in a sentence of some word or words necessary to a full and regular construction.

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil, the better artist: in the one we most admire the man; in the other, the work.

7. **Hyperbaton**.—The transposition of words out of their natural and grammatical order.

“What shall we say, since *silent now is he*?”



8. **Antithesis.**—The statement of a contrast, or the opposition of thoughts and ideas.

“In *peace* there's nothing so becomes a man  
As mild behavior and humility;  
But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,  
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment.”

9. **Simile** formally likens one thing to another.

“Him, like the working bee in blossom dust,  
Blanched with his mill they found.”

10. **Polysyndeton.**—The repetition for effect, of conjunctions, otherwise unnecessary. See (13, II., 1, 13).

“All that is little and low and mean among us.”

11. **Asyndeton.**—The omission for effect, of conjunctions, otherwise necessary. See (13, II., 1, 13).

“The wind passeth over it—it is gone.”

12. **Anacoluthon.**—A want of harmony in the grammatical construction of the different parts of a sentence.

“What shall we say, since silent now is he,  
*Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?*”

13. **Irony** expresses a meaning contrary to that conveyed by the speaker's words.

“No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.”

14. **Allusion** occurs when a word or phrase in a sentence, by means of some similitude, calls to mind something which is not mentioned.

“It may be said of him that *he came, he saw, he conquered.*”

15. **Ecphrasis.**—An animated or passionate exclamation. It is generally indicated by the interjections O! Oh! Ah! Alas!

“O my soul's joy,  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened death.”

16. **Aparithmesis.**—An enumeration of particulars for the sake of emphasis.

“Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.”

17. **Transferred Epithet.**—The removing of an epithet from its proper subject to some allied subject or circumstance.

“Hence to his *idle bed.*”

18. **Erotasis.**—An animated or passionate interrogation.

“What, Tubero, did that naked sword of yours mean in the battle of Pharsalia?  
At whose breast was it aimed?”

19. **Antonomasia** puts a proper name for a common name, or a common name for a proper name; or an office, profession or science instead of the true name of a person.

Solomon for a *wise man*. Cræsus for a *rich man*. Galileo, the Columbus of the heavens.

20. **Epizeuxis**.—The immediate repetition of some word or words for the sake of emphasis.

"*Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.*"

21. **Personification** represents inanimate objects and abstract ideas as living.

"The mountains *sing* together, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*."

22. **Anadiplosis**.—The use of the same word or words at the end of one sentence, or of one clause of a sentence, and at the beginning of the next.

"Has he taste for *blood*? *Blood* shall fill his cup."

23. **Anaphora**.—The repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of several sentences, or of several clauses of a sentence.

"*By foreign hands* thy dying eyes were closed,  
*By foreign hands* thy decent limbs composed,  
*By foreign hands* thy humble grave adorned,  
*By strangers* honored, and *by strangers* mourned."

24. **Oxymoron**.—An antithesis arising from the opposition of two contradictory terms.

"Thus *idly busy* rolls their life away."

25. **Epiphora**.—The repetition of a word or phrase at the end of each of several sentences, or clauses of a sentence.

"Are you delighted with *literature*, who hate the foundation of all *literature*?"

26. **Paronomasia** and **Antanacclasis**.—A play upon words. The same word is used in different senses, or words similar in sound are set in opposition to each other. Paronomasia is by some restricted to proper nouns, and Antanacclasis to common nouns.

"And brought into this *world* a *world* of woe."

27. **Antistrophe**.—An alternate conversion of the same words in different sentences.

"Your servant, sir." "Sir, your servant."

In a more extended sense it is applied to the inversion in one sentence, of the order of the words in that which precedes it.

28. **Prosthesis**.—An etymological figure by which a letter or syllable is put at the beginning of a word.

"*A*down."

29. **Anacœnosis**.—By this the speaker appeals to the judgment of his audience on the point in debate, as if their feelings were the same as his.

"Suppose, Piso, anyone had driven you from your house by violence, what would you have done?"

30. **Hyperbole** expresses more than the literal truth. It consists in magnifying objects beyond their natural bounds, so as to make them more impressive or more intelligible.

"Beneath the lowest deep, a *lower deep*,  
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

31. **Allegory**.—A sentence or discourse in which the principal subject is described by means of another subject resembling it. It is made up of continued allusions. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, is an example of this figure.

32. **Litotes**, by denying the contrary, implies more than is expressed.

"Immortal names  
That were not born to die,"—i.e., that *will live*.

33. **Climax**.—An ascending series of ideas or thoughts increasing in strength or importance until the last.

"It is an outrage to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge him is an atrocious crime; to put him to death is almost a parricide; but to crucify him—what shall I call it?"

The opposite of this figure is **Anti-Climax**, or the arrangement of the terms or particulars of a sentence or other portion of a discourse, so that the ideas suddenly become less dignified at the close.

"A good Christian, a good citizen, and a good shot with a rifle."

34. **Prolepsis**.—The anticipatory use of a word, or phrase.

"They beat with their oars the hoary sea," instead of "They beat the sea with their oars and made it hoary."

35. **Catachresis**.—An abuse of a figure, by which a word is wrested from its original application, and made to express something at variance with its true meaning.

"Her voice was but the shadow of a sound."

36. **Aposiopesis**.—The leaving of a sentence unfinished, in consequence of some sudden emotion of the mind.

"What! do you—do you charge me with this, a man who has never in his life pursued anything but virtue? What you have pursued— But I am silent, lest I should seem to have brought a charge against a friend."

37. **Apostrophe**.—A turning away from the regular course of the composition to address something absent, as if it were present.

"Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

38. **Epigram**.—A short, pointed, or witty saying, the true sense of which is different from that which appears on the surface.

"Solitude sometimes is the best society."

39. **Innuendo**.—A form of Allusion, in which a thought, instead of being plainly stated, is merely suggested or implied.

"He did his party all the harm in his power—he spoke for it and voted against it."

40. **Euphemism**.—A circumlocution used to soften a harsh or a direct way of expressing a thought.

"Your conduct is hardly in accordance with the principles of morality."

41. **Sarcasm**.—A keen, reproachful, but at the same time witty, expression.

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it:  
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it!"

## V. Number of Words—

**i. Brevity**, or Conciseness, consists in using the smallest number of words for the complete expression of a thought. As a general rule, the more briefly a thought is expressed, the more clearly and forcibly is it conveyed. Hence, no word, phrase, or clause should be used, if its omission would impair neither the clearness nor the force of the sentence. Too great conciseness, however, produces obscurity and abruptness.

### a. Sources of Brevity—

**1. Apt Words.**—A writer should in all cases use the word which expresses the exact shade of his meaning. If he do not, he will fail to make his meaning clear, or he will be forced to repeat his idea in different forms.

**2. Suitable Grammatical Constructions.**—The following are those most conducive to Brevity:—Participles for clauses with finite verbs; appositives instead of clauses with connectives; abstract nouns; adjectives for adjective clauses; nouns for adjectives; prepositional phrases with or without adjectives; and contracted and condensed sentences.

**3. Effective Figures of Speech.**—Those most suitable for the purposes of Brevity are Simile, Metaphor, Transferred Epithet, Antithesis, Epigram, and Ellipsis.

### b. Violations of Brevity—

**1. Tautology**, or the repetition of the same idea in different words—*e.g.*, "Everyone praised his magnanimity and greatness of mind." "Magnanimity" and "greatness of mind" have the same meaning: one of them is, therefore, unnecessary. Correct writers avoid the use of Superfluous Particles, especially Prepositions and Conjunctions—*e.g.*, "They may be divided *up* into three component parts;"—of Adverbs, Adjectives, or Qualifying phrases, the meanings of which are already involved in the sentence—*e.g.*, "The most entire approval;"—of two or more nouns having nearly the same meaning—*e.g.*, "The investigation and inquiry." But the association of words having nearly the same meaning is admissible under the following circumstances:—

(a) When one word would not express the full sense intended, or when a word would admit of two meanings if used alone. Some pairs of words, also, are linked together by established usage—*e.g.*, "Use and wont," "To all intents and purposes."

(b) When under the influence of strong emotion, the mind is disposed to dwell upon the exciting cause—*e.g.*, "I am *astonished*, I am *shocked*, to hear such principles *confessed*; to hear them *avowed* in this house and in this country."

(c) When an idea requires emphatic expression—*e.g.*, "The *end* and *design*," "The *head* and *front*," "*means* and *substance*."

**2. Pleonasm**, or Redundancy, consists of additions not necessary to express the sense—*e.g.*, "It was the *privilege* and *birthright* of every *citizen* and *poet* to rail *aloud* and *in public*."

Pleonasm is permissible for rhetorical emphasis, for the clearer expression of meaning, and in the language of poetry and passion—*e.g.*, "We have seen *with our eyes*; we have heard *with our ears*." The heavens *above*, the earth *beneath*, and the waters *under the earth*."

3. **Verbosity**, or Circumlocution, consists in a diffuse mode of expression, *e.g.*, "On receiving this information, he arose, went out, saddled his horse, and went to town." There is no Tautology or Redundancy here; but, unless for some special purpose, the details are uninteresting and unimportant. Condensed, the sentence would read, "On receiving this information, he rode to town."

Circumlocution is, however, allowable for poetic or rhetorical effect, or to avoid the disagreeable repetition of a word or phrase. But unnecessary substitutions savor of affectation and confuse the sense. The writer's first consideration should be the perspicuity of his sentence, and to ensure this, the repetition of a word or phrase may be necessary.

2. **Diffuseness**.—Sometimes a writer produces by diffuseness the desired effect of style. To the examples of allowable diffuseness given under (12, V., 1, b, 1, 2, and 3,) the following may be added:—

a. An example or illustration used by a writer must be suited in length to the state of mind of the person addressed. If what the writer says is well known, a brief reference is all that is necessary; but if it is unknown, or if he desires to work up the feelings of his readers, he must emphasize by expansion.

b. To produce harmony of sound and sense, a long word or clause may be necessary to suit the dignity of the thought or the intensity of the emotion—*e.g.*, To express great amazement, "stupendous" is better than "vast" or "great." In poetic embellishment, "The glorious orb of day" is more suitable than "The sun."

## VI. Order of Words—

1. As the Grammatical order of words is not always the best for effect, this order is departed from frequently in poetry and sometimes in prose.

As a general rule we should endeavor to arrange the parts of a proposition in the order in which the ideas they express naturally present themselves to the mind. The arrangement of the words in a sentence should resemble the arrangement of the figures in a picture—the most important should occupy the chief places.

In English, the natural order of the parts of a sentence is—Subject, predicate, object. But this order may be varied:—

a. When the subject is less important than the predicate or the object, either may precede it. Any special emphasis may justify inversion—*e.g.*, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians,"—emphasizes the predicate; "Look upon it, I dare not,"—emphasizes the object.

b. The emphatic places in a sentence are the beginning and the end. Hence emphasis will be secured by placing a word in either

of these places, if this be not its natural position—*e.g.*, “Silver and gold have I *none*.” See also (12, II., 2, a.) It follows then as a general rule that—

c. A sentence should not end with a weak or an insignificant word, as a pronoun, adverb, or preposition. The exceptions to this statement are—

(1) When the otherwise weak word is made strong by emphasis—*e.g.*, “In their prosperity my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, *always*.”

(2) When a particle is attached to the verb so as practically to form a compound with it—*e.g.*, “It is this I wish to *clear up*.”

(3) When we wish to avoid a broken construction, or what is called “splitting particles,” as when we write—“Though virtue borrows no assistance from the advantages of fortune, yet it may often be accompanied by them,” instead of the broken construction in “Though virtue borrows no assistance from, yet it may often be accompanied by, the advantages of fortune.”

2. In complex statements, the qualifying words should precede the object qualified; but words and expressions most nearly related in thought should be placed closest together. That arrangement should be preferred which entails the fewest and shortest suspensions of the meaning.

### QUALITIES OF STYLE.

13. The Qualities of Style are Intellectual Qualities, Emotional Qualities, and Elegancies—

1. **Intellectual Qualities.**—The qualities of style, considered as an object of the understanding, are Accuracy and Clearness.

To ensure **Accuracy** and **Clearness**, that is, the faithful presentation of thought, style requires Purity and Perspicuity.

1. **Purity** prescribes—

a. **Correct Forms and Concords.**—Every sentence of a composition must be constructed in accordance with the laws of grammar. The common errors consist in the use of wrong single words or forms, and of false concords—that is, wrong cases, genders, numbers, and tenses.

b. **Good English Words.**—To be good, a word must be reputable (used by good writers or speakers), recent (used at present), and national (used by a whole people). Violations of these principles constitute *Barbarisms*, the chief causes of which are:

- (1) The unnecessary use of obsolete words.
- (2) The use of provincial or slang expressions.
- (3) The general and unnecessary use of technical terms.
- (4) An affected use of foreign words.
- (5) Coining words unnecessarily.

c. **Proper Words**—that is, words fit for the occasion. In a composition, every word or phrase should bear the meaning which established usage has assigned to it. The violation of this principle

constitutes an *Impropriety*. The chief causes of impropriety in the use of English words are:

(1) Neglect to observe the proper sequence of particles—*e.g.*, "He had no other intention *but* to deceive me," in which "but" improperly follows "other."

(2) Neglect to distinguish between synonyms.

(3) Carelessness as to the real meaning of words—*e.g.*, "Monarchy *stood prostrate* at the foot of the church."

**2. Perspicuity**, or Clearness.—"Care should be taken, not that the reader may understand if he will, but that he must understand whether he will or not." Perspicuity prescribes—

*a. Simplicity*.—This term covers not merely the choice of words, but the arrangement of clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. The violations of this principle are badly-arranged sentences, and pedantic, roundabout, and inflated words and phrases.

*b. Brevity*.—*See* (12, V., 1, *a* and *b*).

*c. Precision*, or Definiteness of Meaning.—The violation of this produces *Ambiguity* or *Obscurity*, which may occur in words and in sentences.

(1) In words. The Ambiguity may be one of meaning or of reference. The greatest source of ambiguity of reference is the careless use of pronouns, especially of the relative.

(2) In sentences. This arises from a disregard of the rules for the arrangement of the parts of a sentence. *See* (12, VI., 1 and 2).

**II. Emotional Qualities**.—The Emotional Qualities of style, or those that affect the emotions or feelings, are—

**1. Strength**, which consists in such a use and arrangement of words as convey the author's meaning most impressively.

Under the general name of Strength are included such varieties as sublimity, loftiness, magnificence, grandeur, dignity, stateliness, and splendor; fervor, energy, force, vigor, and nerve; brilliancy, rapidity, liveliness, vivacity, and animation. In this list, those qualities that resemble one another are grouped together. In literary criticism, the terms are often used loosely, but several of them have specific meanings. There is, for instance, a wide difference between the extremes; sublimity being secured by the description of great and noble objects, which produce a sort of elevation and expansion of our feelings; animation being the presentation of ideas in rapid succession.

The following are the principal modes of securing Strength:—

(1) Important words should occupy the most prominent places. *See* (12, VI., 1,) and (12, II., 2, *a*).

(2) The Periodic structure, by exciting and concentrating attention, often adds to the force of a sentence. *See* (12, II., 1, *b*).'

(3) When the members of a sentence differ in length, the shorter should precede the longer; and, when they are of unequal force, the weaker should precede the stronger. In all cases, however, the order of time should be observed.

(4) When in different members of a sentence two objects are contrasted, a resemblance in language and construction increases the effect. See (12, IV., 8), and (12, II., 1, c).

(5) A sentence should not close with an adverb, a preposition, or any small unaccented word. See (12, VI., 1, e).

(6) Broken constructions, or Splitting particles, should be avoided. See (12, VI., 1, c, 3).

(7) An accumulation of small words should be avoided.

(8) The language and the subject should harmonize with, and support, each other. Different themes demand different treatment.

(9) Variety, or due alternation of effects, should be maintained in all parts of composition, viz.: variety in sound (13, III., 1), words, subjects, and in the length and structure of sentences. The occurrence of any unpleasing similarity of sound, the improper repetition of a word, or a long series of sentences of the same type, enfeeble style and should be avoided. See (12, II., 1, b), and (12, III., 6).

(10) All superfluous words should be rejected. See (12, V., 1).

(11) As far as is consistent with perspicuity and good grammar, whatever may be readily supplied should be omitted. See (12, IV., 6).

(12) The use of adjectives or adverbs in close succession enfeebles style. When judiciously applied, these parts of speech have a powerful influence in animating, and heightening the effect of, an expression; but, when used immoderately, they burden a sentence without adding to its effect.

(13) The too frequent use of the conjunction "and" should be avoided. When the author's object is to present a quick succession of spirited images, the conjunction is often omitted with fine effect (12, IV., 11). When, however, an enumeration is made in which it is important that the transition from one object to another should not be too rapid, but that each should attract attention for a moment, the conjunction may be repeated (12, IV., 10).

(14) Indirect or prefaced modes of expression should be avoided, unless to introduce important ideas—*e.g.*, "It was I that did it," and "There was no one present." Better "I did it," and "No one was present."

(15) Reduce, as far as possible, the number of auxiliaries, except when they are emphatic. See also (13, II., 1, 7). This principle is more applicable to poetry than to prose, and occurs chiefly in the subjunctive mood.

(16) The Specific and the Concrete are more effective than the General and the Abstract. A statement is stronger when made about an individual object than about a class.

(17) Strength is often promoted by the use of Figures of Speech (12, IV.); but they should be used only when they convey the idea in a shorter space and with greater vividness than ordinary language



(18) Originality and boldness in combinations should be aimed at, especially in the use of Figures of Speech. Frequent repetition palls, even when what we repeat is itself of the highest merit. Novelty and agreeable surprises conduce to strength.

(19) Every means should be taken to ensure Perspicuity. See (13, I., 2). We should write naturally, use definite, plain words, with a preference for those of Anglo-Saxon origin, and avoid affectation; roundabout expressions (12, V., 1, *b*, 3), remote allusions, frequent quotations—especially those that are hackneyed—exaggerated language, harsh-sounding words, and whatever interrupts the easy flow of our sentences.

(20) The Periodic, the Abrupt, and the Balanced and Pointed style (12, II., 1, *b* and *c*.) increase greatly the strength of a composition, if the principle of Variety is duly recognized (13, II., 1, 9). The first keeps up the attention, and favors the Unity of the sentences (13, II., 1, 2); the second increases the rapidity of the movement; and the last gives agreeable surprises and assists the memory.

2. **Pathos**, or Tender Feeling, which touches the tender chord in our nature. It is a sympathetic pain combined with pleasure.

The following are the chief means of stimulating the emotion:—

(1) Allusions to the strong affections of our nature—to love of family, friends, or country.

(2) Accounts of acts of compassion, kindness, or humanity.

(3) The expression of kind and humane thoughts and feelings.

(4) Descriptions of any of the misfortunes to which human beings are subject, as death, sorrow, pain, misery.

(5) Many gentle pleasures, and even some intense ones, stimulate the emotion of tenderness.

3. **The Ludicrous**, which excites laughter, and is caused by the degradation of any subject without the production of any other strong emotion, such as anger or fear. Of this quality there are several varieties:—

In **Satire** the Ludicrous is associated with malice without arousing sympathy for the object—*e.g.*, Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. Akin to this quality is **Ridicule**, the object of which is to influence opinion.

**Humor** is the laughable degradation of an object, without malice, in a genial, kindly, good-natured way—*e.g.*, many of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*. The subject of Humor is character—not its graver faults, but its foibles, vanities, and weaknesses generally. Humor and Pathos often relieve each other. (13, II., 1, 9.) This combination constitutes one of the greatest charms of Dickens's works.

**Wit** is an ingenious and unexpected play upon words. See (12, IV., 26). When we call a writer witty, we have reference merely to the cleverness of his mode of expression; he may be also satiric or sarcastic, like Swift; or humorous, like Addison or Lamb.

III. **Elegancies of Style**.—The Elegancies of Style are:—

1. **Melody**, which is agreeable sound or modulation. Under melody

we should consider—first, whether the author conforms to the general requisites; and secondly, what is his prevailing rhythm. The following are the general requisites of Melody:—

(1) The avoiding of harsh effects. The abrupt consonants, as *p*, *t*, *k*, *f*, *th*, *h*, etc., are the hardest to pronounce; the vowels are the easiest. "Barber," for instance, is easier to pronounce than "Pragmatic."

(2) The alternation of long and short, emphatic and unemphatic syllables.

(3) The alternations of consonants among themselves, and of vowels among themselves.

(4) The avoiding of unpleasant alliterations. See p. 4 of "Wolfe and Old Quebec," ll. 16, 17.

(5) The due observance, throughout a composition, of the principle of variety. See (13, II., 1, 9).

(6) The cadence at the close. The closing syllable of a sentence should allow the voice to fall. Avoid closing a sentence with a short, unemphatic, abrupt syllable or word. See (13, II., 1, 5). When we aim at dignity or elevation, the sound should swell to the last. See (13, II., 1, 3).

Many good writers have a characteristic and indescribable swing to their language—a peculiar rhythmical movement by which the trained ear may soon detect the authorship of a piece of composition.

**2. Harmony** is melody, so ordered as to be expressive of the sense. This is desirable in prose, but occurs most markedly in poetry. See (12, IV., 4). Sound, movement, and vast bulk may be easily represented.

**3. Taste** has two meanings:—

(1) The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of Nature and Art. In this sense it is almost synonymous with Elegance, Polish, and Refinement. Persons devoid of this power are said to have no taste.

(2) That kind of artistic excellence that gives the greatest amount of pleasure to cultured minds. In this sense it is generally used in literary criticism.

The rules of Taste are those which govern correct literary composition; but variable elements also exist, for there are marked differences in the literary tastes of men, countries, and periods.



DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E.,

*President of University College, Toronto.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Dr. Wilson is a native of Scotland, having been born in 1816 at Edinburgh, where he received his education. After attending the University, he went to London, and there supported himself by literary labor. On his return to the Scottish capital, he contributed to various newspapers and journals, laying, meanwhile, the foundations of that archæological knowledge on which rests his chief claim to distinction. For many years before coming to Canada, he was the Secretary, as well as a Fellow, of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Art studies, also, secured a share of his attention, and most of the illustrations that adorn his works are from drawings by the author. In 1853, chiefly, it is said, owing to the favorable verdict of Mr. Hallam, on

the *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, Dr. Wilson received the appointment of Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, a position in which he has done much for the advancement  
 15 of Canadian culture. His lectures on History, English Literature, and Ethnology are the matured productions of a scholarly and philosophic mind, and are remarkable no less for their liberality than for their breadth of view. By his energy and shrewdness, as well as by his effective eloquence when it needed a defender, he has played an important part in the history  
 20 of the University, and has contributed in no small degree to its present prosperity. He has also taken a leading part in the literary and scientific work of Ontario, and for four years edited, with much acceptability, the *Canadian Journal*, the organ of the Canadian Institute, of which he was for some time President. But Dr. Wilson has additional claims on our  
 25 respect. He is an excellent citizen. There have been few philanthropic or social movements in Toronto in which he has not manifested an active interest, and some of its charitable institutions owe their existence to his benevolent efforts. He has also been intimately connected with Secondary Education, having been President of the Teachers' Association of Ontario,  
 30 and Representative of the High School Masters on the late Council of Public Instruction. Dr. Wilson stands high in the estimation of the general public as well as of literary circles; and when, on Dr. McCaul's retirement in 1881, he was appointed to the Presidency of University College, it was universally felt that his promotion was only the fitting reward  
 35 of faithful services, and of untiring zeal in the cause of Education.

WORKS.—*Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time* (1847): A work illustrated from drawings by the author, and consisting of descriptions of local and historical events, and of laboriously collected matter of antiquarian interest. *Oliver Cromwell* (1848): Chiefly a compilation from  
 40 various sources. *The Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland* (1851), also illustrated by the author: A large and elaborate classification of the antiquities of Scotland, pronounced by Hallam to be "the most scientific treatment of the Archæological evidences of Primitive History which had ever been written." *Prehistoric Man*; or, Researches into the  
 45 Origin of Civilization in the Old and New Worlds (1862): Besides other matter, this work contains the results of Dr. Wilson's investigations into the Ethnology and Antiquities of America, and discusses the origin of civilization, the unity of the human race, and the length of time that has elapsed since the creation of man. *Chatterton*; a Biographical Study  
 50 (1869): A work of high merit, in which Dr. Wilson's purely literary qualities are seen at their best. *Caliban*; or, The Missing Link (1873): A remarkable production, in which the author brings his knowledge of an apparently literary subject to bear on one which properly belongs to the domain of Science. It is at once an argument against the Darwinian  
 55 theory of Evolution, and a criticism on Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Browning's "Caliban on Setebos." The author shows that Caliban, Shakespeare's poetical creation as altered by Browning, is the assumed

"missing link" between man and the brute. *Spring Wild Flowers* (1873). A reprint, with additions, of an earlier volume of poems bearing the same title. *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh* (1873), profusely illustrated from 60 drawings by the author. Dr. Wilson has also written several of the articles in the recent edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and his contributions to the *Canadian Journal* and *Canadian Monthly* have been frequent and important.

CRITICAL.—Dr. Wilson is a man of versatile powers—an able speaker, 65 an energetic and industrious worker, and a writer who has won distinction in both Literature and Science. The special characteristics of his style are ease and fluency. His treatment of scientific subjects is clear and exact; his views, even when they may be combated, are original, well based and well argued; and his language is choice and expressive. 70 On literary topics he is equally at home, his style being eloquent and graceful, sometimes full of tender feeling, and often glowing with the charms of a fervent imagination.

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#### GENERAL WOLFE AND OLD QUEBEC.

A PERIOD of imbecility, gloom, and disaster, marked England's share in the war which followed soon after the truce of Aix-la-Chapelle, till the Great Commoner was called to the councils of the nation. Forthwith vigor took the place of despondency and defeat. Men were entrusted with the conduct of the war because of approved fitness, and not from 5 family connections or parliamentary interest; and, among the rest, young Wolfe was selected by Pitt, and sent with General

LITERARY.—Give an account of the course of the war before the events narrated in the selection. (See Primer of Canadian History, pp. 29-30; and Thompson's English History, pp. 282-284.)

and show to whom each refers. Is the sentence to which they belong loose or periodic? (12, II., 1, a.)

4-5. **Forthwith—defeat.** Why a short sentence? See also l. 10. (12, II., 1, b.) Note the order of the words. (12, II., 2, a.)

1. **imbecility, gloom, and disaster.** Explain clearly the meaning,

ELOCUTIONARY.—A narrative and descriptive selection. The prevailing quality is therefore pure; force, moderate; pitch, middle; and time, moderate. (III., 1-5.)

4-5. **vigor, despondency.** For the reading of contrasted words, see (III., 6, e), and (III., 8, a and d).

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NOTE.—The figures within brackets refer to the sections of the Introductions; those under the heading "Literary," to Introduction, Part II.; and those under the heading "Elocutionary," to Introduction, Part I.

Amherst to this continent, where Lord Loudon had been conducting matters to most unsatisfactory results. Forthwith all was changed. At Louisbourg, Cape Breton, Brigadier Wolfe effected a landing under the eye of the General and Admiral Boscawen, in the face of powerful batteries, and with a sea so violent that many boats foundered; and pushed on the siege till Louisbourg fell, and Cape Breton with it. The fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed; the captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the City, and there suspended in St. Paul's, amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of the people. As Walpole expressed it: "Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories!"

The energy of the great Minister seemed to extend its influence everywhere. The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree; next Guadaloupe fell; then Ticonderoga and Niagara, bringing that old war, in fancy, to our own doors. And as on land, so was it at sea. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Admiral Boscawen off Cape Lagos, while Wolfe—now General of the forces of the St. Lawrence, —was preparing for the achievement which was to crown the triumphs of the year with sadness and with glory. The season was already far advanced. He had tried in vain to effect a landing below the Montmorency, and do battle with Montcalm where he lay entrenched at Beauport. All fears or hopes of aid from the French fleet were at an end. But Montcalm had other resources; had already—though in vain—tried, by fire-ships and rafts, to annihilate the English fleet. His best hope now lay in the equinox, and the early

11-15. What are the emphatic places in a sentence? (12, II., 2, a.)

15. **fleet.** Explain the Metonymy. (12, IV., 1.)

16-17. Is Alliteration allowable in prose? (7.)

21. **worn threadbare.** Explain. (12, IV., 35.)

1-21. What kind of sentence prevails in this paragraph? (12, II., 1.)

25. **in fancy, to our own doors.** Explain.

29. **crown.** Show from derivation the exact force.

30. **with.** Why repeated? (12, V., 1, b.)

33-34. **All—end.** Show that this is a condensed sentence. (12, II., 1, d.)

28 35. Read the parenthetic clauses in a lower tone. (III., 3, c.)

winter beyond, with their gales, to drive General and Admiral both out of the St. Lawrence; and he already flattered himself that Quebec and French America were as good as safe for another year. 40

The English General's fears corresponded only too closely thereto. Fatigue and anxiety preyed on his delicate frame. A violent fever prostrated him for a time; but, undaunted, he returned to his work, and at length the night of September 12th, 1759, had come, and the dawn of his fortunate day. 45

His troops, 5,000 men in all, had been already transported above Quebec. These he embarked in boats, dropt down the broad river in silence, under the stars; and, as he glides swiftly towards victory and death, a little incident illuminates for us the stealthy machinations of that night with a tender spiritual ray. John Robison, a young midshipman—long after well known as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,—was in the same boat with the General, and loved in after years to recall the incident. As they moved down the river with muffled oars, Wolfe repeated in a low voice some stanzas from Gray's "Elegy,"—then in the first blush of its fame,—ending with the prophetic lines:— 50

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, 60  
Await alike th' inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave;"

and as he closed, he added that he would rather be author of that poem than victor in the impending battle.

On the triumph which followed we need not here dwell. 65

39. **both.** Parse, and account for its position. (12, VI., 1.)

22-41. Note that the rapid movement of the abrupt style which prevails in this paragraph, brings out forcibly the thought in the leading sentence. (12, II., 1, b.)

43. **thereto.** To what?

45-46. **dawn.** Explain use.

48. **dropt.** Parse. Examine the construction of this sentence. (13, I., 2, c, 2.)

49. **glides.** Note the effect of the changed tense. (12, IV., 3.)

50. **illuminates.** Meaning here?

58. **blush.** Explain the Metaphor. (12, IV., 2.)

65. Account for the order of the words. (12, II., 2, a.)

59. **The boast,** etc. Slow and solemn tone. Pause after emphatic words. (III., 7.)

Wolfe's Cove, Cape Diamond, and the Plains of Abraham, with all their historic memories, are indelibly imprinted on every Canadian mind. With the morning's sun the flag of England floated over the heights of Quebec, marking an era in the world's history. This continent, thenceforth, under whatever form of government, was to be English, not French. Wolfe's work was done, and he and Montcalm lay there peaceful in the brotherhood of death.

For Wolfe, it was the close of a life that might well be envied. Tender and true as Nelson himself, and with a nobler moral self-command, he had fallen in the arms of victory, the youngest of England's generals since the old heroic days of the Black Prince. He was only in his thirty-third year. At home, the old general, his father, lay dying; died, indeed, before the news of mingled pride and sorrow could reach his ear. But besides the widowed mourner who survived, there was another to weep in that hour of England's triumph. His affianced bride was then vainly watching, with longing eyes, for her young soldier's return. She was a rich heiress, and he an only son. They had everything that heart could desire; and she had urged his stay with all the eloquence of love. But duty called him, and, however reluctantly, he obeyed. The verses have been preserved which he addressed, on the eve of his departure, to the bride he was never to wed. They will not compare with Gray's "Elegy," but they have an interest of their own, as where he urges:—

"Two passions vainly pleading,  
My beating heart divide:  
Lo! there my country bleeding,  
And here my weeping bride."

65-73. Contrast the abrupt style here with the longer loose sentences of the preceding paragraphs. (12, 11., 1, b.)

70-71. **This—French.** Give fully the grounds of this statement.

73. **peaceful—death.** Note the beauty of this touch.

78. **Black Prince.** Show the peculiar aptness of this reference.

91. **as where.** Expand.

92. **Two passions, etc.** Gentle force. Pause after "passions," "there," "here."



And while thus pleading for that inevitable separation, he reminds her that—

“No distance hearts can sunder  
Whom mutual truth has joined.”

Thus fresh in all the passionate tenderness and fervor of <sup>100</sup> youth was that heart which sacrificed love to duty on the field of death. He gave his bride, as a lover's token, at that last parting, a locket containing some of his own hair. She lived to become Countess of Bolton; but to the day of her death she wore on her bosom Wolfe's last gift, covered with <sup>105</sup> crape.

England failed not to render what honors could be lavished on him who had thus found in the path of duty the way to glory and to death. The difficulties which Wolfe had to contend with had seemed insuperable. No one dreamt of suc- <sup>110</sup> cess. Horace Walpole—a good specimen of the croakers of that day, as of our own,—is found writing to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, while tardy winds were wafting across the ocean news of the victory already won:—“*We have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall!*” <sup>115</sup>

Fancy the revulsion of feeling on the falsifying of such predictions; the exulting pride, the national outburst of tearful joy. The poet Cowper recalls the time, as one when it was—

“Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.”

120

96. **thus pleading.** Explain.

99. **mutual.** Distinguish from “reciprocal” and “common.”

74-106. Note the effect of the abrupt style of sentence, and the enumeration of touching particulars in heightening the graceful pathos of the paragraph. (13, II., 2.)

108-109. **who—death.** Account for the phraseology of this clause.

110. **had seemed.** Why is the tense changed in “dreamt”?

112. **is found.** Why this tense?

114-115. **We—shall.** What different attacks are referred to?

98. Pause after “distance.” What inflection is required on “sunder,” and on “joined”?

114. Make “have” emphatic.

116-126. Louder force and faster time at the beginning of the paragraph. Pronounce the last lines with soft force. (III., 2.)

Yet, also, it is well to realize in our own minds that which is so true a picture of what never fails as the attendant on war's triumphal car: the mother just widowed; the bride unwed; answering to the nation's joy-bells with their tears.

All that the unavailing honors of this world can bestow waited on the victor's bier. West made his death the subject of his finest painting; Wilton, in Westminster Abbey, embodied the nation's gratitude in the sculptured marble of his tomb; and in the Senate, with more than wonted effort, Chatham strove to give expression to the universal sorrow. The feelings which thus found utterance in the fresh consciousness of his loss, remain associated with his memory to this hour. He lives on the historic page, he dwells in our memories, in the beauty of perpetual youth.

Had Wolfe lived to mature his judgment by age and experience, he might have rivalled Marlborough and Wellington. Nay more, with Wolfe in the place of Howe or Burgoyne, in later American campaigns, he might have achieved less enviable triumphs, and changed the destinies of the world. It is better as it is. He won unsullied laurels fighting his country's battles against a foreign foe. He had every motive that this world could offer to make life covetable; but he had lived in the thought of a life beyond, and as he saw that work triumphantly accomplished which had been given him to do, he exclaimed, "Now, God be praised, I die happy!" Such dead may, indeed, be pronounced happy.

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

But there was another hero of that fated field for whose tomb "the boast of heraldry" found no laurel wreaths. The

123-126. **Yet—tears.** Why is it well to do this?

129-131. **embodied—tomb.** Explain clearly.

132. **Chatham.** When did Pitt get this title? Of which House of Parliament was he a member when these events occurred?

133-134. **in—loss.** Turn this phrase into a subordinate proposition.

134. **his—his.** Do these refer to the same person?

136. **in—youth.** Explain fully.

127-136. Observe the structure of the paragraph. (12, III., 2 and 3.)

140-141. **he—world.** Discuss fully.

145. **life beyond.** What is meant? For meaning cf. l. 149.

147. For what does he ascribe praise to God?

151. "**the boast of heraldry.**" Is this quotation appropriately introduced? **laurel wreaths.** Paraphrase.

young Marquis de Montcalm, whose name generous hands have since graven on the same column with that of Wolfe on the ramparts of Quebec, appears to have been a leader of exceptional worth among those whom the worthless Louis <sup>155</sup> XV. delighted to honor. A letter of his, written to a cousin in France, only three weeks before the fall of Quebec, shows a statesmanlike prevision very suggestive to us now. Anticipating possible results, with the English masters of the river and the French fleet annihilated, he says, "If Wolfe beat me <sup>160</sup> here, France has lost America utterly." But, as he tells his friend, there lies for comfort in the future what even Chatham failed to foresee:—with all occasion for defence against French neighbors removed, "our only consolation is that, in ten years, America will be in revolt against England!" <sup>165</sup>

So shrewdly reasoned Montcalm, as he looked from that old vantage-ground into the future of this continent; and though there is no longer the jealousy of rival European powers to act as a counterpoise to American assumption, the foresight of the young Frenchman has still a lesson for ourselves. The <sup>170</sup> generous emulation of Canada and the United States can only prove healthful to both. The habits of self-government learned from the same parent, may help, in honorable rivalry, to correct failures of each, while adapting to this New World free institutions inherited by both from England. But the <sup>175</sup> dream of absorbing this whole continent into one unwieldy Republic is only suited to Young America in the stage of boastful inexperience. Should it ever be realized, the teachings of the past point to it as the mere transitional step to greater disunion. The bounds of our Dominion are, on the <sup>180</sup>

153. **with.** Criticise use.

155. Point out the contrast. (12, IV., 8.)

158. **suggestive to us now.** Cf. ll. 169, 170, and what follows.

165. **America—England!** Why should the absence of the French bring this about?

161-165. **But—England!** Express the thoughts in this sentence without using a direct quotation.

161. **has lost.** Account for tense.

167. **vantage-ground.** Why so?

168. **jealousy—powers.** What is referred to? How could their "jealousy" act as a "counterpoise"?

172. **only.** Criticise position. (13, I., 2, c, 2.)

174. **each.** Why "both" in l. 175?

177. **only.** Criticise position.

178-180. **teachings—disunion.** Illustrate from history.

whole, well defined; and our historical individuality is determined by antecedents which it would puzzle the chroniclers of a Monroe *doctrinaire* to fit into his ideal Republic of the future.

185 The French-Canadian who calmly reviews what the France of his fathers of the Louis XV. era was; what the France of subsequent Revolution eras has been; what share has meanwhile been frankly accorded to him in working out free institutions on a wiser and surer basis; and what his own *Nouvelle*  
 190 *France*, and the ampler Canada of the united races have become: has no reason to dissociate old Quebec from his cherished memories. But transferred to a political union which imposed on us the celebration of Fourth of July anniversaries, the memories of Quebec and those of Queenston  
 195 Heights would prove equally irreconcilable with loyalty to the State on which they had been engrafted. There need be no antagonism between Canada and the United States: sprung like ourselves from the loins of Old England; and not unworthy of her parentage. Nor need we shrink from acknowledging that the independence of the older Colonies was a  
 200 victory in the cause of freedom, in which England herself has been a gainer; for the triumph of Lord North and of King George would have impeded later hard-won rights which have made it impossible that an English minister shall ever  
 205 again dare to do what Lord North then did. But Canada has no inheritance in the memories of New England grievances; unless it be those recollections which she loves to cherish of Loyalist forefathers, whose fidelity to the Empire overbore all consciousness of personal wrongs. The geographical and political characteristics of Canada alike shape out for  
 210 it an autonomy of its own; and it were well that the statesmen

181-184. **our—future.** Paraphrase. Cf. ll. 192-196.

185-190. Show why the Lower Canadian can still cherish the memory of Old Quebec, and explain clearly the contrast brought out in ll. 192-196, "But—engrafted"

185-196. Paraphrase this passage in simpler language.

201-202. **England—gainer.** Illustrate from history.

203. **later hard-won rights.** What are referred to?

209-213. **The—future.** Criticise these statements.

of this continent should lay to heart all that is involved in the wise foresight with which Montcalm forecast its future.

France unquestionably had her revenge for the defeat at Quebec, in the Revolution of 1783; and reaped revenge's fitting harvest in her own Reign of Terror, and all the revolutions that have followed, ere she could acquire some capacity for self-government. For whether America forget it or not, England had trained her children to deal even with revolution as free men, and not as slaves broke loose. A grand experiment in the science of self-government has been entrusted to us; and the American Republic, with its Washington bureaucracy, and the quadrennial throes of its Presidential elections, has not so solved the problem that we must need cast in our lot with the United States, as though that were the sole avenue to a political millennium.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms:—the stolid, slow, but long-enduring Saxon; the lively, impressible, gallant Frank—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of the old French monarchy before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those who here, under the ægis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an Empire where the Rajah of a British

215-216. **reaped — harvest.** Explain the Metaphor. (12, IV., 2.)

218-220. **For — loose.** Illustrate this statement by a contrast between the Americans and the French during their Revolutions.

222-223. Explain clearly the objections here urged against the American Republic. Criticise "need," l. 224.

228-229. **long — arms.** Illustrate from history.

229-230. **the stolid—Frank.** Point out the Imitative Harmony. (12, IV., 4.)

232. **elder.** Why not "older?"

240-246. Express the thought in this sentence without the author's amplification. (12, V., 2.) Show the aptness of each word or phrase in the expansion in the text.

Province on the Indian Ocean—beyond the farthest footprint of the Macedonian Alexander—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize-cup which victors from our young Dominion have twice brought in triumph to our shores.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united Empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

"Far on in summers that we shall not see,"

—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the continent, a nation, with duties and interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honor that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race, while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.

244. **Olympian Games.** Bring out the full force of this designation.

249-251. Remark on the arrangement of the proper names.

247-251. Why should these memories be precious to us?

251. **are.** What is the subject?

1. Classify the preceding selection, and show that in some places it borders on poetry in sentiment and language (3, V.).

2. Show that it illustrates Professor Wilson's breadth of view and philosophic teaching of history; fluency (12, V., 2); choice vocabulary (13, I., 2); and tender feeling (13, II., 2).\*

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce in one or more exercises the substance of the preceding selection under the following heads:—I. The general effect of Pitt's spirited policy. II. Wolfe and Montcalm. III. Preparations for the attack on Quebec. IV. The victory. V. Wolfe's character. VI. The announcement in England of his death. VII. Had he lived, he "might have changed the destinies of the world." VIII. Montcalm's "shrewd reasoning." IX. Generous rivalry of Canada and the United States healthful to both. X. Canada intended for an autonomy of her own. XI. The problem that is being solved here. XII. The advantages of British connection.

NOTE.—The general questions and the different heads of the composition exercises should be fully discussed in the class before the pupils attempt to write upon the latter.

\* Chosenness of vocabulary is best shown by distinguishing synonyms or by substituting other expressions than those which occur in the text; fluency, by contrasting a bald statement of facts with the ornate one made by the author.

## FREEDOM.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet :  
 Above her shook the starry lights :  
 She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind :  
 But fragments of her mighty voice  
 Came rolling on the wind.

Then step she down through town and field  
 To mingle with the human race,  
 And part by part to men reveal'd  
 The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
 From her isle-altar gazing down,  
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
 And, King-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
 The wisdom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The falsehood of extremes !

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

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 GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND.

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er  
 Across this watery waste we fare,  
 Your image at our hearts we bear,  
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

5 Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
 Past where the waves' last confines be,  
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

10 Dear home in England, safe and fast  
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,  
 The past shall seem a nothing past  
 To thee, dear home, if won at last ;  
 Dear home in England, won at last.

—Arthur H. Clough.

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### CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Chas. G. D. Roberts, the youngest poet of the Dominion, was born in 1859 at Douglas, N. B. He was educated in Fredericton, where his father was Rector, and in 1879 graduated with honors from the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Roberts was for a time Principal of  
 5 the York Street School at Fredericton, N. B. He is now a resident of Toronto, where he is engaged in literary work of various kinds.

WORKS.—*Orion and other Poems*, The leading poem in this volume is founded on a touching incident in the old mythical story of Orion. Diana's favorite deems himself worthy of "maiden-lipped, snow-breasted Merope," whose father Œnopion consents to the marriage on condition that the  
 10 mighty hunter should free his land from wild beasts. Aided by "kindly ministrants," Orion performs his task and returns victorious as Œnopion is sacrificing to Apollo. The king, though he promises the reward, has him drugged and blinded. Then follow some of the finest passages—the chorus of the Nereids, the lamentation of Orion, the gaining of the uplands where  
 15 the rosy beams of morning are to restore his lost sight, the break of day and the coming forth of Eos, and the journey to Delos of the goddess and the hero. Of the other poems, it is not too much to say that all have merit, "Ariadne," "Memnon," "Sappho," "Ode to Drowsihood," and "An Ode to Night," being of unusual excellence.

20 CRITICAL.—Although, to use the author's words, these poems are but

"first-fruits, gathered by distant ways,  
 In brief, sweet moments of toilsome days,"

Mr. Roberts' verse is remarkable no less for its artistic finish than for its intensity and sweetness. His language is well chosen, his taste delicate,  
 25 and his numbers harmonious, many of his productions showing, in both spirit and form, a diligent and appreciative study of Greek models. Imag-



inative power he possesses in no small degree, and his poetic fervor is a steady glow which frequently bursts forth into brilliant flashes. For so young a man Mr. Roberts has been eminently successful. He has, indeed,

"felt the spell that lifts asunder  
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong."

30

Although somewhat under the influence of the English lyrical poets, he displays marked originality, and in the near future will, no doubt, realize the high hopes which these "first-fruits" justify his countrymen in entertaining.

35

### BROTHER CUTHBERT.

CUTHBERT, open ; let me in !

Cease your praying for a minute !

Here the darkness seems to grin,

Holds a thousand horrors in it ;

Down the stony corridor

Footsteps pace the stony floor.

5

Here they foot it, pacing slow,

Monk-like, one behind another :

Don't you hear me ? Don't you know

I'm a little nervous, Brother ?

Won't you speak ? Then, by your leave,

Here's a guest for Christmas Eve.

10

Shrive me, but I got a fright !

Monks of centuries ago

LITERARY.—Explain clearly what is meant by a Dramatic Lyric. (4, II., 5.) Throughout the poem note, and bring out the causes of, the changes that succeed one another in the monk's mood and attitude. Where is the monk when he begins to speak ?

1-6. Scan and name the metres.

3. **grin.** Show the exact force.

4. **a thousand.** Why definite ?

11. **Won't.** Contrast with "wont" as to etymology and pronunciation.

11-13. What does the monk do at this point ? Describe his attitude and state of feeling as represented in

l. 13.

ELOCUTIONARY.—Begin in a loud, high-pitched tone, such as one would use in demanding admittance, pausing after each command. Read lines 3-6 in a slightly lower conversational tone.

9, 10. High pitch, rising inflection.

11. Read "Then by your leave," etc., in a lower tone.

13. Read this as if almost breathless from fright. (III., 1, a.)

- 15 Wander back to see to-night  
 How the old place looks :—Holloa !  
 This the kind of watch you keep—  
 Come to pray—and go to sleep !
- 20 Shame, man ! Keep your vigil ! Wake !  
 Double penance else your bones  
 Soon will pay with wrench and ache  
 For your tempting couch of stones.  
 Hard and cold your couch and cell,  
 Brother, yet you slumber well !
- 25 Ah, this mortal flesh is weak !  
 Who is saintly there's no saying.  
 Here are tears upon his cheek ;  
 And he sleeps, that should be praying,—  
 Sleeps and dreams, and murmurs : Nay,  
 30 I'll not wake you ; sleep away !
- Holy Saints, the night is keen !  
 How the nipping wind does drive  
 Through yon tree-tops bare and lean,  
 Till their shadow seems alive,  
 35 Patters through the bars, and falls  
 Shivering on the floor and walls !

16. **Holloa!** What causes the exclamation? Note the change of feeling here and in l. 19.

18. **Come—go.** Parse; complete the Ellipsis. (I2, IV., 6.)

20. **penance.** Parse. Why "double"? **else.** Turn into a subordinate sentence.

27. What are now the monk's mood and attitude?

29. **Nay.** What change of position now takes place?

31-42. What is the monk's attitude while speaking thus? How does he act in saying "Holy"—"keen," l. 31? Note the vividness of the description. For meaning of ll. 32-38, cf. ll. 92-95.

34-35. **seems alive, patters, falls shivering.** Show the expressiveness of these predicates.

18. Pause after "come" and "pray;" contrast "pray" and "go to sleep," and not "come" and "go."

20. Pause after "penance" and "else."

24. Pause after "Brother." What inflection is there on this word?

25-30. This stanza requires gentle force. (III., 2.)

31. **Holy Saints.** (III., 5.)

35-36. Connect closely "falls shivering."

How yon patch of freezing sky  
 Echoes back their bell-ringsings!  
 Down in the gray city, nigh  
 Severn, every steeple swings; 40  
 All the busy streets are bright,—  
 Many folks are out to-night.

— What's that, Brother? Did you speak?  
 Christ save them that talk in sleep!  
 Smile they howsoever meek, 45  
 Somewhat in their hearts they keep.  
*We*, good souls, what shifts we make  
 To keep talking while awake!

Christ be praised, that fetched me in  
 Early yet a youngling, while 50  
 All unlearned in life and sin,  
 Love and travail, grief and guile!  
 For your world of two-score years,  
 Cuthbert, all you have is tears.

Dreaming, still he hears the bells 55  
 As he heard them years ago,  
 Ere he sought our quiet cells  
 Iron-mouthed, and wrenched with woe,  
 Out of what dread storms who knows—  
 Faithfulest of friends and foes. 60

Faithful was he aye, I ween,  
 Pitiful, and kind, and wise;

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>37. <b>patch.</b> Why was it a patch?</p> <p>38. Scan and criticise the effect.<br/>(12, IV., 4.)</p> <p>40. <b>swings.</b> Explain.</p> <p>41. Note the transferred epithet.<br/>(12, IV., 17.)</p> <p>44. Reverential pure-tone.</p> <p>53. Make "your world" emphatic.</p> <p>54. Pause after "Cuthbert." "Tears," emphatic.</p> <p>61. Lower the voice slightly in reading "I ween."</p> | <p>43. What change in attitude and feeling now takes place?</p> <p>47. <b>We.</b> Account for the repetition. (12, V., 1, b.)</p> <p>55. <b>Dreaming.</b> Parse.</p> <p>58. <b>Iron-mouthed.</b> Explain.</p> <p>60. What poetical ornament? (7.)</p> |
|---|---|

But in mindful moods I've seen  
 Flame enough in those sunk eyes:—  
 Praised be Christ, whose timely Hand  
 Plucked from out the fire this brand!

Now in dreams he's many miles  
 Hence; he's back in Ireland.  
 Ah, how tenderly he smiles,  
 Stretching a caressing hand!  
 Backward now his memory glides  
 To old happy Christmas-tides:

Now once more a loving wife  
 Holds him; now he sees his boys;  
 Smiles at all their playful strife,  
 All their childish mirth and noise;—  
 Softly now she strokes his hair—  
 Ah, their world is very fair!

— Waking, all your loss shall be  
 Unforgotten evermore.  
 Sleep alone holds these for thee;  
 Sleep then, Brother. To restore  
 All your heaven that has died  
 Heaven and Hell may be too wide.

Sleep, and dream, and be awhile  
 Happy Cuthbert once again.

63. **mindful moods.** What was the character of his thoughts?

69-96. What emotional quality of style pervades this remarkably fine passage? (13, II.)

71. **now.** Explain this use of the word. Observe that it is repeated.

77. What elegancies of style? (13,

III., 1 and 2.) How are they produced?

79. **Waking.** Parse; point out the contrast to this word.

82-84. **To restore — wide.** Explain this clearly.

83-84. **heaven — Heaven.** Why printed differently? Give the meaning of the former.

67-68. Connect closely "many miles hence." Make a long pause after "hence."

69-70. Gentle pure-tone.

81. Pause after "Sleep" and "alone;" both words are emphatic.

Soon you'll wake, and cease to smile,  
 And your heart will sink with pain ;  
 You will hear the merry town,  
 And a weight will press you down. 90

Hungry-hearted, you will see  
 Only the thin shadows fall  
 From yon bleak-topped poplar-tree—  
 Icy fingers on the wall ;  
 You will watch them come and go, 95  
 Telling o'er your count of woe.

— Nay, now, hear me ! how I prate !  
 I, a foolish monk and old,  
 Maundering o'er a life and fate  
 To me unknown, by you untold : 100  
 Yet I know you're like to weep  
 Soon ; so, Brother, this night sleep.

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THE MAPLE.

OH, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,  
 And merrily sway the beeches ;  
 Breathe delicately the willow blooms,  
 And the pines rehearse new speeches ;  
 The elms toss high till they brush the sky, 5  
 Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,  
 But the tree I love all the greenwood above,  
 Is the maple of sunny branches.

92-93. **thin shadows**—**bleak-top-**  
**ped.** Show that these are well-  
 chosen epithets.

91-96. Contrast the thoughts in this  
 stanza with those in ll. 73-78.

102. **Soon**—**sleep.** What does the  
 monk do after speaking thus ?

1-8. Scan and name the metres.  
 Show the appropriateness of va-  
 rious epithets used throughout the  
 poem.

4. **pin**s — **speeches.** Show the  
 force of "rehearse."

5 and 7. Note the Middle Rhymes.

8. **sunny.** Give the force of this  
 epithet.

1. **tenderly.** Explain.

101. Emphasis on the contrasted words "weep" and "sleep." Connect  
 "weep soon." 102. Pause after "soon" and "night."

6. **catkins.** (III., 8, b.)

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,  
 Or the late-leaved linden in summer ;  
 There's a word may be for the locust tree,  
 That delicate, strange new-comer ;  
 But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose  
 When pale are the spring-time regions,  
 And its towers of flame from afar proclaim  
 The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made  
 Than its summer canopy sifted ;  
 And many a day, as beneath it I lay,  
 Has my memory backward drifted  
 To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,  
 Leading over a fresh, green hill,  
 Where a maple stood just clear of the wood—  
 And oh, to be near it still !

10. What poetic ornament?

13. **maple.** Parse. Note in this line a common emphatic redundancy. (12, V., 1, b.)

13-14. **But—regions.** Show that this description is true to nature.

15-16. Mark the originality and beauty of the Metaphor.

18. **sifted.** Show that this expresses the appearance of the shade.

19-24. Observe the heightening of the poetic effect by the personal reference.

9. Pause after "will."

24. Change the tone of voice so as to express the mournful longing.

1. Classify the preceding poems. (4, II.)

2. What passages in "Brother Cuthbert" illustrate the monk's superstition, tenderness, garrulity, pious gratitude, contentment, simplicity, and imagination? Show the bearing of the answer to this question on the definition of a Dramatic Lyric.

3. Show that the poem has been correctly named "Brother Cuthbert."

4. In "The Maple" show the author's admirable powers of description and sympathy with nature.

5. What qualities and elegancies of style pervade these poems? (13, I., II. and III.) Characterize the author's vocabulary. (12, I., b.) Refer to examples.

6. Memorize the poems.

#### COMPOSITION.

1. Sketch the monk's train of thought, bringing out the causes of the transitions.

2. Sketch the character and history of Cuthbert as given by the monk.



### GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., D.C.L.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Goldwin Smith was born at Reading, Berkshire, England, on the 13th of August, 1823. After attending a private academy at Bath, he entered Eton College, whence he went to Christ Church, Oxford. Both at school and at the University his career was unusually brilliant, and on graduating in 1845 with First Class Honors in Classics, he was elected to a fellowship, and for some time acted as tutor in University College. In 1847 he was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn, but never practised his profession. Early in life his ultra-liberal predilections began to show themselves, especially in his contributions to the periodical and journalistic literature of the day. After spending some time in London he returned to Oxford, with the intention of devoting himself to historical research, and, it is said, to the preparation of a work on the Political History of England. The appointment, however, of a Royal Commission to inquire into University administration, the assistant-secretaryship of which he accepted, interfered with this design, and for a time he was fully occupied with the duties of his position. So highly were his services valued by the Government that, on the appointment of a second Com-

mission, he became secretary, and by his ability and intimate acquaintance with the subjects of investigation, contributed materially to the reforms that resulted from its labors. The Report, in 1861, of the Popular Education Committee, of which he was an active member, also greatly influenced subsequent legislation. In 1857 he was chosen to the Regius Professorship of Modern History at the University of Oxford, which, owing to his father's illness, he resigned after eight years' tenure of office. During all this time he had become conspicuous amongst the writers on the Liberal side of politics, and, as is to be expected in the case of a man of strong opinions and uncompromising independence, had incurred the ill-will of the leaders of the opposite party. On the breaking out of the American War he sided with the North, rendering it good service by his letters to the *London Times* and *Daily News*; and on his first visit to America in 1864, was received with general enthusiasm. In the Jamaica controversy in 1865, he took an active part, siding with the accusers of Governor Eyre, and contributing the proceeds of his lectures on "Three English Statesmen" to the fund for the prosecution. In 1868, having accepted the offer of the chair of English and Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., he left England to assume its duties; and, as the Professorship is a non-resident one, removed to Toronto, where he has since resided. He has in various ways taken a lively interest in educational matters, and for a time was a member of the Senate of the University of Toronto, and the representative of the Public School Masters in the late Council of Public Instruction. In Canada, as in England, Professor Smith has been distinguished by activity in literary and political questions, his opinions on the latter having provoked from those with whom he differs, a good deal of hostile criticism, which, however, is only another tribute to the importance of his utterances. On some subjects of national interest he holds views that do not recommend themselves to most of the inhabitants of the Dominion, but there are few who will deny the honesty of his motives or the surpassing excellence of his style.

WORKS.—*Lectures on the Study of History* (1861): A volume containing the four most remarkable of his Oxford Lectures. Here, amongst other things, he ridicules the contention of Buckle and his followers, that History may be reduced to an Exact Science. *Irish History and Irish Character* (1862): An expansion of a lecture delivered before the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society at their annual meeting in 1861. In this sketch the author "pays more attention to general causes than previous writers on Irish History; cultivates the charities of history; and, in the case both of the rulers and of the people, takes fair account of misfortunes as well as of crimes." *The Empire*: a collection of letters published in the *Daily News* (1863): This series treats chiefly of England's relations to her colonies and dependencies—Canada, New Zealand, Gibraltar, and the Ionian Islands coming in for a large share of attention. *Three English Statesmen*: A course of lectures on the Political History of England (1865), the statesmen selected being Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. *The Political*



*Destiny of Canada* (1878): An essay in which he maintains that "the ultimate union of Canada and the United States appears to be now morally certain." *Lectures and Essays* (1881): A collection of contributions to various periodicals, all of which had been published or reproduced in Canada. Professor Smith was also connected more or less intimately with *The Nation*, *The Canadian Monthly*, and *The Bystander*, and contributes frequently on current topics to the newspaper and periodical literature in 65  
Canada, England, and the United States. 70

CRITICAL.—Goldwin Smith's intellect is keen, highly cultivated, and thoroughly equipped. In character he is independent, outspoken—possibly too much so,—and thoroughly conscientious, with a high ideal of moral excellence. His sincerity is, indeed, the main source of both his weakness 75  
and his strength. When he writes, he has something to say, and he says it with an earnestness and an energy that have often raised a storm of opposition. Like Matthew Arnold, the English critic, Mr. Smith is a critic of life,—but unlike him, his style is largely impersonal, although he seldom 80  
lets us forget that he is the ardent partisan of democratic ideas, and the opponent of Imperialism and the claims of hereditary rank. His works are literary models, and considering the number and variety of his topics, he has maintained a uniform level of unusual excellence. His power of luminous expression is almost matchless: his language is a marvel of faultless purity and nervous force. From Professor Smith's philosophical 85  
acumen, high culture, and great historical knowledge, much is still to be expected, and there is room to hope that "afar from the troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," he may yet produce a work "which posterity shall not willingly let die."

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## THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

From "The Great Duel of the Seventeenth Century."

INTRODUCTORY.—After the Reformation Europe became split up into two parties, the Protestants and the Catholics, whose rivalry eventually took a hostile shape in the formation of the Evangelical Union and the Catholic League. The immediate cause of the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) was the contest for the crown of Bohemia, in which these confederacies took opposite sides. Long before the close, however, the original cause was forgotten, and the war became a struggle between the Union and the League, the central point of which was the battle of Lützen (1632). Wallenstein, the Imperial general, who had successfully opposed Christian of Denmark, the leader of the Protestants, conquered Denmark, but was afterwards dismissed by the Emperor Ferdinand, his place being taken by Tilly, the general of the Catholic League. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, nothing loath, then assumed command of the Protestant armies. After various other successes, he defeated Tilly at Leipsic, penetrated Central Germany, overran Bavaria, and entered Munich in triumph. Wallenstein, now recalled, took the field in Bohemia, and drove out the Saxons,

Gustavus's allies. Then uniting his forces with those of the Elector Maximilian, he marched against Gustavus, who, thus checked in his career, shut himself up in Nuremberg. Here both armies lay encamped for eleven weeks, Gustavus finally making an attack on Wallenstein. Being signally worsted, he broke up, and advanced into Bavaria. Wallenstein, however, marched on Saxony, joining there another Imperial army under Pappenheim. At this juncture in the Great Duel, the following extract opens.

To save Saxony, Gustavus left Bavaria half conquered. As he hurried to the rescue, the people on his line of march knelt to kiss the hem of his garment, the sheath of his delivering sword, and could scarcely be prevented from adoring him as  
 5 a god. His religious spirit was filled with a presentiment that the idol in which they trusted would be soon laid low. On the 14th of November he was leaving a strongly entrenched camp, at Nuremberg, where, the Imperialists fancied, the season being so far advanced, he intended to remain, when news  
 10 reached his ear like the sight which struck Wellington's eye as it ranged over Marmont's army on the morning of Salamanca. The impetuous Pappenheim, ever anxious for separate command, had persuaded an Imperial council of war to detach him with a large force against Halle. The rest of the  
 15 Imperialists, under Wallenstein, were quartered in the villages around Lützen, close within the king's reach, and unaware of his approach. "The Lord," cried Gustavus, "has delivered him into my hand," and at once he swooped upon his prey.

"Break up and march with every man and gun. The  
 20 enemy is advancing hither. He is already at the pass by the hollow road." So wrote Wallenstein to Pappenheim. The letter is still preserved, stained with Pappenheim's life-blood. But, in that mortal race, Pappenheim stood no chance. Halle was a long day's march off, and the troopers, whom Pappen-

LITERARY.—1. By what artifice does the author indicate Gustavus's rapid movement? (12, II., 1, b.)

3. Note the omission of the conjunction, which adds to the nervous energy of the style. (12, IV., 11.) This figure is noticeable throughout the selection.

4. **scarcely.** Distinguish from "hardly."

5. What caused this presentiment?

10. Why not "reached him?"

18. **swooped.** Show that this word is properly used.

19-59. What kind of sentence? How does this affect the style? (13, II., 1.)

21-22. **The—life-blood.** Note the graphic touch.

heim could lead gallantly, but could not control, after taking <sup>25</sup> the town, had dispersed to plunder. Yet the Swede's great opportunity was lost. Lützen, though in sight, proved not so near as flattering guides and eager eyes had made it. The deep-banked Rippach, its bridge all too narrow for the impetuous columns, the roads heavy from rain, delayed the <sup>30</sup> march. A skirmish with some Imperial cavalry under Isolani wasted minutes when minutes were years; and the short November day was at an end when the Swede reached the plain of Lützen.

No military advantage marks the spot where the storm <sup>35</sup> overtook the Duke of Friedland. He was caught like a traveller in a tempest on a shelterless plain, and had nothing for it but to bide the brunt. What could be done with ditches, two windmills, a mud wall, a small canal, he did, moving from point to point during the long night; and before <sup>40</sup> morning all his troops, except Pappenheim's division, had come in and were in line.

When the morning broke a heavy fog lay on the ground. Historians have not failed to remark that there is a sympathy <sup>45</sup> in things, and that the day was loath to dawn which was to be the last day of Gustavus. But if Nature sympathized with Gustavus, she chose a bad mode for showing her sympathy, for, while the fog prevented the Swedes from advancing, part of Pappenheim's corps arrived. After prayers, the king and all his army sang Luther's hymn, "Our God is a strong <sup>50</sup> tower"—the Marseillaise of the militant Reformation. Then Gustavus mounted his horse, and addressed the different divisions, adjuring them by their victorious name, by the memory of the Breitenfeld, by the great cause whose issue hung upon their swords, to fight well for that cause, for their <sup>55</sup> country, and their God. His heart was uplifted at Lützen,

29-31. **The—march.** Show that the words in this sentence are admirably adapted to the sense. (12, IV., 4,) and (13, III., 2.)

44-45. **Historians—things.** Quote from history similar examples.

44-47. Note that a word may be repeated for perspicuity or vividness. (12, V., 1, b.)

51. **Marseillaise.** What part of speech? (12, IV., 19.) Bring out its force. **militant Reformation.** Point out the contrast implied in the epithet.

56-57. Note here and throughout the extract the emphatic repetition of words. (12, IV., 20.)

with that Hebrew fervor which uplifted the heart of Cromwell at Dunbar. Old wounds made it irksome to him to wear a cuirass. "God," he said, "shall be my armor this day."

- 60 Wallenstein has been much belied if he thought of anything that morning more religious than the order of battle, which has been preserved, drawn up by his own hand, and in which his troops are seen still formed in heavy masses, in contrast to the lighter formations of Gustavus. He was carried down  
65 his lines in a litter, being crippled by gout, which the surgeons of that day had tried to cure by cutting into the flesh. But when the action began, he placed his mangled foot in a stirrup lined with silk, and mounted the small charger, the skin of which is still shown in the deserted palace of his pride.  
70 We may be sure that confidence sat undisturbed upon his brow; but in his heart he must have felt that, though he had brave men around him, the Swedes, fighting for their cause under their king, were more than men; and that in the balance of battle, then held out, his scale had kicked the  
75 beam. There can hardly be a harder trial for human fortitude than to command in a great action on the weaker side. Villeneuve was a brave man, though an unfortunate admiral; but he owned that his heart sank within him at Trafalgar when he saw Nelson bearing down.  
80 "God with us," was the Swedish battle-cry. On the other side the words "Jesu-Maria" passed round, as twenty-five thousand of the most godless and lawless ruffians the world ever saw, stood to the arms which they had imbrued in the blood not of soldiers only, but of women and children of cap-  
85 tured towns. Doubtless many a wild Walloon and savage

57. **Hebrew fervor.** Show clearly what is meant.

50-59. **Marscellaise, Cromwell, Dunbar.** Observe that the author fires the imagination of his readers by reference to suggestive historical events. (13, II., 1.)

61. **order of battle.** Explain.

70. What figure? (12, IV., 21.)

71. **in his heart.** Why is this phrase placed thus? (12, II., 2, a.) and (12, IV., 8.)

74-75. **his—beam.** Explain the Metaphor.

75-79. **There—down.** What is the relation between these sentences? Note the graphic effect.

77. **Villeneuve—admiral.** Figure? (12, IV., 8.) Note the balanced structure. (12, II., 1, c.)

85-86. Show that the epithets used here are well selected. Why are the parts of the subject of the sentence thus arranged?

Croat, many a fierce Spaniard and cruel Italian, who had butchered and tortured at Magdeburg, was here come to bite the dust. These men were children of the camp and the battle-field, long familiar with every form of death, yet, had they known what a day was now before them, they might have felt like a recruit on the morning of his first field. Some were afterwards broken or beheaded for misconduct before the enemy; others earned rich rewards: most paid, like men of honor, the price for which they were allowed to glut every lust and revel in every kind of crime.

At nine the sky began to clear; straggling shots told that the armies were catching sight of each other, and a red glare broke the mist, where the Imperialists had set fire to Lützen to cover their right. At ten Gustavus placed himself at the head of his cavalry. War has now changed; and the telescope is the general's sword. Yet we cannot help feeling that the gallant king, who cast in his own life with the lives of the peasants he had drawn from their Swedish homes, is a nobler figure than the great Emperor who, on the same plains, two centuries afterwards, ordered to their death the masses of youthful valor sent by a ruthless conscription to feed the vanity of a heart of clay.

The Swedes, after the manner of war in that fierce and hardy age, fell at once with their main force on the whole of the Imperial line. On the left, after a hard and murderous struggle, they gained ground and took the enemy's guns. But on the right the Imperialists held firm, and, while Gustavus was carrying victory with him to that quarter, Wallenstein restored the day upon the right. Again Gustavus hurried to that part of the field. Again the Imperialists gave way, and Gustavus, uncovering his head, thanked God for his victory. At this moment it seems the mist returned. The Swedes were confused and lost their advantage. A horse, too well known, ran riderless down their line; and when their cavalry

100-101. **the telescope—sword.** By a paraphrase show how admirably condensed is this sentence.

101-107. **Yet—clay.** Point out the contrasted phrases in this sentence.

104-107. What is here referred to?

108-118. Note abrupt style. (12, II., 1, b.) Why used here?

114. **right.** Whose?

120 next advanced, they found the stripped and mangled body of their king. According to the most credible witness, Gustavus, who had galloped forward to see how his advantage might be best followed up, got too near the enemy, was shot first in the arm, then in the back, and fell from his horse. A party of  
 125 Imperial cuirassiers came up, and learning from the wounded man himself who he was, finished the work of death. They then stripped the body for proofs of their great enemy's fate and relics of the mighty slain. Dark reports of treason were spread abroad, and one of these reports followed the Duke of  
 130 Saxe-Lauenburg, who was with Gustavus that day, through his questionable life to his unhappy end. In those times a great man could scarcely die without suspicion of foul play, and in all times men are unwilling to believe that a life on which the destiny of a cause or a nation hangs can be swept  
 135 away by the blind indiscriminate hand of common death.

Gustavus dead, the first thought of his officers was retreat; and that thought was his best eulogy. Their second thought was revenge. Yet so great was the discouragement, that one Swedish colonel refused to advance, and Bernard of Saxe-  
 140 Weimar cut him down with his own hand. Again the struggle began, and with all the morning's fury. Wallenstein had used his respite well. He knew that his great antagonist was dead, and that he was now the master spirit on the field. And with friendly night near, and victory within his grasp, he  
 145 directed in person the most desperate combats, prodigal of the life on which, according to his enemies, his treasonable projects hung. Yet the day was again going against him, when the remainder of Pappenheim's corps arrived, and the road was once more opened to victory by a charge which cost  
 150 Pappenheim his own life. At four o'clock the battle was at its last gasp. The carnage had been fearful on both sides, and as fearful was the exhaustion. For six hours almost every man

127-128. Explain clearly "proofs" and "relics." Note that both words refer to the same objects.

131-135. Illustrate from history.

136. Note the change of style which follows, to harmonize with the subject. (12, II., 1, b)

137. **his best eulogy.** Why?

145-147. **prodigal — hung.** Explain.

151. **last gasp.** Show that the Metaphor is carried on in the next sentence.

in both armies had borne the terrible excitement of mortal combat with pike and sword; and four times that excitement had been strained by general charges to its highest pitch. 155 The Imperialists held their ground, but confused and shattered; their constancy sustained only by that commanding presence which still moved along their lines, unhurt, though grazed and even marked by the storm of death through which he rode. Just as the sun was setting, the Swedes made the 160 supreme effort which heroism alone can make. Then Walenstein gave the signal for retreat, welcome to the bravest; and, as darkness fell upon the field, the shattered masses of the Imperialists drew off slowly and sullenly into the gloom. Slowly and sullenly they drew off, leaving nothing to the 165 victor except some guns of position; but they had not gone far when they fell into the disorganization of defeat.

The judgment of a cause by battle is dreadful. Dreadful it must have seemed to all who were within sight or hearing of the field of Lützen when that battle was over. But it is not 170 altogether irrational and blind. Providence does not visibly interpose in favor of the right. The stars in their courses do not now fight for the good cause. At Lützen they fought against it. But the good cause is its own star. The strength given to the spirit of the Swedes by religious enthusiasm, the 175 strength given to their bodies by the comparative purity of their lives, enabled them, when the bravest and hardest ruffians were exhausted in spirit and body, to make that last effort which won the day.

*Te Deum* was sung at Vienna and Madrid, and with good 180 reason. For Vienna and Madrid the death of Gustavus was better than any victory. For humanity, if the interests of

160-161. **the—make.** For explanation, cf. ll. 174-179.

165. **Slowly and sullenly.** Note the effect of the repetition. Cf. also for a more marked effect l. 168. (12, IV., 22.)

166. **guns of position.** Explain.

170-171. **But—blind.** Illustrate.

172-173. **The stars—cause.** Explain the Allusion. (12, IV., 14.)

173-174. **At Lutzen—it.** Explain.

174. **star.** Distinguish from "stars" in l. 172. (12, IV., 2.) **But—star.** How shown in this case?

180-190. Note here again the frequent Epizeuxis. (12, IV., 20.)

181-182. **For Vienna — victory.** Why?

humanity were not those of Vienna and Madrid, it was worse than any defeat. But for Gustavus himself, was it good to die glorious and stainless, but before his hour? Triumph and empire, it is said, might have corrupted the soul which up to that time had been so pure and true. It was, perhaps, well for him that he was saved from temptation. A deeper morality replies, that what was bad for Gustavus' cause and for his kind, could not be good for Gustavus; and that whether he were to stand or fall in the hour of temptation, he had better have lived his time and done his work. We, with our small philosophy, can make allowance for the greater dangers of the higher sphere; and shall we arrogate to ourselves a larger judgment and ampler sympathies than we allow to God? Yet Gustavus was happy. Among soldiers and statesmen, if there is a greater, there is hardly a purer name. He had won not only honor, but love, and the friend and comrade was as much bewailed as the deliverer and the king. In him his Sweden appeared for the first and last time with true glory on the scene of universal history. In him the spirit of the famous house of Vasa rose to the first heroic height. It was soon to mount to madness in Christina and Charles XII.

188-189. **deeper morality.** Explain fully. Note the criticism of life.

196. **happy.** What is meant?

199. **was—bewailed.** Criticise the form. Why is "the" inserted before "king" and omitted before "comrade"?

200-201. Note the emphatic repetition of "in him." (12, IV., 23.)

202. **first.** Explain.

What is meant by "The Great Duel" of the Seventeenth Century?



## CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

From "Three English Statesmen."

GREAT questions concerning both the Church and the State are still open; and till they are settled the judgment of history on Cromwell can scarcely be fixed. To some the mention of his reign still recalls a transient domination of the powers of evil breaking through the divine order of the political and ecclesiastical world. Others regard his policy as a tidal wave, marking the line to which the waters will once more advance, and look upon him as a ruler who was before his hour, and whose hour perhaps is now come. Here we must take for granted the goodness of his cause, and ask only whether he served it faithfully and well.

Of his genius there is little question. Clarendon himself could not be blind to the fact that such a presence as that of this Puritan soldier had seldom been felt upon the scene of history. Necessity, "who will have the man and not the shadow," had chosen him from among his fellows and placed her crown upon his brow. I say again, let us never glorify revolution; let us not love the earthquake and the storm more than the regular and beneficent course of nature. Yet revolutions send capacity to the front with volcanic force across all the obstacles of envy and of class. It was long before law-loving England could forgive one who seemed to have set his foot on law; but there never, perhaps, was a time when she was not at heart proud of his glory, when she did not feel safer beneath the ægis of his victorious name. As often as danger threatens us, the thought returns, not that we may have again a Marlborough or a Black Prince; but that the

LITERARY.—5. **divine order.** Explain the Allusion. (12, IV., 14.)

6-8. Expand the Metaphor.

15-17. **Necessity—brow.** Express this without using a figure of speech.

19-21. **Yet—class.** What characteristic of the author is here displayed?

21-30. **It was—arms.** Discuss these statements.

ELOCUTIONARY.—This selection requires pure tone, moderate force, middle pitch, moderate time. It contains many examples of Antithesis. (III., 6, a, b, and c), also (III., 8, a and b).

race which produced Cromwell may, at its need, produce his peer, and that the spirit of the Great Usurper may once more stand forth in arms.

Of Cromwell's honesty there is more doubt. And who can hope, in so complex a character, to distinguish accurately the impulses of ambition from those of devotion to a cause? Who can hope, across two centuries, to pierce the secret of so deep a heart? We must not trust the envious suggestions of such observers as Ludlow or even Whitelocke. Suspicions of selfish ambition attend every rise, however honest, however inevitable, from obscurity to power. Through "a cloud not of war only, but detraction rude," the "chief of men" had "ploughed his glorious way to peace and truth!" These witnesses against him are not agreed among themselves. Ludlow is sure that Cromwell played the part of an arch-hypocrite in pressing Fairfax to command the army in Scotland; but Mrs. Hutchinson is sure that though he was an arch-hypocrite on other occasions, on this he was sincere. After the death of the king, after the conquest of Ireland, when the summit of his ambition was full in his view, he married his eldest son Richard to the daughter of a private gentleman, bargaining anxiously, though not covetously, about the settlement and caring, it seems, for nothing so much as that the family with which the connection was formed should be religious. Can Richard have been then, in his father's mind, heir to a crown?

Cromwell was a fanatic, and all fanatics are morally the worse for their fanaticism; they set dogma above virtue, they take their own ends for God's ends, and their own enemies for His. But that this man's religion was sincere, who can doubt? It not only fills his most private letters, as well as his speeches and despatches, but it is the only clue to his life. For it, when past forty, happy in his family, well to do in the world, he turned out with his children and exposed his life to sword and bullet in obscure skirmishes as well as in glorious fields. On his death-bed his thoughts wandered, not like those of Napoleon among the eddies of battle, or in the mazes

31. **Of—doubt.** (12, III., 3.) Cf. 1. 12, and note the structure throughout.

57-58. **It—life.** Why does this sentence not begin "Not only does it fill," etc.?

of statecraft, but among the religious questions of his youth. Constant hypocrisy would have been fatal to his decision. 65  
The double-minded man is unstable in all his ways. This man was not unstable in any of his ways: his course is as straight as that of a great force of nature. There is something not only more than animal, but more than natural in his courage. If fanatics so often beat men of the world in council, it is partly because they throw the die of earthly 70  
destiny with a steady hand as those whose great treasure is not here.

Walking amidst such perils, not of sword and bullet only, but of envious factions and intriguing enemies on every side, 75  
it was impossible that Cromwell should not contract a wariness, and perhaps more than a wariness, of step. It was impossible that his character should not, in some degree, reflect the darkness of his time. In establishing his government he had to feel his way, to sound men's dispositions, 80  
to conciliate different interests; and these are processes not favorable to simplicity of mind, still less favorable to the appearance of it, yet compatible with general honesty of purpose. As to what is called his hypocritical use of Scriptural language, Scriptural language was his native tongue. In it 85  
he spoke to his wife and children, as well as to his armies and his Parliaments; it burst from his lips when he saw victory at Dunbar; it hovered on them in death, when policy, and almost consciousness, was gone.

He said that he would gladly have gone back to private 90  
life. It is incredible that he should have formed the design, perhaps not incredible that he should have felt the desire. Nature, no doubt, with high powers gives the wish to use

67-68. **his—nature.** Illustrate this statement from his history.

70-73. What two classes of enthusiasts are here compared?

71. **partly.** Assign other reasons.

74-75. Illustrate from his history.

74-89. With what charge against Cromwell's character does the writer deal in this paragraph?

76. **impossible.** How is this emphasized? Observe the structure of the next sentence.

84-85. Note figure. (12, IV., 22.)

85-89. Note Anaphora. (12, IV., 23.)

89. **was gone.** Account for the number of the verb.

91-92. **It—desire.** Note the pointed style. (12, III., 2) and (12, II., 1, c.)

them; and it must be bitter for one who knows that he can  
 95 do great things to pass away before great things have been  
 done. But when great things have been done for a great end,  
 on an illustrious scene, the victor of Naseby, Dunbar, and  
 Worcester, the saviour of a nation's cause, may be ready to  
 welcome the evening hour of memory and repose, especially  
 100 if, like Cromwell, he has a heart full of affection and a happy  
 home.

Of the religion of hero-worship I am no devotee. Great  
 men are most precious gifts of Heaven, and unhappy is the  
 nation which cannot produce them at its need. But their  
 105 importance in history becomes less as civilization goes on. A  
 Timour or an Attila towers unapproachably above his horde;  
 but in the last great struggle which the world has seen the  
 Cromwell was not a hero, but an intelligent and united nation.  
 And to whatever age they may belong, the greatest, the most  
 110 god-like of men, are men, not gods. They are the offspring,  
 though the highest offspring, of their age. They would be  
 nothing without their fellow-men. Did Cromwell escape the  
 intoxication of power which has turned the brain of other  
 favorites of fortune, and bear himself always as one who held  
 115 the government as a trust from God? It was because he was  
 one of a religious people. Did he, amidst the temptations of  
 arbitrary rule, preserve his reverence for law, and his desire to  
 reign under it? It was because he was one of a law-loving  
 people. Did he, in spite of fearful provocation, show on the  
 120 whole remarkable humanity? It was because he was one of  
 a brave and humane people. A somewhat large share of the  
 common qualities—this, and this alone, it was which, circum-

97-98. **the victor—cause.** Paraphrase. What figure? (12, IV., 19.)

100. Why not thus:—"A happy home and a heart full of affection"? (12, II., 2, a.)

107. **the last great struggle.** What great struggle? When was this lecture delivered? Illustrate from more recent events the statement in the text.

108. **Cromwell.** Is this a proper or a common noun? (12, IV., 19.)

110. **men, not gods.** What proof of this statement does the author offer?

110-121. Discuss the thoughts expressed in this passage in connection with those in "The Great Duel," p. 30, ll. 184-196.

112-121. **Did—people.** Re-write this without the Erotesis, and thus show the effect of the figure.

stances calling him to a high trust, had raised him above his fellows. The impulse which lent vigor and splendor to his government came from a great movement, not from a single man. The Protectorate, with all its glories, was not the conception of a lowly intellect, but the revolutionary energy of a mighty nation concentrated in a single chief.

124-126. Show from English history that this is true.

126-128. **The Protectorate—chief.** What proofs of this statement does the author offer?

1. Classify the preceding extracts.
2. Discuss the merits of Prof. Smith's style under the following heads, referring to marked examples, and pointing out in detail the means by which he has secured its various qualities:—I. Vocabulary. (12, 1.) II. Character of sentences. (12, II.) III. Prevailing figures of speech. (12, IV.) IV. Accuracy and clearness. (13, I.) V. Strength. (13, II., 1.) VI. Elegancies of style. (13, III.)
3. Refer to passages in which Prof. Smith shows himself to be a "critic of life."

#### COMPOSITION.

I. Make a summary of "The Battle of Lützen," under the following heads:—I. The movements of Gustavus and the Imperialists. II. The morning of the battle. III. Gustavus and Wallenstein before the battle. IV. The Swedes and the Imperialists contrasted. V. The first part of the battle. VI. The death of Gustavus. VII. The sequel at Lützen. VIII. How we should regard his death. IX. His character.

II. Reproduce, under the following heads, Prof. Smith's estimate of Cromwell, and the arguments by which he establishes it:—I. Cromwell's cause. II. His genius. III. His honesty. IV. His fanaticism. V. The charge of hypocrisy. VI. The comparative importance of great men at different periods of history. VII. The Protectorate, the revolutionary energy of the nation concentrated in Cromwell.

## THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS.

" Out in the meadows the young grass springs,  
 Shivering with sap," said the larks, " and we  
 Shoot into air with our strong young wings  
 Spirally up over level and lea ;  
 5 Come, O Swallows, and fly with us  
 Now that horizons are luminous !  
 Evening and morning the world of light,  
 Spreading and kindling, is infinite !"

Far away, by the sea in the south,  
 10 The hills of olive and slopes of fern  
 Whiten and glow in the sun's long drouth,  
 Under the heavens that beam and burn ;  
 And all the swallows were gathered there  
 Flitting about in the fragrant air,  
 15 And heard no sound from the larks, but flew  
 Flashing under the blinding blue.

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats  
 Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said :  
 " Musical thought in the mild air floats,  
 20 Spring is coming and winter is dead !  
 Come, O Swallows, and stir the air,  
 For the buds are all bursting unaware,  
 And the drooping eaves and the elm-trees long  
 To hear the sound of your low sweet song."

25 Over the roofs of the white Algiers,  
 Flashingly shadowing the bright bazaar,  
 Flitted the swallows, and not one hears  
 The call of the thrushes from far, from far ;  
 Sighed the thrushes ; then, all at once,  
 30 Broke out singing the old sweet tones,  
 Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,  
 The tree's slow life between root and fruit.

But just when the dingles of April flowers  
 Shine with the earliest daffodils,

When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours 35  
 Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils,—  
 Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,  
 Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,  
 “ Swallows, O Swallows, come back again  
 To swoop and herald the April rain.” 40

And something awoke in the slumbering heart  
 Of the alien birds in their African air,  
 And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,  
 And met in the broad white dreamy square ;  
 And the sad slave woman, who lifted up 45  
 From the fountain her broad-tipped earthen cup,  
 Said to herself, with a weary sigh,  
 “ To-morrow the swallows will northward fly ! ”  
 —*Edmund William Gosse.*

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ISOLATION.

YES ! in the sea of life enisled,  
 With echoing straits between us thrown,  
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
 We mortal millions live *alone*.  
 The islands feel the enclasping flow, 5  
 And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,  
 And they are swept by balms of spring,  
 And in their glens, on starry nights,  
 The nightingales divinely sing ; 10  
 And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
 Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh ! then a longing like despair  
 Is to their farthest caverns sent ;  
 For surely once, they feel, we were 15  
 Parts of a single continent !  
 Now round us spreads the watery plain—  
 Oh might our marges meet again !

Who order'd, that their longing's fire  
 20 Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?  
 Who renders vain their deep desire ?—

A God, a God their severance ruled !  
 And bade betwixt their shores to be  
 The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE SANDS O' DEE.

“O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee ;”

*dark,* 5 The western wind was wild and dark wi' foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,

10 As far as eye could see ;  
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—  
 And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—

A tress of golden hair,  
 15 O' drownèd maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets at sea ?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

20 The cruel, crawling foam,  
 The cruel, hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea ;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,  
 Across the sands o' Dee.

—*Charles Kingsley.*





THOS. CHANDLER HALIBURTON, M.A., D.C.L.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the descendant of an ancient Scottish family, was born in December, 1796, at Windsor, N S., where he received his elementary education. Subsequently he attended the University of King's College till 1824, when he graduated with high honors. During his College course he won various prizes, and at an early period of his studies evinced a taste for literary pursuits. In English composition, in particular, he displayed unusual skill, carrying off amongst other distinctions the English Essay Prize, for which there were many able competitors. On leaving College he entered the legal profession, and practised at Annapolis, where he built up a large and lucrative business 10 After a time, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, he entered the Legislative Assembly of his native Province as member for the county of

Annapolis. Here he took an active part, and by his debating powers and intellectual qualities soon attained a leading position. As an orator, he is  
 15 said to have been earnest, impressive, and dignified, though he often showed a strong propensity for wit and humor. In 1828, when only thirty-two years of age, he received the appointment of Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, discharging the duties of the position with much ability, till 1840, when, owing to the abolition of the Court, he was transferred to  
 20 the Supreme Court. In February, 1856, he resigned his office, and soon afterwards removed to England, where he spent the rest of his life. At the English General Elections of 1859, through the influence of his friends, he was induced to enter the Imperial Parliament as member for Launceston. Parliamentary life, however, was somewhat irksome to him; and,  
 25 though he joined in some of the debates, he seems to have taken greater pleasure in advancing the interests of the Village of Isleworth, where he lived, by contributing to its local institutions and aiding in various ways the charitable projects of its inhabitants. Here he died August 27th, 1865.

WORKS.—*An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia* (1829).  
 30 On the publication of this history, Haliburton first became known as an author. The work is written with clearness, spirit, accuracy and impartiality, and is to the present day regarded as a standard work. So highly was it thought of in Nova Scotia, that the House of Assembly tendered the author a vote of thanks, which he received in person in his place in  
 35 Parliament. *Kentucky; a Tale* (1834). *The Clockmaker*; or, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick in Slickville (1st series, 1837; 2nd, 1838; 3rd, 1840): To preserve some anecdotes and stories which were being forgotten, Haliburton began anonymously a series of articles in Howe's paper, *The Nova Scotian*, making use of a Yankee pedlar as his mouthpiece. The character  
 40 adopted proved a success, and the papers appeared in a collected form under the foregoing title. They were afterwards republished in England and the United States, and were translated into foreign languages. The later papers, which were intended to have an extra-provincial circulation, treat of matters that relate to mankind in general, and illustrate almost every familiar topic  
 45 of the day, while the earlier ones, which had a more limited circle of readers, contain shrewd, sarcastic, or humorous remarks on local politics, slavery, domestic institutions and customs, and such subjects as would interest his countrymen. To use his own words, he "wrapt up his truths with a little humor, in order that when people read them for amusement, they might  
 50 find they had learned something they did not know before." *The Letter-bag of the Great Western*; or, Life in a Steamer (1839). *The Bubbles of Canada. A Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham*: In this volume he points out the objectionable features of the Report with no small amount of acrimony and ridicule. *Traits of American Humor*: An inimitable collection of comic stories, brimful of racy American humor. *Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances*: This work is superior, from a literary  
 55 point of view, to those which precede it, shewing higher imaginative powers and a loftier range of thought. *The Old Judge*; or, Life in a Colony. *The*

*Americans at Home. Rule and Misrule of the English in America. The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England: Sam is here raised to the dignity of* 60  
 "The Honorable Mr. Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the Court of St. James." The volume abounds with the same rich humor; but Sam is best on his native soil. *Yankee Stories and Yankee Letters. The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, Esq., together with his Opinion on Matrimony. Sam Slick in Search of a Wife. Nature and Human Nature.* 65  
 Two of Haliburton's English speeches have been published, one delivered at Glasgow *On the Resources and Prospects of British North America* (1857), and the other in the House of Commons *On the Repeal of the Differential Duties on Foreign and Colonial Wool.*

CRITICAL.—Although a man of mark in other departments of literature, 70  
 Haliburton is best known as a humorist. His *History of Nova Scotia* will bear comparison with any works of a similar kind that have appeared in America, but it is to "Sam Slick" that he owes his fame. The revelations and remarks of the Yankee pedlar are valuable no less for their shrewdness and sound sense than for their raciness and humor, their sarcasms and laugh- 75  
 able exaggerations. Vulgar prejudices and erroneous opinions of almost every kind are exposed and ridiculed with vigor and shrewdness. Haliburton is, indeed, more than a humorist; he is a moralist; and his productions will be read with profit by others besides his countrymen. As a story-teller he is inimitable, and the quaint dialect in which many of his yarns are couched 80  
 increases the comic effect of his utterances. "Sam" is the best possible example of Yankee fun and drollery as well as of the "cuteness" of the Americans. He is impudent, self-sufficient, shrewd, sagacious, vulgar, humorous; and possesses an individuality that ensures him a place amongst the best-known characters of Fiction. 85

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### METAPHYSICS.

From "Traits of American Humor."

Most people are of opinion that whatever is, is right; but, strange to say, an acquaintance with pen and ink and that sort of thing is very apt to reverse that opinion. No sooner do we

LITERARY.—Explain the meaning! 1. **whatever—right.** Who hold of the terms "the ludicrous," "hu- this opinion? What is the real mor," and "wit." (13, II., 3.) | meaning of the sentence?

ELOCUTIONARY.—This selection may be made an excellent reading exercise, if the dialogue be properly relieved by giving full expression to the character of each of the speakers. The tone of the Doctor should be pompous, in contrast to that of Uncle Tim, who is, at first, matter-of-fact, but afterwards loses his temper. Aunt Judy should not use the same quality of voice as Malachi, or the Schoolmaster. The change of tone required in the reading of the narrative connecting the words of the various speakers will give additional variety.

begin to study metaphysics, than we find how egregiously we have been mistaken in supposing that "Master Parson is really Master Parson."

I, for my part, have a high opinion of metaphysical studies, and think the science a very useful one, because it teaches people what sheer nobodies they are. The only objection is, that they are not disposed to lay this truth sufficiently to heart, but continue to give themselves airs, just as if some folks were really some folks.

Old Doctor Sobersides, the minister of Pumpkinville, where I lived in my youth, was one of the metaphysical divines of the old school, and could cavil upon the ninth part of a hair about entities and quiddities, nominalism and realism, free-will and necessity, with which sort of learning he used to stuff his sermons and astound his learned hearers, the bumpkins. They never doubted that it was all true, but were apt to say with the old woman in Molière: "He speaks so well that I don't understand him a bit."

I remember a conversation that happened at my grandfather's, in which the Doctor had some difficulty in making his metaphysics all "as clear as preaching." There was my grandfather, Uncle Tim, who was the greatest hand at raising onions in our part of the country, but "not knowing metaphysics, had no notion of the true reason of his not being sad;" my Aunt Judy Keturah Titterwell, who could knit stockings "like all possest," but could not syllogise; Malachi Muggs, our hired man that drove the oxen, and Isaac Thrasher, the district schoolmaster, who had dropped in to warm his fingers and get a drink of cider. Something was under discussion, and my grandfather could make nothing of it; but the Doctor said it was "metaphysically true."

"Pray, Doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about

5-6. **Master—Parson.** What view are metaphysicians represented as holding?

9. **what—are.** Point out the play on "nobodies." (12, IV., 26) Cf. l. 12.

13. Note the appropriateness of the names given to the characters in the selection.

35. Observe that, to increase the humor of the dialogue, the remarks of each individual are in keeping with his occupation.

metaphysics ; I have often heard of that science, but never for my life could find out what it was."

"Metaphysics," said the Doctor, "is the science of abstraction."

"I'm no wiser for that explanation," said Uncle Tim. 49

"It treats," said the Doctor, "of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect or an unschooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important on that account, to all living beings."

"What does it teach?" asked the Schoolmaster. 45

"It is not applied so much to the operation of teaching," answered the Doctor, "as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is, whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand the question," said Uncle Tim, taking the pipe out of his mouth. 50

"For example, whether this earth on which we tread," said the Doctor, giving a heavy stamp on the floor, and setting his foot slap on the cat's tail, "whether the earth does really exist, or whether it does not exist."

"That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," 55 said my grandfather.

"Especially," added the schoolmaster, "to the holders of real estate."

"Now the earth," continued the Doctor, "may exist—"

"Who the dogs ever doubted that?" asked Uncle Tim. 60

"A great many men," said the Doctor, "and some very learned ones."

Uncle Tim stared a moment, and then began to fill his pipe, whistling the tune of "Heigh! Betty Martin," while the Doctor went on: 65

"The earth, I say, may exist, although Bishop Berkeley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial, that it does

46. **not.** Criticise position.  
48. **whether—not.** Under what form has this statement appeared in the preceding context?

52-53. Note the means the writer takes to add to the broad humor of the dialogue.

55-56. In what spirit is this remark made?

61-62. **A great—ones.** To whom does the Doctor refer?

66-69. Point out the inconsistency of the Doctor's position,

not exist. The case is clear; the only difficulty is, to know whether we shall believe it or not."

72 "And how," asked Uncle Tim, "is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," answered the Doctor.

"Ay," interrupted Malachi, "there is nothing equal to the spade and pickaxe."

75 "That is true," said my grandfather, going on in Malachi's way, "'tis by digging for the foundation, that we shall find out whether the world exists or not; for, if we dig to the bottom of the earth and find the foundation—why then we are sure of it. But if we find no foundation, it is clear that the world  
80 stands upon nothing, or, in other words, that it does not stand at all; therefore, it stands to reason—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the Doctor, "but you totally mistake me; I used the word digging metaphorically, meaning the profoundest cogitation and research into the  
85 nature of things. That is the way in which we may ascertain whether things are, or whether they are not."

"But if a man can't believe his eyes," said Uncle Tim, "what signifies talking about it?"

"Our eyes," said the Doctor, "are nothing at all but the  
90 inlets of sensation, and when we see a thing, all we are aware of is, that we have a sensation of it: we are not aware that the thing exists. We are sure of nothing that we see with our eyes."

"Not without spectacles," said Aunt Judy.

95 "Plato, for instance, maintains that the sensation of any object is produced by a perpetual succession of copies, images, or counterfeits, streaming off from the object to the organ of sensation. Descartes, too, has explained the matter upon the principle of whirligigs."

100 "But does the world exist?" asked the Schoolmaster.

73-74. Observe that the humor is caused largely by the efforts of the unlearned hearers to join in the conversation when some idea or thought is expressed which they imagine they understand.

75-76. **in—way.** Express in other words. Cf. l. 83.

87-88. Why does Uncle Tim now become impatient? Note his intellectual effort in ll. 75-81.

99. **principle of whirligigs.** Explain.

100. The Schoolmaster now brings the Doctor back to his text. Cf. l. 51.

"A good deal may be said on both sides," replied the Doctor, "though the ablest heads are for non-existence."

"In common cases," said Uncle Tim, "those who utter nonsense are considered blockheads."

"But in metaphysics," said the Doctor, "the case is different." 105

"Now all this is hocus-pocus to me," said Aunt Judy, suspending her knitting-work, and scratching her forehead with one of the needles, "I don't understand a bit more of the business than I did at first."

"I'll be bound there is many a learned professor," said Uncle Tim, "could say the same after spinning a long yarn of metaphysics." 110

The Doctor did not admire this gibe at his favorite science.

"That is as the case may be," said he; "this thing or that thing may be dubious, but what then? Doubt is the beginning of wisdom." 115

"No doubt of that," said my grandfather, beginning to poke the fire, "and when a man has got through his doubting, what does he begin to build up in the metaphysical way?"

"Why, he begins by taking something for granted," said the Doctor. 120

"But is that a sure way of going to work?"

"'Tis the only thing he can do," replied the Doctor, after a pause, and rubbing his forehead as if he was not altogether satisfied that his foundation was a solid one. My grandfather might have posed him with another question, but he poked the fire and let him go on. 125

"Metaphysics, to speak exactly——"

"Ah," interrupted the Schoolmaster, "bring it down to vulgar fractions, and then we shall understand it." 130

"'Tis the consideration of immateriality, or the mere spirit and essence of things."

102. **the — non-existence.** Who hold this doctrine?

105. **But — different.** What does the Doctor mean?

115-116. **Doubt—wisdom.** Explain.

118. How does the writer bring out Uncle Tim's impatience here and in what follows?

118-128. Observe that Uncle Tim now poses the Doctor, but, through respect for him, does not press his advantage. The Doctor afterwards tries to redeem his credit by "words of learned length and thundering sound."

"Come, come," said Aunt Judy, taking a pinch of snuff, "now I see into it."

135 "Thus, man is considered, not in his corporeality, but in his essence or capability of being; for a man metaphysically, or to metaphysical purposes, hath two natures, that of spirituality and that of corporeality, which may be considered separate."

140 "What man?" asked Uncle Tim.

"Why, any man; Malachi there, for example; I may consider him as Malachi spiritual or Malachi corporeal."

"That is true," said Malachi, "for when I was in the militia, they made me a sixteenth corporal, and I carried grog to 145 the drummer."

"That is another affair," said the Doctor in continuation; "we speak of a man in his essence; we speak, also, of the essence of locality, the essence of duration—"

"And essence of peppermint," said Aunt Judy.

150 "Pooh!" said the Doctor, "the essence I mean is quite a different essence."

"Something too fine to be dribbled through the worm of a still," said my grandfather.

"Then I am all in the dark again," rejoined Aunt Judy.

155 "By the spirit and essence of things I mean things in the abstract."

"And what becomes of a thing when it goes into the abstract?" asked Uncle Tim.

"Why, it becomes an abstraction."

160 "There we are again," said Uncle Tim; "but what on earth is an abstraction?"

"It is a thing that has no matter: that is, it cannot be felt, seen, heard, smelt, or tasted; it has no substance or solidity; it is neither large nor small, hot nor cold, long nor short."

143-145. Point out Malachi's mistake. (12, IV., 26.)

146, etc. Note that the Doctor seems to understand this part of his subject

147. **man—essence.** Express this in another form.

152-153. **Something—still.** What feeling prompts this remark?

160. **There—again.** Explain.

161. **abstraction.** Explain clearly what the Doctor means. Illustrate by a reference to the grammatical terms "common or concrete and abstract."



"Then what is the long and short of it?" asked the School-<sup>165</sup> master.

"Abstraction," replied the Doctor.

"Suppose, for instance," said Malachi, "that I had a pitchfork——"

"Ay," said the Doctor, "consider a pitchfork in general; <sup>170</sup> that is, neither this one nor that one, nor any particular one, but a pitchfork or pitchforks divested of their materiality—these are things in the abstract."

"They are things in the hay-mow," said Malachi.

"Pray," said Uncle Tim, "have there been many such <sup>175</sup> things discovered?"

"Discovered!" returned the Doctor, "why, all things, whether in heaven or upon the earth, or in the waters under the earth, whether small or great, visible or invisible, animate or inanimate; whatever the eye can see or the ear can hear, or the <sup>180</sup> nose can smell, or the fingers touch; finally whatever exists or is imaginable in the nature of things, past, present, or to come, all may be abstractions."

"Indeed!" said Uncle Tim, "pray, what do you make of the abstraction of a red cow?" <sup>185</sup>

"A red cow," said the Doctor, "considered metaphysically or as an abstraction, is an animal possessing neither hide nor horns, bones nor flesh, but is the mere type, eidolon, and fantastical semblance of these parts of a quadruped. It has a shape without any substance, and no color at all, for its redness <sup>190</sup> is the mere counterfeit or imagination of such. As it lacks the positive, so is it also deficient in the accidental properties of all the animals in its tribe, for it has no locomotion, stability, or endurance, neither goes to pasture, gives milk, chews the cud, nor performs any other function of the horned beast, but <sup>195</sup> is a mere creation of the brain, begotten by a freak of the fancy and nourished by a conceit of the imagination."

165. What does the Schoolmaster mean by "the long and short of it"?

175-176. **Pray—discovered.** What feeling prompts this question? (12, IV., 13.)

187-199. Observe that the emphatic enumeration of these particulars heightens the ludicrous effect of

the explanation. (12, IV., 16.) The Doctor is now at full gallop on his hobby. Cf. ll. 13-18.

192. **positive, accidental.** Explain. Parse "positive."

197. **fancy, imagination.** Distinguish.

“A dog’s foot!” exclaimed Aunt Judy. “All the metaphysics under the sun wouldn’t make a pound of butter!”

20 “That’s a fact,” said Uncle Tim.

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1. Classify the preceding selection.

2. Show that the humor of the selection consists mainly in Doctor Sobersides’ own imperfect knowledge of the meaning of the phrases he uses; the ignorance and simplicity of his audience, who evidence their desire to understand the subject; the ridiculous concomitants of serious statements; and unintentional puns on the part of the Doctor’s hearers.

#### COMPOSITION.

Rewrite in the indirect form of narration from l. 35 to l. 99.

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### CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Charles Heavysege, the gifted author of *Saul*, was born in Liverpool, England, May 2nd, 1816. On his arrival in Canada in 1853, he took up his residence in Montreal, where for a time he worked as a machinist, earning by hard labor a modest subsistence for himself and his  
5 family. Afterwards he became a local reporter on the staff of the Montreal *Daily Witness*; but, as has been the case with many another son of genius, his life was one long struggle with poverty. Through all his earlier years of toil and harassing cares, he devoted himself to study and poetical composition, but published nothing till he was nearly forty years of age. A poem  
10 in blank verse saw the light in 1854. This production, crude, no doubt, and immature, met with a chilling reception even from his friends. Some time afterwards appeared a collection of fifty sonnets, many of them vigorous and even lofty in tone, but almost all of them defective in execution, owing to the author’s want of early culture. *Saul*, his greatest  
15 work, was published in 1857, and fortunately fell into the hands of Hawthorne, then a resident of Liverpool, who had it favorably noticed in the *North British Review*. Longfellow and Emerson, too, spoke highly of its excellence, the former pronouncing it to be “the best tragedy written since the days of Shakespeare.” Canadians then discovered that Heavysege  
20 was a genius, and made partial atonement for their neglect; but even to the end the poet’s struggle with fortune was a bitter one. His death took place in August, 1876.

WORKS.—*Saul* (1857): A Scriptural Tragedy. *Count Filippo*; or, *The Unequal Marriage*: a Drama in five acts (1860). This production is inferior to *Saul*, not only because it does not possess the epic sublimity of the sacred 25 drama, but because in it there is too much straining after effect, the characterization is defective, and the criticism of life displayed is not of the highest quality. *Jephthah's Daughter* (1865): A Drama which follows closely the Scriptural narrative, and, so far as concerns artistic execution, is superior to *Saul*. The lines flow with greater smoothness; there are 30 fewer commonplace expressions, and the author has gained a firmer mastery over the rhetorical aids of figures of speech. His mind, however, shows no increase in strength, and we miss the rugged grandeur and terrible delineations of his earliest drama. *The Advocate*: A Novel (1865). Besides these works, Heavysege produced many shorter pieces, one of the 35 finest of which, *The Dark Huntsman*, was sent to the *Canadian Monthly* just before his death.

CRITICAL.—To Art Heavysege owed little. Even his most elaborate productions are defaced by unmusical lines, prosaic phrases and sentences, and faults of taste and judgment. But he owed much to Nature; for he 40 was endowed with real and fervid, though unequal and irregular, genius. To the circumstances of his life, as much as to the character of his mind, may be attributed the pathetic sadness that pervades his works. Occasionally, it is true, there is a faint gleam of humor; but it is grim humor, which never glows with geniality or concentrates into wit. Irony and 45 quaint sarcasm, too, display themselves in some of the Spirit scenes in *Saul*. But for sublimity of conception and power of evoking images of horror and dread, Heavysege is unsurpassed except by the masters of our literature. He possesses, also, an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart; his delineations of character are powerful and distinct; 50 and his pictures of impassioned emotion are wonderful in their epic grandeur. Every page of his dramas betrays an ardent study of the Bible, Milton, and Shakespeare, both in the reproduction of images and thoughts, and in the prevailing accent of his style. But he has an originality of his own; for many of his sentences are remarkable for their genuine 55 power, and keen and concentrated energy. Here and there, too, we meet with exquisite pieces of description, and some of the lyrics in *Saul* are full of rich fancy and musical cadence. Without early culture, and amid the toilsome and uncongenial labors of his daily life, Heavysege has established his right to a foremost place in the Canadian Temple of Fame: what 60 might he not have done for himself and his adopted country, had he been favored by circumstances as he was by Nature?

## THE DARK HUNTSMAN.

A Dream.

'Twas eve, and I dreamed that across the dim plain  
 One swept o'er the stubble,—one ploughed through the grain;  
 His aspect was eager, his courser was fleet,  
 He drove through the gloom as through air drives the sleet;  
 5 And dark was his visage, and darker it grew,  
 As o'er the dim landscape yet faster he flew.

I dreamed still my dream, and beheld him career—  
 Fly on like the wind after ghosts of the deer—  
 Fly on like the wind, or the shaft from the bow,  
 10 Or avalanche urging from regions of snow;  
 Or star that is shot by the Gods from its sphere:  
 He bore a Winged Fate on the point of his spear;  
 His eyes were as coals that in frost fiercely glow,  
 Or diamonds of darkness—"Dark huntsman, what, ho!"

15 "What, ho!" and my challenge went wild through the vale,

LITERARY.—Note that the Imitative Harmony, of the use of which this poem is a remarkable example, is secured mainly by the metrical movement, the frequent Alliteration, and the varying character of the vowel sounds. (13, III., 1.)

Name the metre. What is the metrical movement intended to represent? Scan ll. 1-4.

3. Note the vowel Alliteration.

4. **He—sleet.** What is peculiar in the arrangement of these sentences? (12, IV., 27.)

8-9. Observe the Anaphora. (12, IV., 23.)

12. **Winged Fate.** Meaning?

14. **diamonds of darkness.** Explain.

14-15. **what, ho!** Note the mode of transition from one paragraph to another. (12, III., 7.)

15-32. How many rhymes are there in this stanza? Note that the unity (12, III., 5,) is preserved by the character of the rhymes and the continuous scansion of ll. 21-32, and that the key to the Imitative Harmony is the word "bellowed," the sound of which is echoed throughout the remainder of the stanza, even after the dark huntsman has ceased.

ELOCUTIONARY.—This selection is to be read in the same tone as a person would use if describing to another a dream, that is, in narrative pure tone. The time and force will vary to express the different thoughts and feelings the words indicate.

1. Pause after "eve."

2. **One swept, one ploughed,** are not antithetic. Notice the time required. (III., 4.)

14. **Dark huntsman, what, ho!** Mechanical pure tone. (III., 1, b.)

And long was my hollo, and loud was my hail :  
 "Dark huntsman, dark huntsman, what ! whither away ?  
 Dark huntsman," I shouted, " I charge thee to stay ;"  
 And backwards he bellowed, " I cannot obey—  
 A thousand ere midnight my task is to slay ; 20  
 But ere comes the morrow,  
 With sickness and sorrow,  
 Shall I be swift riding again on this way."  
 And the huntsman laughed hollow,  
 As my fancy did follow 25  
 Him on his black courser that, knowing, did neigh ;  
 My fancy did follow  
 Adown the dim hollow,  
 And heard in the distance his hunger-hounds bay ;  
 The vanishing spectre 30  
 Me left to conjecture,  
 As on the dark huntsman dim hurried away.

As one all astonished, or stunned by a blow,  
 Stands staggered or speechless with wonderment. so  
 Awhile I dwelt silent ; around all was still, 35  
 While wonder on wonder dumb wondered its fill ;  
 From fancy to fancy my spirit was tossed,  
 And reason at length was in reverie lost ;  
 And lost was all note and all measure of time  
 Until I awoke, 40  
 As one at the stroke

19. **backwards—bellowed.** Show the appropriateness of these words. 34. Point out the aptness of the language. (12, IV., 4.)

28. **Adown.** Note the form. (12, IV., 28.)

21-22. Observe here and throughout the poem the Onomatopoeic character of the short lines, the object generally being to indicate a quickened or abrupt movement.

36. **wonder—wondered.** Explain. (12, IV., 21 and 30.) **its fill.** Does this phrase suit the general tone of the selection ? (2, V.)

39. **note, measure.** Explain

16. This poem contains many examples of imitative modulation. Such words as "hollo," l. 19, "bellowed," and l. 24, "laughed hollow," should be interpreted by the reader's voice in such a way as to convey to a listener their full force.

20. Pause after "thousand." 25-26. Connect "follow" with "him."

34-36. Pause after "wonderment," "so," "awhile," "around," and both before and after "dumb."

Of the ivy-grown steeple's deep, solemn-toned chime.  
 I awoke,—yet I dreamed ;—it was night, and there fell  
 On my ear a sound sadder than numbers can tell ;  
 45 I listened ;—it loudened, it ever did swell,  
 As when the choir-singers,  
 Or steeple-stood ringers,  
 Give voice, or stout pull at each iron-mouthed bell ;  
 Through night floated dreary  
 50 A sad miserere :  
 I lay there and labored beneath the sound's spell,  
 Through night vainly gazing ;  
 The music amazing,  
 Appeared now of Earth, now of Hades, now Hell.

55 I gazed once again, and athrough the gray gloom,  
 Beheld the dark stranger,  
 All reckless of danger,  
 Sweep back like the tempest or fiercer simoom ;  
 Returning, I heard him slow wind a weird horn ;  
 60 Far o'er the wide dimness its echoes were borne,  
 Wound dirge-like and dismal  
 Through skyey abysmal,  
 Wherein hung the moon to a crescent down shorn ;  
 The blasts of his bugle grew wilder, more eerie,  
 65 While gaily he galloped, as one never weary,  
 Adown the dim valley, so doleful and dreary,  
 And woke the tired twilight with echoes forlorn.

Forlorn were the sounds, and their burden was drear  
 As the sighing of winds in the wane of the year—

42. **deep—chime.** Cf. l. 34.

33-54. Compare the structure of this stanza with that of 15-32. Note that here the key to the Harmony is in the phrase "a sound—tell."

44. **numbers.** What ?

46. Observe that one of the marks

of Heavysge's genius is his ability to form suitable poetic compounds.

46-48. **As—bell.** Show that this sentence is condensed. (12, II., 1, *d.*)

55. **athrough.** Cf. l. 28.

61. **Wound.** Parse.

66-69. See (12, III., 7.)

43. See note on l. 16. Connect "fell" with "on my ear," l. 44.

45. Pause after "listened." See also note on l. 16.

49-50. Read slowly ; prolong the sound of "floated."

54. Pause after each "now."

As the sighing of winds 'neath the sweep of the gale, 70  
 Or howling of spirits in regions of bale ;  
 The Goblin of Ruin  
 Black mischief was brewing ;  
 And, wringing her hands at her sudden undoing,  
 The woe-stricken landscape uplifted her wail. 75

As might the grim lion, of forests the king,  
 Come bounding, or eagle sweep by on the wing,  
 The eagle with scream and the lion with roar,  
 So swept the dark huntsman ; and, chilled to the core,  
 I heard him still winding his slow, sullen horn, 80  
 Returning with dolefullest breathings of scorn :  
 Low moanings like those of the far-off maelstrom,  
 Sore swelled till with moanings was filled the night's womb ;  
 And changed to wild wailings that wilder yet grew :  
 And fiercely at length the dread trumpeter blew ; 85  
 All o'er the black welkin the howling blast flies,  
 And chases the stars from the tempest-struck skies ;  
 Amidst cloudy darkness strange riot arose,  
 And filled seemed the heavens with fighting of foes ;  
 From 'neath heaven's margent came fear-breeding yells— 90  
 Came long lamentations with laughter in spells,  
 And sounds wherewith madmen give vent to their woes :  
 Such noise as infuriate winds in their flight  
 Give forth to the ear of the horrified night,  
 As through the looped Ruin the hurricane blows ; 95  
 Till ghastly the uproar, unearthly the blare,  
 The on-coming rider sure rode the nightmare ;  
 The winds seemed to moan,  
 The woods seemed to groan,

72-73. Criticise the rhyme.

74. **her.** Note the anticipatory use of the pronoun. What is the objection to this construction ?

74-75 Explain the meaning. (12, IV., 21.)

76-143. Note that by the length and Onomatopoeic character of this

sentence the poet brings out in a wonderfully sustained effort the long, ghostly gallop of the huntsman.

91. **in spells.** Criticise and compare with l. 36.

97. **The — nightmare.** Criticise and compare with ll. 36 and 91.

68-69. Slow time. (III., 4.) See also note on l. 16.

98-99. See note on l. 16

- 100 And wildly were tossing their heads in the air—  
 A moment were dormant,  
 Then, lashed into torment,  
 Were frantically swinging their branches, leaf-bare ;  
 Till sighed I for silence : but, though came a lull—  
 105 Though hearing was empty, the fancy was full :  
 As storm-stranded vessel  
 That lately did wrestle  
 With wind and with wave, but where nought now can nestle—  
 A grave, a golgotha, a place of a skull,  
 110 Wherein, full of dole,  
 Each mariner's soul  
 Still haunts his dead body that floats in the hull—  
 So lay I and dreamed, till, as forth from its rock,  
 Sea-beaten forever, the home of the flock,  
 115 Is heard the hoarse cry of the sweeping sea-gull,  
 Rewound the weird horn, and, oppressed with dumb awe,  
 Lights feeble and few in the distance I saw,  
 Even such as appear in the mist-covered skies  
 At breaking of morn,  
 120 When stars, lustre-lorn,  
 Are closing their heavy but fiery eyes ;  
 Huge hounds now loomed speeding, each fierce as a dragon ;  
 Like embers their eyes, their jaws foaming like flagon ;  
 Seemed Cerberus manifold hunting the stag on  
 125 Hell's hills, flecked with shadows by distance shape-shorn ;  
 Deep toning these scoured o'er the dark, dewy grounds ;  
 The Ghosts of Gehenna seemed breaking their bounds ;

104-105. Cf. with ll. 72-73.

106-113. **As—dreamed.** What in the dreamer corresponds to the "vessel" and the "mariner's soul"? Show the appropriateness of the comparison. (12, IV., 9.)

109. **grave.** Parse.

113. **till.** Parse.

117. What were the "lights" he saw?

124. **Cerberus manifold.** Explain. Parse "Cerberus."

101. Pause at "dormant," to indicate the idea expressed.

110-113. Read in a solemn, slow, deep tone.

124-125. Pause after "stag." Connect "on" with "Hell's hills."



And oft, as from Scyila's  
 Vexed kennel of billows,  
 Sprang upwards the horror-tongued, Hædean hounds; 130  
 More loud than tornado outswelled the huge roar;  
 The horrible hubbub could gather no more;  
 The pack gloomy howling went close sweeping by,  
 As might the loud whirlwind hoarse rave through the sky;  
 The huntsman came after, full fleet as the wind; 135  
 Arent me a moment, tall, tarried behind;  
 Regarding me, sat with his long, levelled spear,  
 Loud cried, "Thou didst call me, and, lo! I am here."  
 Then, hoary and hollow-eyed, horsed in the gloom,  
 Appearing half-angel, half-demon of doom, 140  
 I knew—and the knowledge possessed me with fear—  
 He hunted for souls lieu of hunting for deer;  
 He waved his pale hand, and half-jeering did cry:—  
 "Behold! thou didst call me, and, lo! here am I:  
 'Tis nigh unto midnight, and did I not say, 145  
 A thousand ere midnight my task was to slay?  
 Mount quickly behind me,—  
 Ha, ha! thou shalt find me  
 The hardest of riders, and rugged the way;  
 Thy fate is to follow 150  
 Me down yon dim hollow  
 Where, pleased at thy coming, my hunger-hounds bay;  
 Thy terror dissemble,  
 For why should'st thou tremble  
 To go where the Ghosts of thy Fathers glide gray? 155  
 With bit and with bridle  
 We may not be idle;—  
 To the Land of the Shadows come with me away!"

128-129. Cf. ll. 72 and 73, and 104 and 105. Give the force of "vexed."

132. **gather.** Explain.

136. Parse "tall" and note the peculiar Ellipsis.

139. **hoary.** Parse.

140. **Appearing — doom.** Show that this is a poetic rendering of the character of Death.

153. **dissemble.** Is this word apt?

131. **outswelled.** See note on l. 16.

150. Pause after "is," and connect "follow" with "me" in the next line.

160 The soul-hunting ranger  
 Cried:—"Come with me, stranger!"  
 And I the grim Goblin was bound to obey;  
 An agony shook me,  
 All manhood forsook me,  
 I woke—'twas a dream at the dying of day.

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ZAPH'S SONG.

From "Saul."

ZEPHO, the sun's descended beam  
 Hath laid his rod on th' Ocean stream,  
 And this o'erhanging wood-top nods  
 Like golden helms of drowsy gods.  
 5 Methinks that now I'll stretch for rest,  
 With eyelids sloping towards the west;  
 That, through their half transparencies,  
 The rosy radiance passed and strained,  
 Of mote and vapor duly drained,  
 10 I may believe, in hollow bliss,  
 My rest in the empyrean is.  
 Watch thou; and, when upcomes the moon,  
 Atowards her turn me; and then, boon,  
 Thyself compose, 'neath wavering leaves  
 15 That hang these branched, majestic eaves:  
 That so with self-imposed deceit,  
 Both, in this halcyon retreat,  
 By trance possessed, imagine may  
 We couch in Heaven's night-argent ray.

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1. Discuss Heavysege's style under the following heads:—I. Command of metre for the purposes of harmony. II. Wealth of language, and ability to form new compounds. III. Powers of description. IV. Power of evoking images of horror and dread, and of portraying impassioned emotion.

2. Point out instances of commonplace or unsuitable language.

3. What are the chief emotional qualities of the author's style? Refer to marked examples.

COMPOSITION.

Reproduce "The Dark Huntsman" in prose.

## THE HAPPINESS OF THE SOUL.

THE happiness of the soul consists in the exercise of the affections; not in sensual pleasures, not in activity, not in excitement, not in self-esteem, not in the consciousness of power, not in knowledge: in none of these things lies our happiness, but in our affections being elicited, employed, 5 supplied. As hunger and thirst, as taste, sound, and smell, are the channels through which this bodily frame receives pleasure; so the affections are the instruments by which the soul has pleasure. When they are exercised duly, it is happy; when they are undeveloped, restrained, or thwarted, 10 it is not happy. This is our real and true bliss, not to know, or to affect, or to pursue; but to love, to hope, to joy, to admire, to revere, to adore. Our real and true bliss lies in the possession of those objects on which our hearts may rest and be satisfied. 15

Now, if this be so, here is at once a reason for saying that the thought of God, and nothing short of it, is the happiness of man; for though there is much besides to serve as subject of knowledge, or motive for action, or instrument of excitement, yet the affections require something more vast and 20 more enduring than any thing created. What is novel and sudden excites, but does not influence; what is pleasurable or useful raises no awe; self moves no reverence, and mere knowledge kindles no love. He alone is sufficient for the heart who made it. 25

I do not say, of course, that nothing short of the Almighty Creator can awaken an answer to our love, reverence, and trust: man can do this for man. Man doubtless is an object to rouse his brother's love, and repays it in his measure. Nay, it is a great duty, one of the two chief duties of religion, 30 thus to be minded towards our neighbor. But I am not speaking here of what we can do, or ought to do, but what it is our happiness to do; and surely it may be said that, though the love of the brethren, the love of all men, be one-half of our obedience, yet, exercised by itself, were that possible, 35 which it is not, it were no part of our reward. And for this

reason, if for no other, that our hearts require something more permanent and uniform than man can be.

We gain much for a time from fellowship with each other. 40 It is a relief to us, as fresh air to the fainting, or meat and drink to the hungry, or a flood of tears to the heavy in mind. It is a soothing comfort to have those whom we may make our confidants; a comfort to have those to whom we may confess our faults; a comfort to have those to whom we may 45 look for sympathy. Love of home and family in these and other ways is sufficient to make this life tolerable to the multitude of men, which otherwise it would not be; but still, after all, our affections exceed such exercise of them, and demand what is more stable.

50 Do not all men die? are they not taken from us? are they not as uncertain as the grass of the field? We do not give our hearts to things inanimate, because these have no permanence in them. We do not place our affections on sun, moon, and stars, or this rich and fair earth, because all things 55 material come to nought, and vanish like day and night. Man, too, though he has an intelligence within him, yet in his best estate is altogether vanity. If our happiness consists in our affections being employed and recompensed, "man that is born of a woman" cannot be our happiness: for how 60 can he be the stay of another, who "continueth not in one stay" himself?

But there is another reason why God alone is the happiness of our souls: The contemplation of Him, and nothing but it, is able fully to open and relieve the mind, to unlock, 65 occupy, and fix our affections. We may indeed love things created, with great intenseness; but such affection, when disjoined from the love of the Creator, is like a stream running in a narrow channel, impetuous, vehement, turbid. The heart runs out, as it were, only at one door; it is not an expanding 70 of the whole man. Created natures cannot open us, or elicit the ten thousand mental senses which belong to us, and through which we really live. None but the presence of our Maker can enter us; for to none besides can the whole heart in all its thoughts and feelings be unlocked and subjected.

— *John Henry Newman.*



## LONGFELLOW.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most popular, if not the greatest, of American poets, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27th, 1807. In 1825 he graduated in the same class as Hawthorne, at Bowdoin College, where, after three years' travelling in Europe, he became Professor of Modern Languages. This appointment he resigned in 1835 for the chair of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres in Harvard University, Cambridge; and here, with occasional trips to Europe, he spent the rest of his life, though he retired from his professorship in 1854. His death took place on the 24th of March, 1882.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Voices of the Night* (1839): A volume which included *A Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, and *Woods in Winter*. *Ballads and other Poems* (1842): Among them are *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Rainy Day*, and *The Village Blacksmith*. The *Poems on Slavery*, published in the same year, are now generally regarded as the least valuable of his works. *The Spanish Student* (1843), a Drama, contains the element of humor, a quality of style which, with one exception, the author did not afterwards attempt. *The Belfry of Bruges*: Original poems and translations. *Evangeline* (1847): One of the few successful efforts to introduce the dactylic hexameter into English verse, and the first of a series of productions that showed greater originality of subject and treatment than

any of his previous works. *The Seaside and the Fireside* and *The Golden Legend* (1851). *Hiawatha* (1855): One of Longfellow's most remarkable productions. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* (1858): A half-humorous poem of the early colonial days. *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*: A series of  
 25 poetical narratives, one set of which appeared in 1863, and the other two at later dates. *The New England Tragedies* (1868): Two stern and somewhat repellent dramas, having for their subject the New England religious persecutions, and forming the last of the author's poems on distinctively American subjects. Between 1867 and 1870 appeared the translation of  
 30 *The Divine Comedy of Dante*, on which Longfellow is said to have spent no less than thirty years. It is remarkable for its fidelity to the original, but it does not possess the ease and grace that characterize his other works. *The Divine Tragedy* (1871): A dramatic rendering of the Crucifixion. Most of his other poems were contributed to various periodicals, the chief being  
 35 *The Hanging of the Crane*, a domestic idyll; *Moriturus Salutamus*, a noble and solemn-toned production; *Flower de Luce*; *Aftermath*; *Pandora*; *Keramos*; and *In the Harbor*. Besides his poems, Longfellow was the author of the following prose works:—*Outre-Mer*; or, *Beyond Sea* (1835): A collection of notes of travel, showing that refinement and taste which  
 40 afterwards became his leading characteristics. *Hyperion* (1839): An interesting romance, glowing with quaint poetic thought and language. *Kavanagh* (1849): A short novel written in the idyllic style.

CRITICAL.—Longfellow holds a high place amongst American poets, and "best deserves the name of artist." He is widely read by all classes of  
 45 English-speaking people; some of his shorter pieces, such as *Excelsior*, *The Psalm of Life*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, being exceedingly popular. He was a man of high literary attainments, well versed in the languages of modern Europe, and possessed of that broad and genial sympathy with mankind that commends his writings to  
 50 the hearts of all. Partly owing, no doubt, to his practice in poetical translation, his language is copious, simple, and refined, and his versification graceful, various, and melodious. Longfellow is a poet of "still life." There is little or no evidence in his verse of glowing emotion, but his tender pensiveness and wise and tasteful use of his materials lend a charm to  
 55 every page of his works; and so wide are his sympathies that few human emotions fail to find an echo therein. Although several of his subjects are American, he cannot be said to possess an American genius. He has produced no work which might not have been written by an Englishman. Of humor he shows few traces, but he is a master of simple pathos. The  
 60 characteristics of the age are reflected in his finished execution; in his selection of subjects connected with the past; in the meditative character of some of his later productions; and in his love for picturesque nature, of which he avails himself with fine effect as a setting for his thoughts. His poems often embody or illustrate some moral truth, and their tone is  
 65 always pure and noble.

## THE FASTING.

From "The Song of Hiawatha."

**INTRODUCTORY.**—This "Indian Edda" is founded on a tradition current among the North American Indians, of "a personage of miraculous birth who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace." The author has also introduced other curious Indian legends. On one of these, "The Fasting" is based; for "the Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call the maize Mondá-min, or the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood." The song of Hiawatha, the scene of which is among the Ojibways on the south shore of Lake Superior, gives an account of the life and exploits of Hiawatha, the "Deliverer of the Nations" promised by "Gitche Manito, the mighty." According to some, it is an allegorical representation of the way in which man overcomes the difficulties of nature and establishes civilization. But the allegory (12, IV., 31), if there be one, is largely subordinated to the poetical exigencies of the composition. "The Fasting," which may be regarded as symbolizing the introduction of agriculture and primitive civilization, forms the fifth of the twenty sections into which the poem is divided, and follows the conquest by Hiawatha of Mudjekeewis, "the West-wind," or Nature. The poem represents Hiawatha as praying earnestly for a knowledge of the best way "to profit the people," for whom there must surely be something better than a life depending on game, fish, and wild fruits. In answer, Mondá-min, a youth descending from the "Master of Life," tells him that his object may be attained "by struggle or by labor," that is, by the toil of agriculture. Wearied out with his wrestling, Hiawatha succeeds in putting Mondá-min in the grave. In other words, after much hard labor, he sows his corn.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
 Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumphs in the battle,  
 And renown among the warriors,

5

**LITERARY.**—Describe the versification. Scan ll. 1-8.

3-5. Observe here and throughout the poem the peculiar use of Epi-

zeuxis (12, IV., 20), generally at the beginning of consecutive lines, combined with Aparithmesis (12, IV., 16). What effect on the style has this artifice?

**ELOCUTIONARY.**—This selection requires pure quality, middle pitch, moderate force. The time is faster than that employed in ordinary narrative.

1. Begin in a cheerful, lively tone.

3, 7, 9, and 13. Pause after "Not," "But," "First," and "Leaves."

But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

10 First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it.  
And with dreams and visions many,  
15 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting,  
Through the leafy woods he wandered ;  
Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
20 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
25 And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fenlands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

7-8. Observe here also another peculiarity of the poem—the emphatic repetition of the thought in a somewhat different form. Cf. ll. 9-10, 12-13, 43-44, etc. What effect on the style has this artifice? Distinguish between "profit" and "advantage," and "people" and "nations." Does the author intend to differentiate these?

13. **Moon of Leaves.** What characteristic of the Indian mode of thought do such names indicate? Coleridge speaks of "the leafy month of June." Account for the difference.

15. Why is the first foot of a spondaic character? (12, IV., 4.)

20-25. Note here another marked peculiarity of the poem—the use of the English name in immediate connection with its Indian equivalent. What effect has this on the style? Note also the author's love for Nature.

26-27. What poetic ornament is there here? Note that this is of frequent occurrence in the poem.

28-29. **Master—things?** What in the development of the human race may be symbolized by this question of Hiawatha's? Scan l. 28.

15. Read slowly. 17. (III., 8. b.) 20. See (III., 8, g.)

20. **drumming**, and 27. **Whirring, wailing.** See "The Dark Huntsman," page 51, l. 16.

28-29, 40-41. Read in a tone expressive of despondency and sorrow.



On the next day of his fasting 30  
 By the river's brink he wandered,  
 Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
 Saw the wild-rice, Mahnomonee,  
 Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
 And the strawberry, Odahmin, 35  
 And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
 And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
 Trailing o'er the elder-branches,  
 Filling all the air with fragrance!  
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding, 40  
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
 By the lake he sat and pondered,  
 By the still, transparent water;  
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
 Scattering drops like beads of wampum;  
 Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
 Like a sunbeam in the water,  
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
 And the herring, Okahahwis,  
 And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!  
 "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
 "Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting,  
 In his lodge he lay exhausted;  
 From his couch of leaves and branches  
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,

32-37. Cf. ll. 20-25. Scan ll. 34-36.

43. Cf. with this line ll. 17 and 31. Why is he represented as being each day differently employed?

46. **like**—**wampum**. Note that throughout the poem the Similes are appropriately taken from forest life and other sources with which the

Indians may be supposed to be familiar.

48 **Like**—**water**. Observe the aptness and poetic beauty of this figure.

52-53. Cf. ll. 28-29 and 40-41. Account for the repetition.

31. Pause after "river's brink," which is contrasted with "leafy woods," in l. 17. 43. Utter "pondered" slowly. 55. Pause after "lay."

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
 On the gleaming of the water,  
 On the splendor of the sunset.

60 And he saw a youth approaching,  
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
 Coming through the purple twilight,  
 65 Through the splendor of the sunset ;  
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
 And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
 70 Looked with pity and compassion  
 On his wasted form and features,  
 And, in accents like the sighing  
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
 Said he, " O my Hiawatha !  
 75 All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
 For you pray not like the others,  
 Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumph in the battle,  
 80 Nor renown among the warriors,  
 But for profit of the people,  
 For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life descending,  
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,

59 **dizzy.** Note the Transferred Epithet (12, IV., 17.) See also (12, IV., 4.) Explain "swimming."

62-67. What is here represented? What may be symbolized by Mondamin's coming at sunset?

65. Cf. ll. 61, 93, 100, 134, and 223-226. Observe throughout the poem the frequent complete or partial repetition of phrases, sentences, and descriptions, which, however, does

not become monotonous, owing to the beauty of the language and figures, and the variety and freshness of the epithets. For effect produced cf. remarks on ll. 76-82.

70. **pity, compassion.** Distinguish. Cf. ll. 7-8.

76-82. Cf. ll. 3-8 and 65. The simplicity appropriate to the character of the poem is secured by such repetitions.

69. Pause after "Long." 74. See ll. 72-73, and read in a gentle tone.

76. Pause after "pray" and "not," and contrast "you" and "others."

77-82. Observe the contrasted groups of words.

83. Pause after "Life." 84. (III., 8, g.)

Come to warn you and instruct you, 85  
 How by struggle and by labor  
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
 Rise up from your bed of branches,  
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha 90  
 Started from his bed of branches,  
 From the twilight of his wigwam  
 Forth into the flush of sunset  
 Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;  
 At his touch he felt new courage 95  
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
 Felt new life and hope and vigor  
 Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
 In the glory of the sunset, 100  
 And the more they strove and struggled,  
 Stronger still grew Hiawatha;  
 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 And the Heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her haunts among the fenlands, 105  
 Gave a cry of lamentation,  
 Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,  
 Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
 "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, 110  
 I will come again to try you."  
 And he vanished, and was seen not,  
 Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
 Whether rising as the mists rise,  
 Hiawatha saw not, knew not, 115  
 Only saw that he had vanished,

86-89. What is here symbolized?  
 See Introductory notice, p. 61. Note  
 that the Allegory throughout is only  
 loosely applied.

95-98. What may this symbolize?

97-98. What figures? What effect?  
 104-107. Cf. ll. 136-138, 192-195,  
 and 241-244. See also ll. 76-83.

113-114. Note the Anaphora com-  
 bined with Epizeuxis.

94. Prolonged pause after "Came." 96-98. Read in an animated tone.

Leaving him alone and fainting,  
 With the misty lake below him,  
 And the reeling stars above him.

120 On the morrow and the next day,  
 When the sun through heaven descending,  
 Like a red and burning cinder  
 From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
 Fell into the western waters,  
 125 Came Mondamin for the trial,  
 For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
 Came as silent as the dew comes  
 From the empty air appearing,  
 Into empty air returning,  
 130 Taking shape when earth it touches,  
 But invisible to all men  
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together,  
 In the glory of the sunset,  
 135 Till the darkness fell around them,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From her haunts among the fenlands,  
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
 And Mondamin paused to listen.

140 Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
 In his garments green and yellow :  
 To and fro his plumes above him  
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
 And the sweat of the encounter  
 145 Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !  
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,

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119. **reeling.** Explain, and refer to a similar expression in the preceding context. | 127-132. Cf. ll. 113-114.  
 | 121-124. Cf. l. 46.

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130. Pause after "earth." Why not after "it"?

140-145. Read in a tone expressing admiration.

146-150. O Hiawatha ! etc. Use loud force, and high pitch.

And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph!" 150

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow  
Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me;  
Make a bed for me to lie in, 153  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me:  
Strip these garments, green and yellow,  
Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it 163  
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber.  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me, 165  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him, 175  
Talking to the darksome forest;

151-161. What peculiarities of the poem already pointed out are here exemplified?

154. Distinguish between "conquer" and "o'ercome."

163. **nor.** Criticise use.

166. **Only.** Is this word properly placed?

167-168. For form, cf. ll. 97-98.

170. **Peacefully.** Why so?

175-181. What poetic effects are there here? Note the appropriate beauty of the passage. (13, III.) Note the author's love for Nature.

151-161. **To-morrow**, etc. Use gentler force and lower pitch.

160-161. Connect "make it Soft," and pause after "Soft," "loose," "light."

167-168. Read in faster time, and with more animation than the lines preceding. 169. Change to narrative, pure tone.

Heard the sighing of the branches,  
 As they lifted and subsided  
 At the passing of the night-wind,  
 180 Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
 Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :  
 Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
 On the seventh day of his fasting,  
 185 Came with food for Hiawatha,  
 Came imploring and bewailing,  
 Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
 190 Only said to her, " Nokomis,  
 Wait until the sun is setting,  
 Till the darkness falls around us,  
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 Crying from the desolate marshes,  
 195 Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
 Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
 Fearing lest his strength should fail him,  
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
 200 He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
 For the coming of Mondamin,  
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
 Lengthened over field and forest,  
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
 205 Floating on the waters westward,  
 As a red leaf in the Autumn  
 Falls and floats upon the water,  
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.

210 And behold ! the young Mondamin,  
 With his soft and shining tresses,

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183-199. Note the heightened in- | 204-208. Explain the application  
 terest produced by Nokomis's visit. | of the Simile. Cf. ll. 121-124.

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177-181. **Sighing, lifted, subsided, murmurs, whispers.** See note, l. 27.

210. See note. ll. 140-145.

With his garments green and yellow,  
 With his long and glossy plumage,  
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway.  
 And as one in slumber walking,  
 Pale and haggard, but undaunted, 215  
 From the wigwam Hiawatha  
 Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
 Sky and forest reeled together,  
 And his strong heart leaped within him, 220  
 As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
 In a net to break its meshes.  
 Like a ring of fire around him  
 Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
 And a hundred suns seemed looking 225  
 At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
 All alone stood Hiawatha,  
 Panting with his wild exertion,  
 Palpitating with the struggle; 230  
 And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
 Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
 Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
 Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha 235  
 Made the grave as he commanded,  
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
 Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
 Laid him in the earth, and made it  
 Soft and loose and light above him; 240  
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 From the melancholy moorlands,

217-226. Point out the poetic beauties of this paragraph. (12, IV., 2, 7, 9, and 21), (7), and (13, III.)

220. Why has "his strong heart leaped within him"?

227-234. What is here symbolized?

231. See (12, IV., 4 and 11.) and (7).

215. Pause after "but." (III., 6, c.)

220-226. Read in fast time, and in an animated tone.

228. Emphasize "All alone."

Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

245 Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.  
But the place was not forgotten  
250 Where he wrestled with Mondamin;  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments  
255 Faded in the rain and sunshine,

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
260 Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
265 And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
270 Cried aloud "It is Mondamin!  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize was growing,  
275 Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,

247. **seven — fasting.** Explain.  
See Introductory notice, p. 61.

263. **shot slowly.** Cf. with "leap,"

l. 168. Account for the difference in these descriptions. Observe the dissimilarity of the moods of Mondamin and Hiawatha.

270. **It is Mondamin!** etc. Loud force and high pitch.



Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow, 280  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow ;  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
As he once had stripped the wrestler, 285  
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great spirit.

- 
1. Classify "The Fasting."
  2. Make a list, with examples, of the various artifices used by Longfellow to give a peculiar character to "The Fasting." Discuss their effect.
  3. Refer to Critical estimate (p. 60), and show in detail what peculiarities of Longfellow's genius therein stated are illustrated in these poems.

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce in prose "The Fasting," showing by the rendering an appreciation of its beauties.

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#### THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep ;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep, 5  
A sound mysteriously multiplied  
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep,  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being, 10  
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul ;  
And inspirations that we deem our own,  
Are one divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason and control.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



## FRANCIS PARKMAN.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Francis Parkman, born in Boston, Sept. 16th, 1823, was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1844. After a visit to Europe he made an expedition across the prairies and among the Rocky Mountains. For nearly ten years he suffered from a painful disease of the  
5 brain, but "the brave heart within" carried him safely through his illness; and, though partially blind, he has been able to resume his life-work, the preparation of a history of the French and Spanish attempts to colonize North America. For this work he is amply qualified, not merely by his  
10 intimate acquaintance with the journals of the Jesuit missionaries and with the routes of the early adventurers, but by his familiarity with Indian character and mode of life, with the localities he describes, and with the languages of many of the tribes. Mr. Parkman has also shown wonderful aptitude for patient and laborious research. To ensure the accuracy and

completeness of his histories, he has made himself familiar with the Parisian archives, and the libraries of New England and the French-Canadian colleges. When we remember that physical infirmity has compelled him "to make patience a crowning virtue" in the execution of his works, admiration for the undaunted perseverance of the man blends with our delight in the literary grace and skill of the artist.

WORKS.—*The Oregon Trail* (1849): The fruit of his early studies among the Indians during "a summer's adventures" in Western America, undertaken to prepare himself for his intended work. *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac* relates the efforts of an Ottawa chief to drive the English from America, and reproduces life upon the frontier and in the wilderness with almost startling reality. *The Pioneers of France in the New World*: In Florida the Pioneers were the Huguenot adventurers. These were soon exterminated by the Spaniards, whose subsequent wars with the French produced a state of matters that rendered colonization impossible. Further north, however, Champlain, with his associates, laid the foundation of the French colonies in America. *The Jesuits in North America*: Mr. Parkman shows, at some length, why, from the nature of Indian customs, little progress could be made in the conversion of the aborigines, and describes with thrilling effect the attempts of the Jesuits to accomplish the impossible. *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*: Here we have pieced together in a connected narrative hitherto detached stories relating to La Salle and the discovery of the Mississippi. *The Old Régime in Canada*: A record of failure and of dry facts lit up with landscape pictures and with touches of pathos and philosophy. *Count Frontenac and New France*: The events recorded in this volume group themselves around Count Frontenac, the most remarkable man that ever represented the Crown of France in the New World. The last six volumes, with one on *Wolfe and Montcalm*, in the preparation of which Mr. Parkman is understood to be engaged, form parts of a work, under the general title of *France and England in North America*.

CRITICAL.—Parkman is a writer of great strength and fascinating brilliancy. His works abound in graphic descriptions and thrilling episodes, which, however, are conscientious reproductions of the past, not the fancy paintings of romance. The line between fact and legend is distinct. He is a true lover of nature, and bits of landscape set off his narratives of heroism and adventure. The "historical imagination" he possesses in a marked degree: an artist might illustrate his pages with the greatest ease. Sometimes his pictures are elaborately drawn; but oftener, with a few bold touches, he brings out the salient points of his sketch, and allows the imagination to fill in the details. The author we never see; but there is always enough of passion and intensity to add another element to the vigor of his style. The literary charm is so perfect that the reader is carried on, unconscious of the grace and ease of the author's workmanship. In the treatment of religious questions he displays fairness and im-

partiality. Occasionally he philosophizes, but his forte is description and  
 60 narration. His works show one of the tendencies of modern historians, in  
 being largely a series of pictures; but the canvas is filled in with so much  
 elaboration that the due historical proportion is often not observed. It  
 is proper to note, however, that Parkman apparently does this with inten-  
 tion, for he describes his works as being "a series of historical narratives."  
 65 This method of treatment, while it detracts from their merits as histories,  
 ensures their lasting popularity as literary productions.

### THE DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

From "The Pioneers of France in the New World."

It was on the eighteenth of September that Pontgravé set  
 sail, leaving Champlain with twenty-eight men to hold Quebec  
 through the winter. Three weeks later, and shores and hills  
 glowed with gay prognostics of approaching desolation,—the  
 5 yellow and scarlet of the maples, the deep purple of the ash,  
 the garnet hue of young oaks, the bonfire blaze of the tupelo  
 at the water's edge, and the golden plumage of birch-saplings  
 in the fissure of the cliff. It was a short-lived beauty. The  
 forest dropped its festal robes. Shrivelled and faded, they  
 10 rustled to the earth. The crystal air and laughing sun of  
 October passed away, and November sank upon the shivering  
 waste, chill and sombre as the tomb. . . . .

One would gladly know how the founders of Quebec spent  
 the long hours of their first winter; but on this point the only  
 15 man among them, perhaps, who could write, has not thought  
 it necessary to enlarge. He himself beguiled his leisure with  
 trapping foxes, or hanging a dead dog from a tree and watch-

LITERARY. 1-3. **It—winter.** (12, ornament pervades the paragraph?  
 III., 3.) Note the graphic effect of the meta-  
 phorical epithets. Account for the

1-12. What characteristics of the truthful character of the author's  
 author does this paragraph illus- descriptions of nature. Account for  
 trate? See Critical estimate, ll. 49-50. the abrupt style of some of the sen-  
 What effect is produced on style by tences. (12, IV., 4.) Point out the  
 the introduction of such descrip- special beauties of the last two sen-  
 tions? (13, II., 1.) What poetic tences. Parse "chill," l. 12.

ELOCUTIONARY.—For prevailing quality, force, etc., see note on p. 3.

5-7. What is the inflection on "maples"?

10-12. Bring out the contrast expressed here.

ing the hungry martens in their efforts to reach it. Towards the close of winter, all found abundant employment in nursing themselves or their neighbors, for the inevitable scurvy broke out with virulence. At the middle of May, only eight men of the twenty-eight were alive, and of these half were suffering from disease. This wintry purgatory wore away; the icy stalactites that hung from the cliffs fell crashing to the earth; the clamor of wild geese was heard; the bluebirds appeared in the naked woods; the water-willows were covered with their soft caterpillar-like blossoms; the twigs of the swamp-maple were flushed with ruddy bloom; the ash hung out its black-tufted flowers; the shad-bush seemed a wreath of snow; the white stars of the bloodroot gleamed among dank, fallen leaves; and in the young grass of the wet meadows, the marsh-marigolds shone like spots of gold.

Great was the joy of Champlain when he saw a sail-boat rounding the Point of Orleans, betokening that the spring had brought with it the longed-for succors. A son-in-law of Pontgravé, named Marais, was on board, and he reported that Pontgravé was then at Tadoussac, where he had lately arrived. Thither Champlain hastened, to take counsel with his comrade. His constitution or his courage had defied the scurvy. They met, and it was determined betwixt them, that, while Pontgravé remained in charge of Quebec, Champlain should enter at once on his long-meditated explorations, by which, like La Salle seventy years later, he had good hope of finding a way to China.

But there was a lion in the path. The Indian tribes, war-hawks of the wilderness, to whom peace was unknown, infested with their scalping-parties the streams and pathways.

23-32. Cf. I-12. Classify this sentence. Is the necessary unity preserved? (12, II., 2, *b*.) Which of the propositions contains the general statement? Contrast the picture in this paragraph with that in the preceding one.

38-40. **Thither—met.** Account for the abrupt style. Observe that,

throughout the selection, the author varies the character of his sentences and the order of his words, to suit the meaning he intends to convey. What quality of style does this aid in securing? (13, II., 1.)

45. **But—path.** (12, III., 3.) Explain the Metaphor.

of the forest, increasing tenfold its inseparable risks. That to all these hazards Champlain was more than indifferent, his  
 50 after-career bears abundant witness; yet now an expedient for evading them offered itself, so consonant with his instincts that he was fain to accept it. Might he not anticipate surprises, join a war-party, and fight his way to discovery?

During the last autumn, a young chief from the banks of  
 55 the then unknown Ottawa had been at Quebec; and amazed at what he saw, he had begged Champlain to join him in the spring against his enemies. These enemies were a formidable race of savages, the Iroquois, or Five Confederate Nations, dwellers in fortified villages within the limits now embraced  
 60 by the State of New York, to whom was afterwards given the fanciful name of "Romans of the New World," and who even then were a terror to all the surrounding forests. Conspicuous among their enemies were their kindred, the tribes of the Hurons, dwelling on the lake which bears their name, and  
 65 allies of Algonquin bands on the Ottawa. All alike were tillers of the soil, living at ease when compared to the famished Algonquins of the Lower St. Lawrence. . . .

It was past the middle of May, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come: a delay which seems  
 70 to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set forth with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But, as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustered in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin  
 75 allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him towards a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two; for each band had its own. There were feasting,

52-53. **Might—discovery.** What is the effect on style of sentences of this form? (13, II., 1)

61-62. **even—then.** Why "even"?

62-65. **Conspicuous—Ottawa.** Is this sentence perspicuous? Criticise.

61. **Romans—New World.** Explain the application of this epithet.

(13, I., 2, c, 2.)

69. **delay.** Parse.

smoking, speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests. 80

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebuse and the roar of the cannon; pitched their camps, and bedecked themselves for their war-dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the black and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war-clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned owl on Point Levi, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant. 85 90 95

Stand with Champlain and view the war-dance, sit with him at the war-feast,—a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his hare-brained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven men of Pontgravé's party, including his son-in-law, Marais, and La Route, his pilot. They were armed with the arquebuse, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-suited for use in the forest. On the twenty-eighth of May, they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around them the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the paddle with a steady, measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, 100 105

82. wonders of architecture. What are referred to?

85. yelped consternation. Paraphrase this graphic and finely condensed expression.

84-95. Show that this paragraph illustrates the author's "historical

imagination." See Critical estimate, ll. 50-55.

96-99. Stand—discovery. Note the artifice by which the author gives vividness to the scene. (12, IV., 3.) and (13, II., 1.) Explain "It," l. 99.

103-104. not ill-suited. (12, IV., 32.)

84-95. Read in faster than the prevailing time, and with increased force. Notice the Imitative Modulation required.

threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and  
 110 reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since  
 called the Richelieu, or the St. John. Here, probably on the  
 site of the town of Sorel, the leisurely warriors encamped  
 for two days, hunted, fished, and took their ease, regaling  
 their allies with venison and wild-fowl. They quarrelled, too;  
 115 three-fourths of their number seceded, took to their canoes in  
 dudgeon, and paddled towards their homes, while the rest  
 pursued their course up the broad and placid stream.

On left and right stretched walls of verdure, fresh with the  
 life of June. Now, aloft in the lonely air, rose the cliffs of  
 120 Belœil, and now, before them, framed in circling forests, the  
 Basin of Chambly spread its tranquil mirror, glittering in the  
 sun. The shallop out-sailed the canoes. Champlain, leaving  
 his allies behind, crossed the Basin and essayed to pursue his  
 course; but, as he listened in the stillness, the unwelcome  
 125 noise of rapids reached his ear, and, by glimpses through the  
 dark foliage of the Islets of St. John, he could see the gleam  
 of snowy foam and the flash of hurrying waters. Leaving  
 the boat by the shore in charge of four men, he set forth with  
 Marais, La Route, and five others, to explore the wild be-  
 130 fore him. They pushed their tedious way through the damps  
 and shadows of the wood, through thickets and tangled vines,  
 over mossy rocks and mouldering logs. Still the hoarse sur-  
 ging of the rapids followed them; and when, parting the screen  
 of foliage, they looked forth, they saw the river thick set with  
 135 rocks, where, plunging over ledges, gurgling under drift-logs,  
 darting along clefts, and boiling in chasms, the angry waters  
 filled the solitude with monotonous ravings.

Champlain, disconsolate, retraced his steps. He had learned  
 the value of an Indian's word. His mendacious allies had  
 140 promised him, that, throughout their course, his shallop could

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118-122. **On—sun.** What artistic object has the author in introducing descriptions of natural scenery? Cf. ll. 1-12 and 23-32.

126-127. **the gleam—waters.** Observe the finely descriptive Imitative Harmony.

119. Explain the force of "lonely." | 130-137. Cf. ll. 118-122.

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127 and 135-137. Faster time. 130-132. Slower time.



pass unobstructed. But should he abandon the adventure, and forego the discovery of that great lake, studded with islands and bordered with a fertile land of forests, which his red companions had traced in outline, and by word and sign had painted to his fancy?

When he reached the shallop, he found the whole savage crew gathered at the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added, that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfil his pledge. To this end, he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebec, while he, with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in the Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and in long procession through the forest, under the flickering sun and shade, bore them on their shoulders around the rapids to the smooth stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again, and advanced once more, by marsh, meadow, forest, and scattered islands, then full of game, for it was an uninhabited land, the war-path and battle-ground of hostile tribes. The warriors observed a certain system in their advance. Some were in front as a vanguard; others formed the main body; while an equal number were in the forests on the flanks and rear, hunting for the subsistence of the whole; for, though they had a provision of parched maize pounded into meal, they kept it for use when, from the vicinity of the enemy, hunting should become impossible.

Late in the day, they landed and drew up their canoes, ranging them closely, side by side. All was life and bustle. Some stripped sheets of bark to cover their camp-sheds; others gathered wood,—the forest was full of dead, dry trees;—others felled the living trees, for a barricade. They seem to have had steel axes, obtained by barter from the French; for in less than two hours they had made a strong defensive work, a half circle in form, open on the river side, where their

141-145. Cf. ll. 52-53.

154-155. flickering sun and shade.

Note that the author is a close observer of nature, even in little details.

canoes lay on the strand, and large enough to enclose all their huts and sheds. Some of their number had gone forward as scouts, and, returning, reported no signs of an enemy. This was the extent of their precaution, for they placed no guard,  
180 but all, in full security, stretched themselves to sleep—a vicious custom from which the lazy warrior of the forest rarely departs.

They had not forgotten, however, to take counsel of their oracle. The medicine-man pitched his magic lodge in the  
185 woods—a small stack of poles, planted in a circle and brought together at the tops like stacked muskets. Over these he placed the filthy deer-skins which served him for a robe, and creeping in at a narrow orifice, he hid himself from view. Crouched in a ball upon the earth, he invoked the spirits in  
190 mumbling, inarticulate tones; while his naked auditory, squatted on the ground like apes, listened in wonderment and awe. Suddenly, the lodge moved, rocking with violence to and fro, by the power of the spirits, as the Indians thought, while Champlain could plainly see the tawny fist of the  
195 medicine-man shaking the poles. They begged him to keep a watchful eye on the peak of the lodge, whence fire and smoke would presently issue; but with the best efforts of his vision, he discovered none. Meanwhile the medicine-man was seized with such convulsions, that, when his divination  
200 was over, his naked body streamed with perspiration. In loud, clear tones, and in an unknown tongue, he invoked the Spirit, who was understood to be present in the form of a stone, and whose feeble and squeaking accents were heard at intervals like the wail of a young puppy.

205 Thus did they consult the Spirit—as Champlain thinks, the Devil—at all their camps. His replies, for the most part, seem to have given them great content; yet they took other measures, also, of which the military advantages were less questionable. The principal chief gathered bundles of sticks, and  
210 without wasting his breath, stuck them in the earth in a certain order, calling each by the name of some warrior, a few taller than the rest representing the subordinate chiefs. Thus was indicated the position which each was to hold in the expected battle. All gathered round and attentively studied the

sticks, ranged like a child's wooden soldiers, or the pieces on a chess-board; then, with no further instruction, they formed their ranks, broke them, and re-formed them again and again with an excellent alacrity and skill.

Again the canoes advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared, leagues in extent: Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where ships might float, and broad reaches of expanding water, stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main, he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left, the forest-ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-rooms or college halls—nay, of adventurous beauty, with sketch-book and pencil. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting-ground; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga, and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

At night they were encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist and sportsman; and, perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful strand, Champlain saw what a roving student of this generation has seen on those same shores, at that same hour,—the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft the night-hawk, circling in his flight, and, with a strange whirring sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They

223. **them.** What?

226. **wilderness sea.** Explain.

240. **roving student.** To whom

does the author probably refer? See Biographical notice, ll. 10-12.

241-248. Note the graphic picture. See Critical estimate, ll. 52-54.

250 changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day, they lay close in the depth of the forest, sleeping, lounging, smoking tobacco of their own raising, and beguiling the hours, no doubt, with the shallow banter and obscene jesting with which knots of Indians are wont to amuse their  
 255 leisure. At twilight they embarked again, paddling their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterwards built. Thence, they would pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the  
 260 wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain-head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through the forest to the River Hudson, and descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying town of the Mohawks.  
 265 In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war, a bloody debatable ground linked to memories of momentous conflicts.

The allies were spared so long a progress. On the morning of the twenty-ninth of July, after paddling all night, they hid,  
 270 as usual, in the forest on the western shore, not far from Crown Point. The warriors stretched themselves to their slumbers, and Champlain, after walking for a time through the surrounding woods, returned to take his repose on a pile of spruce-boughs. Sleeping, he dreamed a dream, wherein he  
 275 beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake; and, essaying to rescue them, he was told by his Algonquin friends that they were good for nothing, and had better be left to their fate. Now, he had been daily beset, on awakening, by his superstitious allies, eager to learn about his dreams; and, to this  
 280 moment, his unbroken slumbers had failed to furnish the desired prognostics. The announcement of this auspicious vision filled the crowd with joy, and at nightfall they embarked, flushed with anticipated victories.

251-255. **All**—leisure. Account for the author's knowledge of Indian character, as displayed here, and throughout the selection.

256. **cautious** v. 27. Explain.

259. **Como**. Show the appropriateness of this figure. (12, IV., 19.)

265-267. To what events in the Revolutionary and the French and Indian war does the author refer?

It was ten o'clock in the evening, when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak-bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened water. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making. The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night, they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants,—"much," says Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece, while his thighs were protected by *cuisse*s of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition-box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom, or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without

284-285. **It.** What? **when**—**them.** What part of speech is this proposition?

301. **commerce.** Explain.

317. **either.** Criticise position.

220 opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they  
 presently could see filing out of their barricade, tall, strong  
 men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest  
 warriors of North America. They advanced through the  
 forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of  
 375 Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made  
 conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood  
 and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made  
 of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fibre supposed by  
 Champlain to be cotton.

330 The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their  
 champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the  
 front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-  
 in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois,  
 who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in  
 335 mute amazement. But his arquebuse was levelled; the report  
 startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side  
 rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a  
 yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunder-  
 clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a  
 340 moment, the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows  
 lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the  
 thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable  
 terror. Swifter than hounds, the allies tore through the  
 bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more  
 345 were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned,  
 and many weapons flung down in the panic-flight. The  
 arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

At night, the victors made their bivouac in the forest. A  
 great fire was kindled, and near it one of the captives was  
 350 bound to a tree. The fierce crowd thronged around him, fire-  
 brands in their hands. Champlain sickened at his tortures:—

“Let me send a bullet through his heart.”

They would not listen; and when he saw the scalp torn  
 from the living head, he turned away in anger and disgust.  
 355 They followed:—

343-347. Note the abrupt style. (12, IV, 4.)

352. Observe the effect of the  
 change to direct narration. (13.  
 III, 1)

“Do what you will with him.”

He turned again, and at the report of his arquebuse the wretch's woes were ended.

In his remonstrance, he had told them that the French never so used their prisoners. Not, indeed, their prisoners of <sup>360</sup> war; but had Champlain stood a few months later in the frenzied crowd on the Place de la Grève at Paris,—had he seen the regicide Ravailac, the veins of his forehead bursting with anguish, the hot lead and oil seething in his lacerated breast, and the horses vainly panting to drag his strong limbs <sup>365</sup> asunder,—he might have felt that Indian barbarity had found its match in the hell-born ingenuity of grave and learned judges.

The victors made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph. Three or four days brought them to the mouth of <sup>370</sup> the Richelieu. Here they separated; the Hurons and Algonquins made for the Ottawa, their homeward route, each with a share of prisoners for future torments. At parting they invited Champlain to visit their towns and aid them again in their wars,—an invitation which this paladin of the woods <sup>375</sup> failed not to accept.

The companions now remaining to him were the Montagnais. In their camp on the Richelieu one of them dreamed that a war-party of Iroquois was close upon them; whereupon, in a torrent of rain, they left their huts, paddled in dis- <sup>380</sup> may to the islands above the Lake of St. Peter, and hid themselves all night in the rushes. In the morning they took heart, emerged from their hiding places, descended to Quebec, and went thence to Tadoussac, whither Champlain accompanied them. Here, the squaws, stark naked, swam out to <sup>385</sup> the canoes to receive the heads of the dead Iroquois, and, hanging them from their necks, danced in triumphant glee along the shore. One of the heads and a pair of arms were then bestowed on Champlain—touching memorials of gratitude—which, however, he was by no means to keep for <sup>390</sup> himself, but to present them to the King.

359-368. Give an account of the events here referred to.

375. **paladin of the woods.** Explain the Allusion.

389. **touching memorials.** Does the author mean this? (12, IV., 13.)

390-391. **which—King.** Criticise the structure of this proposition.

Thus did New France rush into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

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392-397. Give a brief account of the subsequent troubles with the Five Nation Indians. Point out the mistake made by Champlain in his Indian policy. What course should he have taken?

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1. Classify the preceding selection.
2. What are the prevailing types of sentences?
3. Show that the author has observed the rules for the construction of paragraphs.
4. Make a list, with examples of the various means by which he has secured the strength and brilliancy of his style.
5. Refer to Critical estimate (p. 73-74 ), and show in detail the peculiarities of the author's genius therein stated, which the preceding selection illustrates.
6. Point out the finest descriptive passages in "The Discovery of Lake Champlain."

#### COMPOSITION.

- I. Make a list of the subjects of the leading paragraphs of "The Discovery of Lake Champlain."
  - II. With the answer to the preceding question as heads, reproduce the substance of the selection.
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## MY PSALM.

- I MOURN no more my vanished years :  
 Beneath a tender rain,  
 An April rain of smiles and tears,  
 My heart is young again.
- The west-winds blow, and, singing low, 5  
 I hear the glad streams run ;  
 The windows of my soul I throw  
 Wide open to the sun.
- No longer forward nor behind  
 I look in hope or fear ; 10  
 But, grateful, take the good I find,  
 The best of now and here.
- I plough no more a desert land,  
 To harvest weed and tare ;  
 The manna dropping from God's hand 15  
 Rebukes my painful care.
- I break my pilgrim staff,—I lay  
 Aside the toiling oar ;  
 The angel sought so far away  
 I welcome at my door. 20
- The airs of spring may never play  
 Among the ripening corn,  
 Nor freshness of the flowers of May  
 Blow through the autumn morn ;
- Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look 25  
 Through fringed lids to heaven,  
 And the pale aster in the brook  
 Shall see its image given ;—
- The woods shall wear their robes of praise,  
 The south-wind softly sigh, 30  
 And sweet, calm days in golden haze  
 Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word  
Rebuke an age of wrong ;  
35 The graven flowers that wreathe the sword  
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—  
To build as to destroy ;  
Nor less my heart for others feel  
40 That I the more enjoy. . . . .

Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ;—  
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ;—

45 That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way  
50 Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
55 Like mountain-ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
60 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west-winds play ;  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*



## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—William Cullen Bryant was born Nov. 3rd, 1794, at Cumington, a remote country town in Massachusetts, where he spent his youth amid the beautiful scenery of the New England hills. With a precocity that rivals Pope's, he wrote at the early age of thirteen a political poem, published under the title of *The Embargo*. After a two years' course at Williams College, he began his law studies in 1812, but law seems to have been distasteful to him; for in *Green River*, one of the many poems written during the ten years spent in the practice of his profession, he speaks of himself as

"forced to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen."

10

He removed to New York in 1825 and entered upon a purely literary life, but at first without much success. His career of prosperity dates from his becoming editor of the *New York Evening Post*, connection with which as editor and part proprietor he maintained till his death. He made several visits to Europe, and published in the *Post* accounts of his various

15

journeys, evidencing keen observation and just appreciation of Nature. Selections from these and from some of his other letters were afterwards published under the title of *Letters of a Traveller*. Latterly he developed  
20 the talent of delivering discourses on the lives and writings of eminent men. His death took place in June, 1878.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Thanatopsis*: The highest expression of his genius, written at the early age of nineteen, and originally published in the *North American Review*, with the first number of which (September, 1817) American poetry may be said to have commenced. The poem has since been  
25 greatly altered, but, even on its first appearance, it showed the genius of the author. *The Ages*: A survey of man's experience, a more ambitious performance than the preceding, written in the Spenserian stanza, and recited before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. *Translation of the*  
30 *Iliad and Odyssey* in blank verse (1869 and 1871), and short poems at various times, some of them—as, for instance, the *Lines to a Waterfowl*—possessing great lyrical beauty. His poetry, introduced to the English public by Washington Irving, was favorably noticed by Christopher North in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. In conjunction with S. H.  
35 Gay, he began in 1876 *A Popular History of the United States*. In his editorial and other capacities he wrote a good deal of prose, but his reputation as a poet has overshadowed his prose works.

CRITICAL.—Bryant, whose works are mainly contemplative and descriptive, resembles Wordsworth in his love for Nature, and in the tender  
40 pensiveness that marks almost all he has written, even when the subject is a joyous one. The former quality is, perhaps, the result of his youthful associations; and the latter, of the natural reserve that remained one of his characteristics. They are not, however, associated with a lack of human sympathy. Many of his poems display no marked originality, but  
45 his diction is everywhere chaste and lucid—the outcome, no doubt, of his literary culture. He is a master of blank verse, and his thoughts flow easily and gracefully. Passionate energy never shows itself, but there is deep pathos in many of his compositions. He is best known as the author of *Thanatopsis*, the youthful promise of which it cannot be said  
50 that he has realized.

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## TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly limned on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

LITERARY.—Describe the versification. What is peculiar in the quatrain? Scan ll. 1-4.

Under what circumstances is this poem supposed to be written? Describe the poet's mood. Is it characteristic of him? See Critical estimate, l. 40.

1. **falling dew.** Why not "balmy dew"?

2. Why is "glow" more suitable than "shine"? How is the poet's idea carried out in l. 3? What are "the last steps of day"? Figure?

4-8. Why not substitute "unattended" for "solitary," "sports-

man's" for "fowler's," and "body flies" for "figure floats"?

7. **limned.** Other readings are "painted" and "seen." Which is the best? **crimson.** See l. 3. Account for the altered epithet.

9-12. Show the appropriateness of "plashy brink," "marge," "rocking," and "chafed." Parse "chafed."

14. Why is "teaches" better than "marks out"? Explain "coast."

16. **Lone wandering.** Parse.

17-20. Show the appropriateness of "fanned," "thin" and "stoop." Parse "stoop" and "weary."

And soon that toil shall end;  
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

25           Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven  
 Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet on my heart  
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
 And shall not soon depart.

30           He who, from zone to zone,  
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
 In the long way that I must tread alone,  
 Will lead my steps aright.

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THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for nis gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

21-24. **that toil.** What? Remark on the use of "soon," and "shall" in the stanza.

25-26. **Thou'rt gone.** Why a short sentence? Bring out the force of "swallow'd." **abyss of heaven.** In what other form has the author expressed this idea?

26. **yet.** Give the full force of this word. **on.** Should this be "in"? State reasons for your choice

28. What word should be supplied if this were prose?

30. **Guides—sky.** How expressed before? **certain flight** (12, IV., 34.)

31. **I—alone.** Explain fully. See Critical estimate, ll. 40-43.

What is meant by "Thanatopsis"? Describe the versification and scan ll. 1-4. Note the tone of the poem, and the harmonious melody of the vowel sounds. (13, III., 1 and 2.)

1-8. **To him—aware.** Paraphrase, so as to bring out the meaning clearly. How is the "various language" exemplified? What characteristic of the author is here displayed?

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ELOCUTIONARY.—A grave selection. The prevailing quality is therefore pure, rising into Orotund in the most sublime passages; the force, gentle or moderate; the pitch, low; the time, slow; and the stress, median.

1. Pause after "him."

3-5. Emphasize "various." Read "for—beauty" in a tone expressive of gaiety and gladness.

And eloquence of beauty; and she glides 5  
 Into his darker musings with a mild  
 And healing sympathy that steals away  
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images 10  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
 Go forth under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around— 15  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
 Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
 In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
 Where thy pale form is laid with many tears, 20  
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25  
 To mix for ever with the elements,—  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain

8-13. How is man's dread of death emphasized? (12, IV., 2, 9 and 10.) Explain the epithets, "bitter," "sad" and "stern." Remark on the order of the words in ll. 11 and 12.

17. **still voice.** Whose? Whence did the poet borrow the epithet?

19-22. **nor—image.** Classify this sentence, accounting for the poet's choice.

20. **is laid.** This was originally "was laid." Which is the better?

22-30. Point out the climactic structure. (12, IV., 33.)

23. Explain "growth," and parse "to be resolved."

24. Parse "trace" and "surrendering." Criticise "surrendering up."

27-28. Explain "brother" and "sluggish."

5-8. **and she glides—aware.** Soft force.

9-13. Change to a tone of sadness and gloom.

14-17. Read with higher pitch than the preceding.

17. Commence "Yet a few days," etc., with monotone. (III., 6)

Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
30 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone:—nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
35 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
40 The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
45 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
50 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings

30. What has been so far the character of "Nature's teachings"?

31. Now follows the "mild and healing sympathy." Observe this in the opening phrase: "thine eternal resting-place—alone." Contrast with the "darker musings" of l. 6.

31-72. Observe that the "still voice" emphasizes the quiet rest, the companionship, and the general doom.

37-45. Develop the expressiveness of all the epithets. Why not "prattling," "purling," or "chattering" brooks? Remark on the effect of the position of "all," l. 44.

45-50. **The—bosom.** What bearing have these statements on the unity of the paragraph? (12, III., 1.) Explain "tribes," l. 49.

50-51. **Take—morning.** Explain and account for the Metaphor, and cf. "still," l. 17.

32. Emphasize "alone."

37. Pause after "All." 49. Emphasize "handful."

50-54. Read "Take the—dashings" with louder force, faster time, and higher pitch. Notice the change of pitch required on "yet the dead are there."



Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first 55  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles 70  
 And beauty of its innocent age, cut off,

51. Other readings are "pierce the Barcan wilderness," and "traverse Barca's desert sands." Which is the best? State reasons.

51-53. Why has the poet selected "the Barcan desert," and "the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon"? How is the silence of the primeval forest brought out?

57. **their last sleep.** Cf. ll. 31 and 58.

58. **So—rest.** Which is the emphatic word?

58-59. Other readings are "withdrawn in silence from," and "if thou shalt fall unnoticed." Which is the best? Give reasons.

58-72. What natural feeling is here dealt with?

61. **will laugh.** Cf. with "shall leave," l. 64. Account for the different auxiliary.

62. **solemn—care.** Paraphrase.

65. **Their mirth and their employments.** Why these?

67. The original reading was "glide." Which is the better?

67-71. **the sons—off.** Account for the grouping.

70-71. These lines were substituted by the poet for the original reading, "And the sweet babe and the gray-headed man." Discuss the readings.

61-62. Contrast "The gay will laugh," with "the solemn brood of care plod on."

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join  
75 The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
80 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

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74-82. Re-write this paragraph in prose, bringing out fully the force of "The caravan—realm," and "His chamber—death," and explaining the force of the Simile. Observe the character of the last thought: "but —dreams," ll. 79-82, Cf. "she—aware," ll. 5-8.

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73-81. Orotund; very slow. (III., 4.)

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1. Classify "To a Waterfowl" and "Thanatopsis."
2. State the moral lessons conveyed by each of these poems.
3. Refer to Critical estimate (p. 90), and show in detail what peculiarities of Bryant's genius therein stated are exemplified in these poems.
4. "Christopher North," in his Essays, expresses the following opinion in regard to Bryant: "His poetry overflows with natural religion—with what Wordsworth calls the religion of the woods." Explain what he means, and illustrate the criticism.
5. Memorize "To a Waterfowl" and "Thanatopsis," ll. 74-82.

#### COMPOSITION.

Sketch the train of thought in each of the selections from Bryant.

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## WASHINGTON IRVING.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Washington Irving, whose family came originally from the Island of Orkney, was born at New York, April 3rd, 1783. Having received a merely elementary education, he began the study of law at the age of sixteen, and amused himself with frequent rambling excursions into the surrounding country, thus acquiring an intimate knowledge of the neighborhood, with its customs and legends. In 1802 he began to write for a newspaper conducted by his brother; but being threatened with lung disease, he sailed for Europe in 1804, and travelled in England and the south of Europe. On his return to New York, in 1806, he completed his law studies, without, however, entering either then or afterwards on the practice of his profession. In company with a brother and a friend he began the publication of a serial called *Salmagundi*, which turned out a successful venture. Six years later he conducted another magazine in Philadelphia, contributing to it papers that subsequently appeared in the *Sketch-Book*, and others of his later works. After serving, in 1814, as aide-de-camp to Governor Tompkins, he again went to Europe for his health at the close of the war. Here he remained for seventeen years, making in the interval the tour of Europe, and living in London, with occasional rambles in other parts of England and in Scotland. During his absence he formed

20 the acquaintance of the most eminent literary men of the day, and wrote several of his works. In 1829 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, and in 1832 returned to New York, where he was welcomed at a public dinner. His next trip was west of the Mississippi, where, as had been his custom, he gathered materials for future labors.

25 Having been appointed Minister to Spain in 1842, he resided at the Court of Madrid until 1846. The last years of his life were spent at Sunnyside, on the Hudson. Here he enjoyed the society of loving friends and relatives. His tastes were simple and his mode of living unostentatious; in his family relations he was gentle, good-natured, and self-denying. Owing

30 to the early death of the young lady to whom he had been engaged, he remained unmarried, and devoted his income to the support of some dependent relatives. He died November 28th, 1859, universally lamented, for he had endeared himself to all who had read his works, or with whom he had come in contact.

35 PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Salmagundi* (1807): A fortnightly periodical after the style of the English essayists of the eighteenth century. *Knickerbocker's History of New York*: An imaginary account of the inhabitants of that State, with a good deal of sober history and many whimsical descriptions of Dutch life and character. *The Sketch-Book*: Subsequently published in

40 England through the influence of Scott. *Bracebridge Hall*: A collection of stories and sketches, in the same style as the preceding. *The Tales of a Traveller*. *The Life and Voyage of Christopher Columbus*; *The Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada*; *Voyages of the Companions of Columbus*; *The Alhambra*, a sort of Spanish edition of *Bracebridge Hall*; *Mahomet and his*

45 *Successors*;—the last five being the result of his appointment to Spain. *A Tour on the Prairies*, with some European sketches, was issued in a volume entitled *The Crayon Miscellany*. *Astoria*: A description of his visits to the Montreal station of the North-West Fur Company, and an account of early fur-trading expeditions in Oregon by Astor and others. *The Life of*

50 *Goldsmith*: An agreeable biography in which he deals somewhat severely with Dr. Johnson. *The Life of Washington*: Irving's last and most elaborate production. His early works are the most popular, and the *Sketch-Book* is, on the whole, the best specimen of his varied powers.

CRITICAL.—Irving, as Thackeray says, was the first ambassador whom

55 the New World of letters sent to the Old. Formed, no doubt, on that of Addison and Goldsmith, his style is nevertheless largely the reflection of the man himself—easy, tasteful, genial, pure, and simple. He is one of the masters of our lighter literature, and is equally successful in delineations of character and in graphic descriptions of scenery. The skill of the literary

60 artist is seen in the admirable proportions of his compositions: nothing important is omitted, and nothing unimportant, inserted. The sparkling humor which pervades his earlier works animates the graver ones of his later years and lends them an irresistible charm. In his stories of domestic life and descriptions of humble scenes he delights us as much with his

pathos and humor as with his correct judgment and manly sentiments. 65 Possibly he is sometimes chargeable with over-elaboration of style and serious sentiment, but he is undoubtedly the most distinguished of the American classics. *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow* deserve to rank high among the fictions of the present age.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From "The Sketch Book."

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the 5 season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, 10 through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old 15 verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults,

LITERARY.—Observe the highly ornamented and poetical language, and the harmony between the tone of the composition and the character of the subject. (13, III., 1 and 2.) Observe also, the author's taste in selecting for his visit a "sober and rather melancholy day."

1-9. Classify the sentences. Note that the author varies with admirable art the character of the sentences in the essay. (13, II., 1.) What

class of vowel sounds predominates? Note this peculiarity throughout.

12-13. **circular—walls.** Why not substitute "round holes in the big walls"?

14-16. Observe here and throughout the selection the author's skill in the use of passing events to heighten the effect of his descriptions, and add a pleasing variety to the character of his meditations.

ELOCUTIONARY.—A descriptive and meditative selection. The prevailing quality is therefore pure, rising into Orotund in such a passage as ll. 280-300; force, moderate; pitch, middle; time, moderate.

To render this selection with effect, the reader must pay attention to Inflection (III., 6), Emphasis (III. 7), and Imitative Modulation. See note on "The Dark Huntsman," page 51.

and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion  
 20 of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damp, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the  
 25 roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the  
 30 square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into  
 35 the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted  
 40 to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus.  
 45 Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity.

20-28. Note the graphic word-painting. Explain "its very decay." from one subject to another. Observe in this paragraph the use of color to heighten the effect of the description.

29-35. Observe that the brightness of this picture emphasizes by contrast the one that precedes it, and assists in giving variety to the general effect of the essay. The introduction of such incidents also enables the author to pass gracefully  
 37. **mingled—decay.** Explain the phrase, and point out the leading features.

45-51. **I—inscription.** Note the balanced structure. Explain "musing—time."

thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. 50

Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloister. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted. 60 65 70

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. 75

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a

52. monument, memorial. Distinguish.

53-55. Whilst—cloisters. Cf. ll. 14-16. This incident also enables the author to pass on to another subject without abruptness. Cf. ll. 29-35.

55-58. See (13, III., 1 and 2).

58. like a billow. Show the appropriateness of the Simile.

64. Criticise the Ellipsis in this line.

67. Distinguish "awe" from "dread" and "reverence."

69-70. Show the aptness of "whispers" and "chatters."

80 scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices<sup>o</sup> are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired  
85 to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare  
90 and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling  
95 takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other  
100 men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments,  
105 and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity  
110 be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance,

80. Show that this is not an instance of Tautology? (12, V., 1, b.)

83. **passenger.** Criticise. (13, I., 1, c.)

84. What is peculiar in the use of "name"?

97. **linger.** Distinguish from "loiter." Is "these" correctly used?

103. **immediate.** Explain.

105-107. **that—ages.** Is the rule for the sequence of tenses observed here? Explain fully the use of "might" in this passage. Why is "distant" repeated?

107-109. **for—pleasure.** How is this proposition made effective? Cf. ll. 109-113.

107-113. See (12, III., 2,) and (12, II., 1, c.)



not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poets' Corner, I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. <sup>115</sup> I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name; or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches <sup>120</sup> glimpses of quaint effigies—some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing <sup>125</sup> over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of <sup>130</sup> a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of <sup>135</sup> one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with <sup>140</sup> rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with

107-113. With whom is "the author" compared? Point out the beauty of the language and thoughts.

111. Account for the Ellipsis in this line. (13, II, 1.)

116. **but which.** Criticise.

119-125. **As—state.** Observe the marked Alliteration and graphic Aparithmesis.

128-129. **fabled city—stone.** Explain the reference.

136-139. **who—tale.** Explain and illustrate.

the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the over-wrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms of a noble house that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poets' Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art, but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubilliac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unneces-

145-146. **poetry—Christ.** Explain and illustrate from the history of literature.

152. **solemn, awful.** Distinguish.

154-155. Is this use of Alliteration happy? Give reasons.

159-164. Discuss these sentiments.

169-182. Point out the merits of the author's criticism.

174-176. **The whole—spectre.** See (13, III., 2).

sary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear—the 185 rumbling of the passing equipage, the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the death-like repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls 190 of the sepulchre.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning 195 to evening prayers, and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly 200 and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The 205 very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusting with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning

179. Which is the correct preposition to use after "surrounded"—"by" or "with"?

180. **might inspire.** Why not "may inspire"?

181-182. Note that here, as often happens in a well-constructed paragraph, the last sentence summarizes what has preceded.

183-191. Explain fully why these incidents are introduced. Parse "with," l. 188. Cf. ll. 14-16 and ll. 29-55.

185-187. **the—pleasure.** (13, III., 2.) and (12, IV., 4.)

201. **heavily—hinges.** See (12, IV., 4.)

labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and  
 210 density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof  
 achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of  
 a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the  
 Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the  
 215 grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pin-  
 nacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the  
 knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are  
 suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings,  
 and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crim-  
 220 son with the cold, gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of  
 this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder,  
 —his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous  
 tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly-wrought  
 brazen railing.

225 There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this  
 strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of  
 living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which  
 show the dust and oblivion in which all must, sooner or later,  
 terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feel-  
 230 ing of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene  
 of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the  
 vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the  
 rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne  
 before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this  
 235 hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glit-  
 tering with the splendor of jewelled rank and military array;  
 alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring  
 multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had  
 settled upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping  
 240 of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and  
 built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs  
 of solitariness and desertion.

209-210. **weight and density.** Are  
 both words necessary? Give rea-  
 sons.

217-220. Cf. ll. 29-35.

231-238. Observe the balanced  
 structure.

234-238. **the scene — multitude.**  
 To what may the author refer?

When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors: the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the chequered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place;

243-244. **When—they were, etc.** What thought is here omitted?

260, 264, and 268. Why is "Mary" repeated?

245-247. Why does the author select these occupations?

266-267. **weary with wandering.** Comment on the origin of the phrase. 269-272. Cf. ll. 53-55.

253-259. Discuss the historical accuracy of the author's estimate of Elizabeth's treatment of Mary.

270. Criticise the arrangement of the words in this line. 272. **these.** What?

275 "For in the silent grave no conversation,  
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,  
 No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,  
 For nothing is, but all oblivion,  
 Dust, and an endless darkness."

280 Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon  
 the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and  
 rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their  
 volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With  
 what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe  
 285 their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make  
 the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant  
 acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes,  
 and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the  
 soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody.  
 290 They soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play  
 about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again  
 the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing  
 air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-  
 drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It  
 295 grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast  
 pile, and seems to jar the very walls. The ear is stunned, the  
 senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full  
 jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven. The very soul  
 seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of  
 300 harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain  
 of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening  
 were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began  
 to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again  
 305 gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended  
 the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building,

280-300. Note the skilful selection  
 and combination of the words in  
 this passage. Show that it is a  
 remarkable specimen of Onomatopoeia. Note the Ecphonesis (12,  
 IV., 15,) as the author's feelings  
 master him. What are the artistic  
 objects of this description?

301-302. **that kind**—inspire. What  
 must have been the character of the  
 author's thoughts?

306-342. Observe the author's  
 artifice to enable him to generalize  
 his reflections.

my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funereal trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

328-329. **in the dust—multitude.** Comment on the vigor of the language.

330-331. **For—sanctuary.** Observe that this general statement is amplified in the sequence.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapel and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes

343-352. Of. ll. 14-16 and 29-35.

354. **the door—noise.** What may be the artistic reason for the introduction of this incident?

360. Now follows a further gen-

eralization of the author's meditations.

364-365. To whom is the author indebted for the language in the text? Quote the passage.



clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What, then, is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

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1. Classify the essay on Westminster Abbey, and describe its general character. Show that it is both objective and subjective.

2. Develop fully what is meant by describing its style as "elegant."

3. State and illustrate the various means by which the author displays his artistic powers.

4. Refer to the Critical estimate, p. 98, and show to what extent this essay illustrates the peculiarities of the author's genius as stated therein.

5. Point out the passages that are remarkable for their beauty, stating in each case the main sources of excellence.

6. Memorize the description of the music of the organ.

#### COMPOSITION.

Describe, after Irving:—I. The Poets' Corner. II. Henry the Seventh's Chapel. III. Evening in Westminster Abbey.

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## TENNYSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Alfred Tennyson, third son of the late Rev. G. C. Tennyson, was born in 1810 at Somerby, Lincolnshire. He was educated by his father, and proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he won the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem on  
5 "Timbuctoo." With the exception of this juvenile effort and an anonymous volume written in conjunction with his brother Charles, he published nothing till 1830. The ungracious criticism which his earlier productions met with did not discourage him. He continued to write with more care and with ripening powers, and the volume of 1842 at once established his  
10 claim to rank as a poet of a high order. So popular with all classes did he subsequently become, that he was awarded the poet-laureateship on the death of Wordsworth, in 1850. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was also conferred on him in 1855 by the University of Oxford, and in 1869 he was  
15 unanimously elected a Fellow of his own College. Tennyson's youth was passed in the low-lying, marshy region of Lincolnshire—a circumstance which accounts for the character of the landscapes in his earlier poems. For many years, however, he has lived amid the leafy woodlands and blooming meadows of the Isle of Wight, and his changed surroundings are abundantly manifested in his later productions. The poet leads a

quiet, secluded life, taking no part in politics, but, as his works show, keenly interested in the great questions of the day.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Poems chiefly Lyrical* (1830): This volume contained *Claribel, Mariana, Lilian, The Merman, The Owl*, etc., dreamy experiments in metre and word-painting, somewhat marred by affectation and superfluous ornament, and displaying but slightly the earnest and contemplative side of the poet's nature, *Poems* (1832): Among these were *The Miller's Daughter, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, The May Queen, Ænone, The Palace of Art, The Lotos Eaters, and A Dream of Fair Women*. In this volume the Tennysonian manner was fully developed—command of metre, exquisite choice of rhythmical and musical language, and the effective blending of thought and imagery. *Poems* (1842): A revised edition of earlier pieces, with many new ones. Among the latter were *Morte d'Arthur*, now included in the *Idylls of the King, The Gardener's Daughter, Dora, Godiva, St. Simeon Stylites, Ulysses, The Talking Oak, Locksley Hall, The Two Voices, The Vision of Sin, The Day Dream*, and the well-known ballads and songs—*Lady Clare, The Lord of Burligh; Break, break, break!* and *Flow down, cold Rivulet, to the Sea*. Here, too, were *St. Agnes* and *Sir Galahad*—the purest and highest of all his lyrics. *The Princess, a Medley* (1847): An epic with a distinct purpose—the illustration of woman's struggles, aspirations, and proper relation to man. The intervening songs, added in the second edition, constitute the finest group of simple lyrics produced during the present century. *In Memoriam* (1850): The author's most characteristic work—not so ambitious as *The Idylls*, but more markedly the product of our time. In 1833, Tennyson's bosom friend, Arthur Hallam, son of the historian, died at Vienna, and in this now famous elegy the poet's grief found noble expression. In it are emotional reflections on life, death, and immortality, and the world within and without us, with intervening pictures of English scenery and of life spent in cultured ease. "The work consists of a hundred and thirty short lyrics, all representing a phase of the poet's sorrow-brooding thought." *Maud and other Poems* (1855) contained *The Charge of the Light Brigade, Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* (published separately in 1850); *The Brook*, a charming idyll; and *Maud*, a metrical romance in a somewhat dramatic form, which, though full of beauties, is, as a whole, weakly sentimental, and below the level of the author's other productions. *Idylls of the King* (1859-1872): Tennyson's masterpiece; an epic of ideal chivalry. *Enoch Arden and other Poems* (1864): The former is a well-known pathetic tale of domestic life, in the author's purest idyllic style; among the latter are, *Aylmer's Field, Lucretius, Sea Dreams, Tithonus, and The Northern Farmer Ballads*, the last being "dialect poems" of high merit. Tennyson has since published many poems of a miscellaneous character, amongst which are, *The Revenge, De Profundis, Rizpah, and The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*. Of late years, English poets—notably Swinburne and Browning—have sought to renew dramatic vigor. Obeying this impulse, Tennyson produced *Queen Mary* (1875) and *Harold* (1876), which, though they possess high literary merit, cannot be regarded as successful dramas.

CRITICAL.—Tennyson, our greatest living poet, is eminently the representative of the Victorian era. A man of wide and firm intellectual grasp, he has understood his age and its various complex tendencies. The revived taste for beauty in Art and Literature, the social problems of modern life, the various aspects of civilization and progress, democratic self-assertion against the claims of rank and privilege, speculative philosophy and scientific knowledge and their relations to religion and morals—in a word, the culture, thought, and aspirations of the nineteenth century—all furnish him with themes. As an artist in verse, he is the greatest of modern poets. In command of metre, in wealth and exquisite choice of melodious language, he is unsurpassed. So fastidious is his taste, that he often seems discontented with himself when others are willing to believe him perfect. It is not the least of Tennyson's merits that we are indebted to him for the restoration of many Saxon words, which, while they add to the strength of his own style, are valuable accessions to the vocabulary of the English language. His inventive faculty is not high; his genius lies rather in skilful adaptation. There are many instances in his poems of deliberate rendering into verse of what others have said or written—not merely in the groundwork of some of his poems, but occasionally in his epithets and imagery. Tennyson stands at the head of the Idyllic School—of those poets "who largely produce their effect by harmonizing scenery and details with the emotion or impassioned action of the verse": the scenery and the details enhance the thought. His descriptive powers are also unusually excellent. He is a close observer of nature—so close, that by many his references and similes are but imperfectly appreciated. Of humor he has shown little evidence, if we except the admirable portraiture of *The Northern Farmer*. Satire he sometimes affects; but occasionally it borders on spleen or is inspired by sentimentality. Pathos is an abundant element in many of his compositions, reaching even a tragic height in the parting of Arthur and Guinevere. The repose and fastidious care which generally mark his style are, however, incompatible with the manifestation of great emotion; so that, though broad in his sympathies and possessed of a deep insight into the workings of the human soul, he seldom rises to the heights of impassioned utterance. He is the master of meditative, descriptive, and lyrical verse, but lacks the true dramatic faculty—a defect probably attributable not more to the peculiarity of his genius than to his secluded life and the character of the age. Tennyson's poems are always pure and noble in purpose. He has, indeed, proved himself to be the worthy wearer of the

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"laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base."

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## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

INTRODUCTORY.—In 1842 Tennyson published *Morte d'Arthur*, incorporating it afterwards in *The Passing of Arthur*, and in 1859 appeared the first portions of *The Idylls of the King*. Since the latter date, the number has been gradually increased to ten. The poem, which is an epic of chivalry—"the Christian ideal of chivalry deduced from a barbaric source,"—may be read as a mere narrative containing some of the romantic stories that gathered around Arthur, a legendary British king at the time of the English invasion; but there is good reason for believing that Tennyson intended it to be a consistent and coherent allegory, opening with the birth of the soul as portrayed in *The Coming of Arthur*, and closing with its no less mysterious disappearance as recorded in *The Passing of Arthur*. The poet himself speaks of *The Idylls* as

"New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul  
Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,  
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,  
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

The Knights of the Round Table represent the faculties that yield willing subjection to a pure conscience. The uncultivated waste ravaged by wild beasts and overrun by wrong is that against which it is man's duty in this world to fight—the evil which is partly within and partly without him. Throughout the Idylls, the body and its passions continually gain greater sway, till in the end the spirit's earthly work is thwarted and defeated by the flesh. "Baffled and discomfited in its earthly hopes, it sinks in the mist of death, but at eventide there is light and the end is glory." Not only, however, does Arthur typify the soul. It was as a knightly version of the Christ himself that his story attained its wonderful popularity. In the days of chivalry King Arthur was "a blameless king, a kind of human Christ—the royal liberator of his people, who shall surely come again and complete his work—the mystically born king, victorious, defeated, but deathless."

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,  
First made and latest left of all the knights,  
Told, when the man was no more than a voice  
In the white winter of his age, to those  
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

5

LITERARY.—Explain clearly what the author means by an "Idyll." See Critical estimate, page 198, ll. 85-88. Show that throughout the poem the main thought is enhanced by the scenery and other details. Describe the versification, observing closely the cæsural pause. Note that this poem is remarkable for its strength, and that one of the chief means by which the author has secured the

quality is the use of a very copious and expressive Saxon vocabulary.

1. **That story.** Give the force of "That," and parse "story." Give briefly the story as told by Malory.

1-26. What is the percentage of Saxon words in these paragraphs?

3. **no—voice.** Explain. (12, IV., 30.)

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west  
 There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd  
 In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown  
 Along a wandering wind, and past his ear  
 10 Went shrilling "Hollow, hollow all delight!  
 Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.  
 Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.  
 And I am blown along a wandering wind,  
 And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."  
 15 And fainter onward, like wild birds that change  
 Their season in the night and wail their way  
 From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream  
 Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries  
 Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,  
 20 As of some lonely city sack'd by night,  
 When all is lost, and wife and child with wail  
 Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,  
 "Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind.  
 Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries  
 25 Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild  
 Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere, and spake:  
 "O me, my King, let pass whatever will,  
 Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field:  
 30 But in their stead thy name and glory cling  
 To all high places like a golden cloud  
 Forever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.  
 Light was Gawain in life, and light in death

6. **last—west.** What is here symbolized?

8. **Lancelot's war.** Explain. What character did Gawain bear among the Knights? Show that his appearing to Arthur is in accordance with "poetic truth."

10-14. Point out the Imitative Harmony. See also (12, II., 2, a.)

15-17. **change their season.** Explain fully. Why "From cloud to cloud"? Note the aptness of the

author's Similes. See Critical estimate, ll. 89-90.

18. What is meant by "dim cries"? (12, IV., 35.)

20-22. **As—lords.** Observe the additional touches by which the author increases the effect of the simple Simile.

26. **knowing—me.** What is here referred to? Cf. ll. 5, 28-29, and 385.

29-30. **harmless glamour.** Explain. Parse "cling." Why "To all high places"?

Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man ;  
 And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise— 35  
 I hear the steps of Modred in the west,  
 And with him many of thy people and knights  
 Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown  
 Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.  
 Right well in heart they know thee for the King. 40  
 Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 " Far other is this battle in the west  
 Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,  
 And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome, 45  
 Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,  
 And shook him thro' the North. Ill doom is mine  
 To war against my people and my knights.  
 The king who fights his people fights himself.  
 And they, my knights, who loved me once, the stroke 50  
 That strikes them dead is as my death to me,  
 Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way  
 Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw  
 One lying in the dust at Almesbury,  
 Hath folded in the passes of the world." 55

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,  
 And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,  
 Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse—  
 A land of old upheaven from the abyss  
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again ; 60

36-41. What is symbolized by Modred's rebellion?

39. Observe the strong Saxon language.

40. Note the archaic idiom.

45-47. Comment on the historical references.

49. **The king—himself.** Illustrate from history the truth of this statement.

50-51. **they—me.** Point out and account for the grammatical irregu-

larity. (12, IV., 12.) Why are these Archaisms introduced? Explain the Allegorical reference.

53-55. Explain "blind." Who is referred to in "One—Almesbury"? What part of speech is "in," l. 55?

58. Give the prose equivalent of "sunset bound." Comment on the French form of "Lyonesse."

59-61. What characteristic of the author is here displayed? See Critical estimate, l. 72. Explain "to sink—again."

Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,  
 And the long mountains ended in a coast  
 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away  
 The phantom circle of a moaning sea.  
 65 There the pursuer could pursue no more,  
 And he that fled no further fly the King;  
 And there, that day when the great light of heaven  
 Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,  
 On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.  
 70 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.  
 A death-white mist slept over sand and sea:  
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew  
 Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold  
 75 With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell  
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought,  
 For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,  
 And friend slew friend, not knowing whom he slew;  
 And some had visions out of golden youth,  
 80 And some beheld the faces of old ghosts  
 Look in upon the battle; and in the mist  
 Was many a noble deed, many a base,  
 And chance and craft and strength in single fights,  
 And ever and anon with host to host  
 85 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,  
 Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash  
 Of battle-axes on shatter'd helmets, and shrieks  
 After the Christ, of those who falling down

61. **fragments—peoples.** What is the ethnic reference?

64. Show the full force of this line, with special reference to "phantom." Account, from a poetical point of view, for the character of the scenery of this Idyll. See Biographical notice, ll. 14-16, and Critical estimate, ll. 86-89

65-69 Where is the cæsural pause in l. 66. Note the poetic beauty of ll. 67-69. Observe the magnificence of the battle-piece that follows

72. No "mist" is spoken of in Mal-

ory's *Morte*. What is the artistic object of its introduction here? See Critical estimate, ll. 86-89.

73-74. **drew—blood.** Is this description true to nature?

79-81. **some—battle.** Explain fully what is here signified. Note the force of "out of."

85. **Shocks.** Parse. Point out the effects of the figures in the rest of this paragraph.

88. Why "*the* Christ"? Derive "Christ."



·Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist ;  
 And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights, 90  
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,  
 Sweat, writhings, anguish laboring of the lungs  
 In that close mist, and cryings for the light,  
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one death-bed after wail 95  
 Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death  
 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,  
 Save for some whisper of the seething seas,  
 A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day  
 Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came 100  
 A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew  
 The mist aside, and with that wind the tide  
 Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field  
 Of battle : but no man was moving there ;  
 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon, 105  
 Nor yet of heathen ; only the wan wave  
 Brake in among dead faces, to and fro  
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down  
 Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,  
 And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome, 110  
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
 The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,  
 And whiter than the mist that all day long  
 Had held the field of battle was the king : 115  
 " Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,  
 And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,  
 And beats upon the faces of the dead,

94. **voices of the dead.** What are meant ?

96. Show the grammatical relation of " thro' ."

100. Parse " falling."

101. **A bitter wind.** This incident does not occur in Malory's *Morte*. Point out the artistic object of its in-

roduction here. Explain " clear from the North."

106-112. **only—to be.** Note the appropriate beauty of this picture. Why is " that—Rome," l. 110, introduced? Explain l. 112, and parse " to be."

116-118. **this great voice—dead.** Explain by reference to l. 112.

My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?—  
 120 O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n  
 Confusion, till I know not what I am,  
 Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.  
 Behold, I seem but King among the dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,  
 125 King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,  
 There also will I worship thee as king.  
 Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live  
 Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought  
 The heathen back among us, yonder stands,  
 130 Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."

Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom.  
 But call not thou this traitor of my house  
 Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.  
 My house are rather they who sware my vows,  
 135 Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.  
 And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,  
 When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,  
 That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.  
 King am I, whatsoever be their cry;  
 140 And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see  
 Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this, the King  
 Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege  
 Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword  
 Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,  
 145 Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,  
 Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

120-121. **for—Confusion.** What is the grammatical relation of this proposition?

121. What is symbolized by Arthur's "confusion"?

125. **so.** Paraphrase.

128. **who hates.** What is the antecedent of "who"? (12, IV., 7.) Parse "he."

130. **Modred.** Why placed here? (12, I<sup>1</sup>, 2, a.)

132. **of my house.** Point out the difference between the grammatical relations of the phrase here and in l. 130.

137. What was the "purport" of Arthur's throne?

145. What is symbolized by Arthur's sword?

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord, 150  
 King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land : 155  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 " The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 160  
 Where of this world holds record. Such a sleep  
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls 165  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made,—  
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
 To rule once more—but, let what will be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 170  
 That without help I cannot last till morn.  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer morn, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 175

154. **A broken—cross.** Why is the chapel thus represented? See Critical estimate, ll. 89-99.

155-157. Note the effect on the picture of the sentence "the moon was full."

159. **The sequel of to-day.** Explain.

161-162. **Such—loved.** Explain the bearing of this remark.

163. Account for the redundancy in this line.

168-169. **Merlin—again.** Quote Merlin's words. What do they symbolize?

172-183. Why does King Arthur here expect obedience from Sir Bedivere?

173-178. Give a more detailed account of this incident. What is symbolized by "The Lady of the Lake"?

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king;  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 180 In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere :  
 Watch what thou seest and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 185 " It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man ;  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 190 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 195 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 200 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,  
 205 This way and that dividing the swift mind,

179. **told.** What form would be required in prose?

180. **this also.** What?

182. **him.** Remark on the figure.

185. **Sir King.** Account for the title.

191-194. Explain "in the moon," and show its grammatical relation.

Note the change of construction in "over them." What would prose require here?

198-200. **the winter moon—hilt.** Point out the unusual mode of expression.

205-206. **This way—throw.** Explain fully by a paraphrase.

In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd  
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 210

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 " Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?  
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 " I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag. " 215

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
 " Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
 Thy fæalty, nor like a noble knight :  
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
 Yet, now I charge thee, quickly go again,  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 220  
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word. " 225

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote 230  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud :

209. Note the Imitative Harmony.  
 How secured ?

210. See (12, IV., 4.)

214. Explain the use of "bold" in  
 this place.

218. **thy nature and thy name.**  
 Explain.

224. On what plea does King

Arthur now claim obedience from  
 Sir Bedivere ?

229. **Counting**—pebbles. Com-  
 ment on this.

231. **How**—chased. What is the  
 grammatical relation of this ellipti-  
 cal sentence ?

231-232. **smote**—together. What  
 is indicated by this gesture ?

. " And if indeed I cast the brand away  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 235 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?  
 What harm, undone ? Deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 240 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 245 And rumors of a doubt ? But were this kept,  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 250 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

255 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit ;  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
 " What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

260 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 " I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
 " Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,

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233-254. State briefly the argu- | 250-251 **sitting**—**hills**. What is  
 ments by which Sir Bedivere tries | her symbolized ?  
 to convince himself that his course |  
 is proper.

Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! 265  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
 In whom should meet the offices of all, 270  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence: 275  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 280  
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 285  
 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.  
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 290  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the King.

266. **Authority—king.** Explain.  
 268. **what thou art.** State the  
 grammatical relation. Note the  
 Archaism.

273. Give the force of "giddy."

276. The earlier edition reads  
 "throw" for "fling." Give a reason  
 for the change.

277. Observe the course King

Arthur now takes to secure obe-  
 dience. What effect has it on our  
 estimate of his character, even in this  
 weird and desolate hour of seeming  
 failure? What is allegorically signi-  
 fied by Sir Bedivere's disobedience?

284-285. Explain "streamer—  
 morn," and "moving isles of winter  
 shock." For character of Simile  
 see ll. 20-22.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :  
 " Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
 295 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 " Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
 300 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 305 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :  
 " My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
 310 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 315 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words ;  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 320 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,

298. **blind my purpose.** Explain the figure. (12, IV., 21.)

308. What does Arthur's expectation represent allegorically?

314-315. **looking—picture.** Bring out the full force of this effective description.

322-323. **Like—mute.** Cf. ll. 20-22.



Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 325  
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. 330  
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 335  
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
 Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware 340  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose  
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice, an agony 345  
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."  
 So to the barge they came. There those three Queens 350  
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

327-328. **Clothed—hills.** Show that the description is true to life.

331-335. **Dry—heels.** Remark on the Imitative Harmony.

336-337. **And—moon.** Note here the effect produced on all that has preceded by the rich flash of the contrast of this fine picture. Explain "long glories."

342-343. **like a dream.** Show the

effect of this Simile on the description. Explain "by these." Give an account of the three Queens. What in the Allegory do they represent? What is symbolized by the act that has caused their presence?

344. **A cry—stars.** Explain fully the force of "shiver'd" and "tingling," and cf. l. 329.

346-348. **like—world.** Cf. ll. 20-22.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
 355 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,  
 And dropping bitter tears against a brow  
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white  
 And colorless, and like the wither'd moon  
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
 360 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops  
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 365 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 370 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 375 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have not been since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved  
 380 Which was an image of the mighty world,  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

352-353. **the tallest—and fairest.** Which of the three Queens was this? plain the Metaphor. How is it carried out?  
 358-359. **like—east.** Bring out the beauty of this figure, explaining fully "wither'd" and "springing." 377-378. **the light—myrrh.** Explain the reference.  
 380. **Which—world.** Develop this thought.

368. **a star of tournament.** Ex-

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :  
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 385  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou, 390  
 If thou should'st never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 395  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 400  
 But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With those thou seest—if indeed I go  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 405  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 410  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

386-387. **God—world.** "No change, no progress." Develop this generally.

396. **nourish—brain.** Explain.

399-400. **For—God.** Note the extreme beauty of this figure. Develop it fully, show its bearing on what precedes, and quote from other poets similar expressions.

404-409. What is here shadowed forth?

406-409. Note the contrast with the author's previous descriptions of scenery. Explain "crown'd with summer sea." Cf. l. 404.

411-414. **like—webs.** Cf. ll. 20-22.

415 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb  
 The last hard footstep of that iron crag;  
 420 Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,  
 "He passes to be King among the dead,  
 And after healing of his grievous wound  
 He comes again; but—if he come no more—  
 O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,  
 425 Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed  
 On that high day, when, clothed with living light,  
 They stood before his throne in silence, friends  
 Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint  
 430 As from beyond the limit of the world,  
 Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
 Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
 Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb  
 435 Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,  
 Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,  
 Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,  
 Down that long water opening on the deep  
 Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go  
 440 From less to less and vanish into light.  
 And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

416. **verge of dawn.** Explain.

417. Here originally the poem ended. 'The author's sense of proportion urged him to bring out fully the moral of the Allegory.' Explain.

418. **clomb.** Why are such forms introduced?

423. See (12, IV., 36)

424-428. Give a full account of the

event here referred to, explaining "high day," and "clothed—light."

429-433. What does this shadow forth?

438. **the deep.** What is here symbolized?

442. Develop the bearing of this line on the meaning of the poem. Cf. ll. 385-387. Why is the poem called "The Passing of Arthur"?

## SIR GALAHAD.

INTRODUCTORY.—In King Arthur's great hall at Camelot "stood a vacant chair, fashioned by Merlin," and called "The Siege Perilous," in which "no man could sit but he should lose himself." In this sat down one summer's eve Sir Galahad, the purest of Arthur's knights, crying, "If I lose myself, I save myself." Then all at once were heard—

"A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and overhead  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the hall  
A beam of light, seven times more clear than day  
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail  
All over covered with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it past."

Thereupon many of the assembled knights sware each a vow that, because he had not seen the Grail, he would ride a twelvemonth and a day in quest of it. This vow Sir Galahad also sware; for though he had seen it, he had heard a cry—

"O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me!"

Throughout Sir Galahad's quest, the "Holy Thing" never failed from his side, nor, as he tells Sir Percivale, come

"Covered, but moving with me night and day,  
Fainter by day, but always in the night  
Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh  
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain top  
Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below  
Blood-red. And in this strength I rode,  
Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
And past thro' Pagan realms, and made them mine;  
And clashed with Pagan hordes, and bore them down,  
And broke thro' all."

In the end the heavens open and blaze with thunder, such as seemed "the shoutings of the sons of God," and Sir Galahad, "in silver-shining armor, starry clear," passes through the gates, and is crowned king "far in the Spiritual City." By a stainless idealization of his theme, the poet expresses in the following lyrical monologue the exultant rapture of the maiden knight, who is "almost as much a mystic as soldier; both a monk and a warrior of the ideal type." *Sir Galahad* must be recited "with a clarion voice, ere one can fully appreciate the sounding melody, the knightly, heroic ring."

My good blade carves the casques of men  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,

LITERARY.—Describe the versification, and scan ll. 1-4. Note the Middle Rhymes in the last line but one of each stanza. Which final word is without its corresponding rhyme? Observe closely the peculiar use of Alliteration for metrical purposes. Note throughout the poem the frequent Imitative Harmony.

1-2. What metrical effect here?

ELOCUTIONARY.—What Quality, Force, Pitch, and Time are required?

My strength is as the strength of ten,  
 Because my heart is pure.  
 5 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,  
 The horse and rider reel;  
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
 10 And when the tide of combat stands,  
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
 On whom their favors fall!  
 15 For them I battle till the end,  
 To save from shame and thrall;  
 But all my heart is drawn above,  
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:  
 I never felt the kiss of love,  
 20 Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
 A virgin heart in work and will.

4. What characteristic of Sir Galahad is here displayed? Show that it is poetically just.

5-9. Cf. ll. 1 and 2. Explain the epithets "shattering" and "high."

5-12. What bearing have these lines on the unity of the poem? (12, III., 5.) What has suggested the picture?

13-24. Contrast the Harmony of this stanza with that of the preceding one. (13, III., 1 and 2.)

17-20. Bring out the full force of this in contrast with the preceding lines. What characteristic of Sir Galahad is here displayed? Observe throughout the repetition of the personal reference. Is it poetically just? Cf. l. 4.

21-24. Show that these four lines contain the central thoughts of the poem. Explain "So." Mark the nobility of sentiment in ll. 23 and 24.

3. Pause after "My strength." Emphasize "ten."

10. What inflection on "stands"? 17. **heart—above.** Emphatic.

22. Pause after "me." Emphasize "mightier," "move," "thrill."

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25  
 A light before me swims.  
 Between dark stems the forest glows,  
 I hear a noise of hymns;  
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
 I hear a voice, but none are there; 30  
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
 The tapers burning fair.  
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
 The silver vessels sparkle clean.  
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35  
 And solemn chants resound between:

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
 I find a magic bark;  
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers.  
 I float till all is dark. 40  
 A gentle sound, an awful light!  
 Three angels bear the Holy Grail:  
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
 On sleeping wings they sail.  
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! 45  
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
 As down dark tides the glory slides,  
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

25. To thoroughly understand what follows, it is important to know the trait in Sir Galahad's character, which the poet hereafter develops. Explain. See Introductory.

25. **stormy crescent.** "What? Why "stormy"?"

26-28. Account for this illusion. **Noise.** Explain. Note that Coleridge speaks of "a noise as of a hidden brook, that to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune." How does the "forest" glow between "dark stems"?

30. **I hear—there.** Explain.

33-34. See (12. IV., 27.)

38. **magic bark.** What makes this "a magic bark"?

42. Give an account of the Holy Grail. Who were supposed to be able to see it?

46. **My spirit—bars.** Paraphrase this, and bring out fully the meaning of "beats" and "bars." Illustrate by quotations

25. Pause after "down." 30. **Voice, none.** What inflection?

36. Slowly and solemnly. 41-44. Gentle force.

50 When on my goodly charger borne  
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,  
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
 The streets are dumb with snow.  
 The tempest crackles on the leads,  
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail  
 55 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
 And gilds the driving hail.  
 I leave the plain, I climb the height ;  
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;  
 But blessed forms in whistling storms  
 60 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
 Such hope, I know not fear ;  
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
 That often meet me here.  
 65 I muse on joy that will not cease,  
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
 Whose odors haunt my dreams ;  
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
 70 This mortal armor that I wear,  
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
 Are touch'd, are turned to finest air.

75 The clouds are broken in the sky,  
 And through the mountain-walls  
 A rolling organ-harmony  
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.

49-60. Note the use of Contrast throughout this stanza.

51. Why is the "Christmas morn" especially referred to? Show that it is relevant to what follows.

61-72. Observe in this and the following stanza the increasing spiritual rapture.

66-68. Explain this beautiful passage, with especial reference to

"clothed in living beams," and "lilies of eternal peace."

69-72. What, in ordinary life, corresponds remotely to this condition of rapt enthusiasm? What is symbolized by the phrase "stricken by an angel's hand"?

73-80. What is shadowed forth by these lines?

75-76. Orotund. Why?



Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear ;  
 "O just and faithful knight of God !  
 Ride on ! the prize is near."  
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;  
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

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THE EAGLE.

Fragment.

HE clasps the crag with crookèd hands ;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
 He watches from his mountain walls,  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

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1. Give an account of the Arthurian legends. What other poets have dealt with the subject? What characteristic of the Victorian age does Tennyson's mode of treatment indicate?

2. Show wherein Tennyson's account of "The Passing" differs from Malory's in the "Morte," and account for the omissions and changes.

3. Develop as fully as possible the Allegory as applied to "The Passing."

4. Show that Tennyson has conformed his poem to the definition of an idyll.

5. Name Tennyson's other Arthurian Idylls, and trace the Allegory throughout the series.

6. What characteristics of the Victorian age do the preceding poems illustrate? (See English Literature Primer, pp. 166-167.)

7. Memorize "Sir Galahad."

COMPOSITION.

Write a criticism of Tennyson's characteristics, basing the composition solely on those peculiarities mentioned in the Critical estimate which have been brought out by the questions, and on any other points that may have been developed in the course of the lessons.

## THE SEA-LIMITS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In his essay on Rosetti, Mr. Swinburne says:—"The Sea-Limits' has the solemn weight and depth in it of living water, and a sound like the speech of the sea when the wind is silent. The very note of that world-old harmony is caught and cast into words,

"Consider the sea's listless chime:  
Time's self it is, made audible:  
The murmur of the earth's own shell."

This little verse also has the

"Secret continuance sublime,"

which 'is the sea's end;' it too is a living thing with an echo beyond reach of the sense, its chord of sound one part of the multiform unity of mutual inclusion in which all things rest and mix; like the sigh of the shaken shell, it utters 'the same desire and mystery' as earth through its woods, and water through its waves, and man through his multitudes; it too has in it a breath of the life immeasurable and imperishable."

CONSIDER the sea's listless chime:  
Time's self it is, made audible,—  
The murmur of the earth's own shell.  
Secret continuance sublime  
5 Is the sea's end: our sight may pass  
No furlong further. Since time was,  
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath  
The mournfulness of ancient life,  
10 Enduring always at dull strife.  
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,  
Its painful pulse is in the sands.  
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,  
Gray and not known, along its path.

15 Listen alone beside the sea,  
Listen alone among the woods;  
Those voices of twin solitudes  
Shall have one sound alike to thee:  
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men  
20 Surge and sink back and surge again,—  
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach,  
 And listen at its lips: they sigh  
 The same desire and mystery,  
 The echo of the whole sea's speech. 25  
 And all mankind is thus at heart  
 Not anything but what thou art:  
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti.*

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SONNETS.

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AUTUMN IDLENESS.

THIS sunlight shames November where he grieves  
 In dead red leaves, and will not let him shun  
 The day, though bough with bough be over-run.  
 But with a blessing every glade receives  
 High salutation; while from hillock-eaves 5  
 The deer gaze calling, dappled white and dun,  
 As if, being foresters of old, the sun  
 Had marked them with the shade of forest leaves.

Here dawn to-day unveiled her magic glass;  
 Here noon now gives the thirst and takes the dew; 10  
 Till eve bring rest when other good things pass.  
 And here the lost hours the lost hours renew,  
 While I still lead my shadow o'er the grass,  
 Nor know, for longing, that which I should do.

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti.*

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LOST DAYS.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
 What were they, could I see them on the street  
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?  
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay? 5

Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet ?  
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway ?

I do not see them here ; but after death  
 10 God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.

“ I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me ? ”

“ And I—and I—thyself,” (lo ! each one saith,)

“ And thou thyself to all eternity ! ”

—*Dante Gabriel Rosetti.*

. APRIL.

From “ The Earthly Paradise.”

O FAIR midspring, besung so oft and oft,  
 How can I praise thy loveliness enow ?  
 Thy sun that burns not, and thy breezes soft  
 That o'er the blossoms of the orchard blow,  
 5 The thousand things that 'neath the young leaves grow,  
 The hopes and chances of the growing year,  
 Winter forgotten long, and summer near.

When Summer brings the lily and the rose,  
 She brings us fear ; her very death she brings  
 10 Hid in her anxious heart, the forge of woes ;  
 And, dull with fear, no more the mavis sings.  
 But thou ! thou diest not, but thy fresh life clings  
 About the fainting autumn's sweet decay,  
 When in the earth the hopeful seed they lay.

Ah ! life of all the year, why yet do I  
 15 Amid thy snowy blossoms' fragrant drift,  
 Still long for that which never draweth nigh,  
 Striving my pleasure from my pain to sift,  
 Some weight from off my fluttering mirth to lift ?  
 20 —Now, when far bells are ringing, “ Come again,  
 Come back, past years ! why will ye pass in vain ? ”

—*William Morris.*



## HUXLEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Thomas Henry Huxley was born on the 4th of May, 1825, at Ealing, Middlesex, England, where he received his early education. For the rest he is indebted chiefly to the works of Carlyle and Mill, to the diligent study of German literature, and to the example and careful training of Wharton Jones, a distinguished English physiologist and anatomist. When quite a youth, Huxley commenced the study of medicine under his brother-in-law, a physician of some standing, and from 1842 to 1845 continued his education at Sydenham College and at Charing Cross Hospital Medical School. Being too young to take his degree in 1846, he sought and obtained an appointment in connection with the Haslar Naval Hospital, near Portsmouth. Later, in the same year, he became Assistant-Surgeon in H. M. S. "Rattlesnake," then bound on an exploring expedition off the coast of Australia. During his five years' voyage he collected a great amount of important scientific information, and sent home notes of his observations, which were published in the "Philosophical Transactions." So highly were his communications valued, that in 1851 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and soon afterwards received one of its medals. Huxley had now achieved a high reputation as a naturalist and comparative anatomist, and in 1854 was appointed to the Chair of Natural History at the Royal School of Mines. In the following

year he became Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution, and he has since filled the Hunterian Chair of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in connection with the Royal College of Surgeons. On the London School Board, of which he was elected a member in 1870, he  
 25 strongly opposed denominational teaching in State Education. He has held the highest positions in various scientific Societies, and, by his lectures before these and other institutions, has done much to popularize the study of Natural Science, and to promote University education in England.

30 PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Observations on Glaciers* (1857): A work written conjointly with Tyndall, and printed in the "Philosophical Transactions." *On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull* (1858): A lecture delivered before the Royal Society. *The Oceanic Hydrozoa* (1859): A description of certain marine animals observed during his voyage in the "Rattlesnake." *Evidence*  
 35 *as to Man's Place in Nature* (1863): This volume consists of three essays summing up the facts, which of late years have been the subject of dispute, in regard to anatomical resemblances between man and the anthropoid apes. In noticing Darwin's doctrine of Evolution, the author expresses his conviction that, "if not precisely true, the hypothesis is as near the truth as,  
 40 for example, the Copernican hypothesis was to the true theory of the planetary motions." His views on this question, however, have been vigorously combated. *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy* (1864). *Lessons on Elementary Physiology* (1866). *An Introduction to the Classification of Animals* (1869). *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews* (1870): A collection of  
 45 Addresses, etc., delivered from 1854 to 1870, some of which, especially the Lay Sermon *On the Physical Basis of Life*, had provoked stormy criticism, and obtained for the author a large amount of notoriety. *Manual of the Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals* (1871). *Critiques and Addresses* (1873): A volume similar to that of 1870. *Elementary Biology* (1875). *Hume* (1879):  
 50 A Biography contributed to the "English Men of Letters Series," and an Analysis of Hume's Philosophy. *Scientific Culture and other Essays* (1881): Another volume of miscellaneous lectures and addresses. Besides the preceding, Professor Huxley has written several works of minor importance, and is the author of numerous papers published in the Transactions  
 55 and Journals of the Royal, the Linnæan, the Geological, and the Zoological Society, and in the Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain.

CRITICAL.—The Victorian age is the age of Science. For the last fifty years the study of nature has engrossed the attention of many of the most active intellects, and its influence has been felt in all departments of human  
 60 thought. Of the leaders in the movement, Professor Huxley is one of the most eminent, and in his knowledge of Palæontology and Comparative Anatomy he stands almost unrivalled. As a writer and lecturer he is remarkable for the clearness and conciseness of his style, and for his ability to present the most abstruse subjects in simple, graceful language.  
 65 Like Tyndall, he is a good illustration of the modern union of Science and

Literature. some of his compositions being conceived in the spirit of a poet, and adorned with all the devices of a literary artist. A bold and active inquirer, he is also an admirable representative of the spirit of modern philosophy. "Men of Science," he says, "do not pledge themselves to creeds; they are bound by articles of no sort; there is not a single belief that it is not a bounden duty with them to hold with a light hand, and to part with cheerfully the moment it is really proved to be contrary to any fact, great or small." But Professor Huxley himself is conspicuous no less for the caution with which he weighs his facts before deducing a conclusion, than for the conscientious fearlessness with which he enunciates it when deliberately formed.

### THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT IN MODERN THOUGHT.

From "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge,"

THIS time two hundred years ago—in the beginning of January, 1666—those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities: one not quite past, although its fury had abated: the other to come.

Within a few yards of the very spot on which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664: and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England, and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what happened in those dismal months; and in that truest of fictions, *The History of the Plague Year*, Defoe

LITERARY.—In what year was this address delivered? Throughout the selection point out the author's skill as shown in his choice of language and sentences, his use of figurative language, and his ability to pass with graceful ease from one paragraph to another.

1-5. Note the means the author takes in this paragraph to excite attention. How many of the following paragraphs are directly expository of this one.

1-19. Classify the sentences in these paragraphs. Show wherein the lan-

guage differs from that of ordinary prose.

2-3. **this—city.** What city? Show that "shocks" is apt.

6-19. Show that this paragraph illustrates Critical estimate, ll. 62-67.

8. Distinguish "latter" from "later."

9. **no new visitor.** Justify this statement.

9-11. Point out, with reasons, a better arrangement of the phrases in the text.

13. **truest of fictions.** Explain fully this criticism.

shows Death, with every accompaniment of pain and terror, 15 stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

20 But, about this time in 1666, the death-rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people began to toil at the accustomed round of duty 25 or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigor.

The newly-kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the 30 Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes, and the indestructible energy of the people, were all that remained of the glory of five-sixths of the city within the walls.

35 Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man,—as the 40 work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favor of loyalty or of Puritanism.

17. **fifty thousand dead.** What kind of statement would a purely scientific exposition require?

24-25. Explain the use of "toil" in connection with "pleasure." Criticise "bid."

25-27. **the stream—vigor.** Distinguish the meaning and character of this sentence from those of the preceding one.

28-31. **The—deceitful.** Observe that this thought has been anticipated in the previous sentence, and is specialized in what follows. It

will be noticed throughout that the author passes gracefully and easily from one paragraph to another. See (12, III., 3 and 7.) Account for the use of "indestructible."

35-41. Compare the structure of this paragraph with that of the preceding one.

38. **towards the fire.** Why placed thus in the sentence?

39-41. **as the work—Puritanism.** Comment on this from an historical point of view.



It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you—that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious, sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control—so evidently the result of the wrath of God or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy. . . .

We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage. Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later times, have learned somewhat of Nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhus is our companion and cholera our visitor. But it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of

42. Explain the use of "It."

42-53. Break up this sentence into short ones, and thus show the author's skill in condensation.

47. **in their sense.** Bring out fully the force of this phrase.

54-56. **We—them.** Criticise the order of the words. See also (12, III., 3.) What is the Allusion in "unswept and ungarnished"?

54-73. Point out in this paragraph the deviations from the "dry style" of scientific exposition.

56-59. **Their.** Whose? See (12, IV., 23) and (12, III., 2.)

59-61. **The London—cities.** See (12, IV., 25.)

63. **natural knowledge.** Explain.

64. **fractional obedience.** How also expressed?

62-66. **Because—visitor.** Note the balanced structure. (12, III., 2.)

66. Show the force of "companion" and "visitor." Cf. "enduring dwelling," l. 61.

70 freedom from typhus and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of ignorance of that plague which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not  
75 fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of  
80 the course of Nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of Nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incor-  
85 porated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material  
90 civilization; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for no other reward than this, I cannot confess that I was guilty of exaggeration when I hinted that to him who had the gift of distinguishing  
between prominent events and important events, the origin of  
95 a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and

74-82. Show how the author emphasizes his confidence in his opinions. (12, IV., 23 and 29.)

74-100. Point out in these paragraphs the deviations from the "dry style" of scientific exposition.

80. **the countrymen of Milton.** Account for the use of this phrase.

85-86. **household words—actions.** Illustrate what is meant.

89-90. **resources—civilization.** Explain, and name other kinds of civilization.

90-92. **admitting—this.** Comment on this admission. Distinguish "granting" from "admitting."

93. Explain the force of the tense of "had."

94. Illustrate the difference between "prominent events" and "important events." What is the test of the historical importance of an event? What is meant by "historical proportion"?

95-96. **a combined—knowledge.** Explain the reference, and classify according to the author the events dealt with in this paragraph.

have outshone the glare of the Fire ; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

100

It is very certain that, for every victim slain by the Plague, hundreds of mankind exist, and find a fair share of happiness in the world, by the aid of the spinning-jenny. And the Great Fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam-pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

But spinning-jenny and steam-pump are, after all, but toys, possessing an accidental value ; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. . . .

I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature : when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both ; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it ; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go ; that light and heat come and go with the sun ; that sticks burn away in a fire ; that plants and animals grow and die ; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow, he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return ; while if he offered him a fruit, he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor

101-108. What bearing have the thoughts in this paragraph on what precedes it ?

109-110. **after all.** Paraphrase. Explain " toys—value."

111-113. **more subtle—wealth.** Illustrate this statement.

114-116. **I cannot—Nature.** See (12, III., 3.)

125-128. **When—sketched.** Show that this sentence generalizes the statements in the preceding one.

128-129. **Nor—bud.** Express without using figurative language. Why is this subject dealt with separately ?

did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud.  
 130 Listen to words which, though new, are yet three thousand  
 years old :

135 " . . . When in heaven the stars about the moon  
 Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
 And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
 And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
 Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
 Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart."

If the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is  
 irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that  
 140 upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow,—the  
 little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a  
 spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable;  
 seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfec-  
 145 tions that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be  
 realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this  
 consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open  
 secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all  
 religion ; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished  
 by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies.

150 Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the founda-  
 tions of all knowledge, secular or sacred, were laid when  
 intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for  
 long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the  
 existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of  
 155 governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there  
 were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented  
 a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order  
 ruled, at any rate, among them. I doubt if the grossest of

130-131. **Listen—old.** Explain fully the reference.

132-137. Cf. "Thanatopsis," page 92, ll. 1-3.

138. **our feelings.** Express these in simple language.

140. **a certain sorrow.** By what phrase in this paragraph does the author express the cause of this sorrow ?

145-149. **But—theologies.** Comment on the author's view as to the

origin of "the higher theologies." Explain "open secret." What is meant by "forms furnished by the intellect" ?

150-155. **Thus—universe.** What relation does this statement bear to the preceding context? Note that it affords also a graceful means of transition to a further development of the author's theory.

158. **at any rate.** Paraphrase so as to bring out the meaning.

fetich-worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly questionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views. 160

But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions, and came to look upon the world, and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing. And we may now consider what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honor and bettering man's estate." 165 170 175 180

For example: what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent, from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But 185

163. **positive.** Explain clearly.

164-181. State briefly the subject of this paragraph. How does the author establish his thesis?

167 **nor—so.** Why is this true?

168. **apparently uncaused will.** Explain and show the bearing it has on what follows.

176-181 **And we—estate.** Why "now"? Observe the transitional nature of this sentence. Whom does the author mean by 'men who have reached this stage,' etc.?

182. **For example.** Of what?

182-183. Show from what follows the full force of "wiser—one."

182-206. Develop the scientific conclusions stated in this paragraph. State the "beliefs of their fathers" which are at variance with these. Classify the sentences.

182-231. Remark on the general resemblance in the structure of these paragraphs. Point out in detail the "bread" and the "ideas" referred to in l. 208.

what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy,—which of all sciences has filled men's minds with  
 190 general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy,—  
 which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither,  
 195 through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to  
 200 have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our  
 205 conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what  
 210 more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? But out of pumps grew the discussions about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that Nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the  
 215 force which produces weight is coextensive with the universe,—in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force; while learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen; and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

220 Again, what simpler or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the

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207-208. Observe the character of the transition, and see (12, III., 3). Explain clearly "ask—ideas," and account for the phraseology.

208-260. Trace throughout the author's course of reasoning and develop ll. 176-181, "And we—estate."

wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig-drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them! Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence, or indestructibility, of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge, of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to be infringed.

And how has it fared with "Physick" and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind,—have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear they are worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the practical eternity of the duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biology have not only accepted all these, but have added more startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system, so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human

233. Note again the graceful transition, and see (12, III., 3).

237-238. **have—useful?** In what other form has this question been put? Why is "they" used? (12, V., 1, b.)

240-260. The various doctrines herein stated should be fully explained, and contrasted with former and other doctrines. The sense in which, and the extent to which, they have met with general acceptance, must also be clearly shown.

255 experience, are infinite. Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phenomenon; and, wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in  
260 the rest of Nature. . . .

Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the  
265 conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing in the  
270 globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Moreover every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe—which is embodied in what is called, by  
275 an unhappy metaphor, the laws of Nature—an to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

Whether these ideas are well or ill-founded is not the  
280 question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

261 8. Observe that this paragraph sums up the principal conclusions preached in this "Lay Sermon." Note also that it contains a statement of many of the doctrines held by the most advanced school of Victorian scientists.

275. Why "an unhappy metaphor"?

279-284. What being has this paragraph on the rest of the selection?

282-283. And if so. Bring out by a paraphrase the meaning of "so." Observe that the author says "changing," not "destroying" the form," etc.



- 1 Explain what is meant by a "Lay Sermon." Show that the preceding selection is one. Who was our first "Lay Preacher"?
- 2 State in detail, as pointed out by Huxley, the "new conceptions imparted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge."
- 3 Show that Huxley is "a good illustration of the modern union of Science and Literature," and point out marked examples of his literary taste and skill.
- 4 What characteristics of the Victorian age does the preceding selection illustrate?

## COMPOSITION.

- 1 Make a list of the subjects of the leading paragraphs in the selection.
- 2 With the preceding as heads reproduce the "Lay Sermon," developing clearly the author's line of argument.

## PRAYER.

THERE is an awful quiet in the air  
 And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,  
 Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,  
 Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.  
 We see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,  
 Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,  
 Upholds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies  
 Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare  
 Spacious ether,—so it fades away,  
 And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,  
 The undistinguishable waste of day;  
 So have I dreamed! Oh! may the dream be true!—  
 That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,  
 And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.  
—Hartley Coleridge.

## A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,  
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,  
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,  
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.  
 5 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses  
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed  
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses  
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,  
 10 To the low last edge of the long lone land.  
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,  
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand  
 So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,  
 Through branches and briers if a man make way,  
 15 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless  
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled  
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb  
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled  
 20 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.  
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken ;  
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.  
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,  
 These remain.

25 Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not ;  
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry ;  
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,  
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.  
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither  
 30 Rings but the note of sea-bird's song ;  
 Only the sun and the rain come hither  
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels  
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.  
 Only the wind here hovers and revels 35  
 In a round where life seems barren as death.  
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,  
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,  
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping  
 Years ago. 40

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"  
 Did he whisper? "Look forth from the flowers to the sea;  
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,  
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?"  
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened, 45  
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,  
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,  
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?  
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows? 50  
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,  
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.  
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?  
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?  
 They are loveless now as the grass above them 55  
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,  
 Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.  
 Not a breath of the time that has been hovers  
 In the air now soft with a summer to be. 60  
 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter  
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,  
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter,  
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever; 65  
 Here change may come not till all change end.  
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,  
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.

Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,  
 70 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;  
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing  
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,  
 Till terrace and meadow, the deep gulfs drink,  
 75 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble  
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,  
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,  
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,  
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,  
 80 Death lies dead.

—*Algernon Swinburne.*

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GRASSES.

MINUTE, granular, feathery, or downy seed vessels, mingling  
 quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing  
 grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields ; and casting softness  
 of plummy mist along their surfaces far away ; mysterious ever-  
 5 more, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon,  
 but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little  
 belfry of grainbells, all a-chime.

Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute  
 quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Noth-  
 10 ing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very  
 little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate  
 long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but  
 blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently  
 much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship, made only  
 15 to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the  
 oven—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid,  
 leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think  
 of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that  
 beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleas-  
 20 ant to the eyes, or good for food—stately palm and pine,

strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears. The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths—the rest in noonday heat—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sun-light upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust. Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices—all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the spring-time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller Gentians, and the white Narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

—John Ruskin.



## BROWNING.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Robert Browning was born on the 7th of May, 1812, in Camberwell, one of the suburbs of London. He was educated partly at a private school and partly under a tutor at home, and attended a few of the first lectures delivered in London University. Literature he deliberately  
5 adopted as a profession, his father, a man of cultivation, allowing him to choose for himself. So early did the poet begin to write, that by the time he was twelve years old he had composed enough to make a small volume. These early productions, written under the influence of boyish admiration for Byron, showed evidence of genius, but failed to find a publisher, though  
10 he used every effort to secure one. At the age of thirteen he met with the works of Shelley and Keats, and the study of these authors completely revolutionized his taste. For some time afterwards his brain was full of colossal schemes for poems. He planned a whole series, and even sketched the details of several; but none of his productions saw the light till Janu-  
15 ary, 1833, when his first poem, *Pauline*, was published anonymously. This volume, however, like many of his subsequent ones, met with little favor. The following year he travelled on the Continent, making a long stay at St. Petersburg, and in 1838 and 1844 visited Italy, where he became thoroughly acquainted with the country, its people, and its literature.

Thither he returned from London in 1846, after his marriage with the poetess, Elizabeth B. M. Barrett. Mrs. Browning died at Florence in 1861, and soon afterwards the poet took up his residence in London, where he still lives, the intimate and esteemed friend of the most distinguished men of the day.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Pauline* (1833): According to the author, "a fragment of a confession." It exhibits that devotion to analysis of the human soul which is characteristic of his later works. *Paracelsus* (1835): A drama similar in character to the preceding, and delineating the history of a soul which desired to reach a high ideal of perfection, but which was thwarted and baffled in the pursuit. *Strafford* (1837): An historical drama, the part of the leading character, the Earl of Strafford, being taken by Macready, to whom the play was dedicated. *Sordello* (1840): A return to the author's former mode of analysis, in the form of a narrative, with added beauties of expression, and aggravated defects in clearness. *Bells and Pomegranates* (1841-1846): A collection of dramas and dramatic lyrics published in the following order:—*Pippa Passes*—Pippa is an Italian peasant girl from a silk factory, who, throughout a New Year's day, passes the different characters in the drama at critical moments in their lives, and unconsciously becomes a determining influence on their future. *King Victor and King Charles*: A tragedy in four acts. *Dramatic Lyrics*: A series of abrupt but graphic pictures of human character and passion, containing *My Last Duchess* and the well-known poem *How they brought the Good News from Ghent*. *The Return of the Druses*: A tragedy founded on a half-Venetian, half-Oriental legend. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*: Another of Browning's ineffectual efforts to obtain a hold on the stage. *Colombe's Birthday*: A play founded on the story of a young duchess, who, on her birthday, surrenders her inheritance to a princely claimant, and becomes the wife of a poor advocate. *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*: This volume contains *An Incident at Ratisbon*, and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*. *Luria, A Soul's Tragedy*: The hero of Luria is a Moor, another Othello, but of Florence instead of Venice; the aim of the latter poem is to draw the distinction between principle and sentiment as sources of human action. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*: A poem in two monologues, with a large amount of narrative. *Men and Women* (1855): Fifty short poems. *Dramatis Personæ* (1864): Another collection of character sketches, similar to the preceding. *The Ring and the Book* (1868): The most elaborate and characteristic of Browning's works. It is the story of a tragedy which took place at Rome in 1698, told from different points of view by different narrators in ten psychological monologues (not including the author's Prologue and Epilogue). "The Book" is the record of the murder, which he says he found in an "old square yellow book" in a stall in Florence. From the gold of the old tale he has made a "Ring," by which he aspires to strengthen the tie between Italy and England, "adding another bond to the sympathies so often and so strongly awakened by his poetess wife in fiery bursts of lyric poetry." Since the publication of *The Ring and the*

*Book*, Browning has produced *Pipine at the Fair*; two dramas on Greek subjects; a very fine translation of one of Æschylus' plays; *Red-Cotton Night-cap Country*: A true story of Brittany; several series of *Dramatic Lyrics*; and one or two poems of minor importance.

- 70 CRITICAL.—Browning stands at the head of what is called "The Psychological School of Poetry." With few exceptions, he confines himself to the workings of the human soul—that is, man's moral and intellectual nature—treating them with wonderful care and minuteness. In his longer works, he uses what is known as the "Dramatic Monologue;" that is, in  
 75 what one speaker says, some point of interest in the history of a soul is taken up by the poet. The character generally speaks for himself all that is spoken, thus developing his nature and showing the hidden springs of action. In the course of the monologue, everything is brought out that bears on the subject, and the actions of other human beings are indicated by  
 80 some detail on the part of the speaker, or by some artifice, such as a sudden change in the tone of the monologue, which shows us that the person addressed has said or done something. Sometimes, also, the actual speaker devotes himself, in a similar way, to the analysis of another soul. The psychological poet reveals, also, in the monologue of each of his characters,  
 85 what by other dramatists is indicated by action or by change of scenery. Various opinions have been held as to Browning's abilities. Some put him on a level with Shakespeare, while others deny his claims to rank as a great poet. Of late years, however it has been generally admitted that, though in execution he is uneven, his dramatic talent, and originality and  
 90 subtlety of thought, entitle him to a high place in the ranks of modern poets. "Browning's muse is metaphysical, dealing with the spiritual problems of life and death, immortality and judgment. His thought is earnest and nervous, and his utterance precise, manly, and vigorous, rather than smooth and elegant." Neither his subjects nor his style, however,  
 95 recommend him to the general reader. His odd types of character, and tales of Italian life and repulsive crimes; his taste for dry, metaphysical topics, and the eccentricities and frequent obscurity of his style—all combine to render his works unpopular with any but the studious and intellectual. His rhymes, too are often grotesque and his verse-style lame  
 100 ragged, and unmusical. This, however, is evidently the result of intention; for some of his minor lyrics are graceful and melodious. In humor and satire he abounds; and the reader soon finds that his eccentricities are not incompatible with nobility of purpose, wide sympathies, and even tenderness of feeling.



## MY LAST DUCHESS.

FERRARA

◀INTRODUCTORY.—The following dramatic monologue is a graphic picture of an Italian Duke's character, drawn by himself, and reflecting with wonderful art the action and surroundings. The Duke, showing the portrait of his late wife, is entertaining the emissary of his next wife's father.

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
 Looking as if she were alive. I call  
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands  
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said,  
 "Frà Pandolf" by design: for never read  
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,  
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first

5

10

LITERARY.—What is meant by a Dramatic Monologue? Describe the versification of this poem, and scan ll. 1-4. What are the attitudes of the Duke and his visitor when the poem opens?

1-4. With what feelings does the Duke regard the picture? Note the touches in "my last," "That piece a wonder, now," and "there she stands."

5. **Will't—her?** Describe the Duke's gestures. What would you infer as to his character from his language so far? How has the visitor been affected by the picture? See ll. 12-13.

6. Why has the Duke said "Frà Pandolf" designedly? Cf. ll. 11-12. What tense is "read"?

8 and 13-34. Observe that through the poem the Duke lets us see not only his own nature but also that of his late wife.

9-10. **to myself.** Note that the clause in brackets explains the reason for using this phrase. **they turned.** Who? What may be inferred from the clause in brackets as to the Duke's domestic character? Note also the frequent personal reference.

11. **if they durst.** What further light have we on his character? Why does he treat his present visitor with so much condescension?

12. **such a glance.** Describe the expression of the Duchess's face as portrayed in the picture.

ELOCUTIONARY.—Read in conversational pure tone.

3. Is "now" emphatic? 7. **countenance.** What inflection?

9. Read the parenthetic clause in a lower pitch. Return to the pitch of "turned" on "and seemed."

Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
 15 Of joy into the Duchess's cheek: perhaps  
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps  
 "Over my lady's wrist too much," or, "Paint  
 "Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
 "Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff  
 20 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,  
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
 25 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,  
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,  
 The bough of cherries some officious fool  
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
 30 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked  
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked  
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name  
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame

13. **to turn—thus.** When did this take place? Explain "thus." Note form of address—"Sir."

13-14. **'twas not—only.** Why is the Duke not of a jealous disposition?

19-21. **dies along her throat.** Explain. **stuff** and **she thought.** Note these touches. What do they indicate as to the Duke's and the Duchess's character? What emotion now influences the former?

22. **how shall I say?** What inference may we draw as to the Duke's nature from his hesitancy here? Cf. 35-36—"skill—not."

25-26. **Sir, 'twas all one!** What emotion now influences him? What would you infer as to his character

from his referring first to "My--breast"?

27. Note the touch in "some officious fool."

31. **good!** Express this as a sentence. To what in the Duke's character does it point?

32. **I know not how.** Cf. l. 22.

33-34. **My—gift.** What feature does this bring out? What features in the Duchess's character have been developed in ll. 8 and 13-34?

34-43. **Who'd—stoop.** What characteristics does the Duke here display? Explain "set her wits to yours." Note the touches in "This sort of trifling," "such an one," and "choose."

14-15. Connect "spot of joy." 22. (III., S, c.)

23-24. Group "whate'er she looked on."

25. **breast.** What inflection? 29. Group "rode with."

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35  
 In speech—which I have not—to make your will  
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, “Just this,  
 “Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
 “Or there exceed the mark”—and if she let  
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40  
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and make excuse,  
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose  
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45  
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
 The company below, then. I repeat,  
 The Count your master's known munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence 50  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, 55  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

43-45. What is the Duke's main objection to his Duchess's conduct, and how has the poet brought this out prominently? Has the Duke hitherto shown any temper?

45-46. **I gave—together.** How did he dispose of his Duchess? Comment on this phase of his character. Observe the facility with which he changes the subject.

48. **then.** What change in attitude does this indicate?

49-53. **The Count—object.** What

further light is thrown on the Duke's disposition?

53-54. **Nay—sir.** Where are the Duke and his visitor now, and what has taken place that makes the former speak thus?

54-56. **Notice—me!** Where is this remark made? Compare the Duke's feelings as shown here with those shown in ll. 1-4. Comment on the bearing of the comparison on your estimate of his character. What additional touch is there in “thought a rarity”?

42. Pause after “then.” Note the emphasis on “some.”

45. Group “Much the same.”

47. **rise.** What inflection?

## HERVÉ RIEL.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
 And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,  
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,  
 5 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escap'd, with the victor in full chase;  
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;  
 Close on him fled, great and small,  
 10 Twenty-two good ships in all;  
 And they signalled to the place,  
 " Help the winners of a race!  
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick; or quicker  
 still,  
 Here's the English can and will!"

15 Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on board:  
 " Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"  
 laugh'd they:  
 " Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
 and scored,  
 Shall the ' Formidable ' here with her twelve and eighty guns  
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,  
 20 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

LITERARY.—Give an account of the Battle of La Hogue. Under what circumstances did the events narrated in the text take place? Describe the metre of the poem, and scan ll. 1-14. Comment on the irregularity of the metre and the rhyme. Note the character of the vocabulary.

8. **Danfreville**. What is the grammatical relation?

16. Scan. Comment on the last foot.

17. **scarred and scored**. Explain.

18. Account for the character of the personification.

ELOCUTIONARY.—What are the prevailing quality, pitch, and time?

2. **woe to France!** (III., 8, c.) 4. **pursue**. What inflection?

7. Is "squadron" emphatic? (III., 7, c.) 12. High pitch, loud force.

15. Group "leaped on board." 16-25. Read so as to personate the pilots

20-22. Pause after "ticklish." "twenty," "full," "Now."

And with flow at full beside?  
 Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
 While rock stands, or water runs,  
 Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight;  
 Brief and bitter the debate.  
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take  
 in tow  
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,  
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?  
 Better run the ships aground!" 30  
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)  
 "Not a minute more to wait!  
 Let the captains all and each  
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach! 35  
 France must undergo her fate!"

"Give the word!" But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard:  
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all  
 these,—  
 A captain? a lieutenant? a mate,—first, second, third? 40  
 No such man of mark, and meet  
 With his betters to compete!  
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,  
 A poor coasting-pilot he—Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here," cries Hervé Riel, 45  
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or  
 rogues?"

28-29. Criticise the rhyme.

39-40. Scan. Why is "for" repeated?

46. **Are—rogues?** Whom is he addressing?

26-27. Narrative pure tone.

28. Change the tone to personate Damfreville.

32. How should parenthetical clauses be read?

39. Which words are emphatic? 40. **captain.** What intonation?

45-54. High pitch, loud force.

Talk to me of rocks and shoals? me, who took the soundings,  
till

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,  
'Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disem-  
bogues?

50 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?  
Morn and eve, night and day,  
Have I piloted your bay,  
Entered free, and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

"Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than  
fifty Hogues!

55 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's  
a way!

Only let me lead the line,  
Have the biggest ship to steer,  
Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

60 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,  
Right to Solidor, past Grève,  
And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,—

Keel so much as grate the ground,—

65 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé  
Riel.

"Not a minute more to wait,

Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its  
chief.

Captain, give the sailor place!

70 He is admiral in brief,

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48. Parse "bank." What gram-  
matical figures are frequent through-  
out the poem?

50. **Is it love—for?** Explain.

58. **clear.** Of what?

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55-65. Note the difference between the respectful tone in which Riel  
addresses the captains, and the indignant one in which he spoke to the  
pilots.

66. What force and pitch are here required?

Still the north wind, by God's grace.  
 See the noble fellow's face,  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry, like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas pro- 75  
 found!

See, safe through shoa. and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock!  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past! 80  
 All are harbored to the last!  
 And, just as Hervé Riel hollas, "Anchor!" sure as fate,  
 Up the English come,—too late!

So the storm subsides to calm;  
 They see the green trees wave 85  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève;  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance,  
 Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth, and glare askance 90  
 As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance."  
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
 "This is paradise for hell! 95  
 Let France, let France's king,  
 Thank the man that did the thing!"

71. **Still.** Parse.

75. Scan. Give the force of  
 "were."

84. **So—calm.** What "storm"?

87-88. **balm.** Explain. Parse "to  
 enhance."

88-92. Who say this? '**Neath—  
 Rance.** Explain.

72-82. Animated narrative. 82. **Anchor.** Loud force, high pitch.

83. Pause after "Up."

84. Pause after "storm." **subsides to calm.** Gentle force.

93. **hope—despair.** (III., 7, *b.*) (III., 8, *d.*)

94-97. Pause after "Out," and "Thank."

What a shout, and all one word,  
 "Hervé Riel!"

100 As he stepped in front once more ;  
 Not a symptom of surprise  
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,—  
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 105 I must speak out at the end,  
 Though I find the speaking hard :  
 Praise is deeper than the lips ;  
 You have saved the king his ships ;  
 You must name your own reward.

110 Faith, our sun was near eclipse !  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content, and have ! or my name's not Damfre-  
 ville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 115 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue ;—  
 "Since I needs must say my say ;  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 120 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it but a run ?  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may ;  
 Since the others go ashore,—  
 Come ! A good whole holiday !  
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
 Aurore !"  
 125 That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

106-109. **Though — hard.** Why  
 so? Explain "Praise—lips."  
 "the king." Parse

112. **remains.** Remark on the  
 tense.

121. **may.** What is the gram-  
 matical relation?

99. Loud shouting tone.

118-124. Riel speaks in an animated, joyous tone, with pure quality, fast  
 time, and high pitch.

125. Is "that" emphatic in both cases?



Name and deed alike are lost!

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack,

130

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England  
bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank,

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank;

135

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle

140

Aurore!

129-130. Explain the reference.

132. bore the bell. What is the  
Allusion?

1. Classify "Hervé Riel." Show that "My Last Duchess" is a Dramatic Monologue or Lyric.

2. What poem in this volume by a Canadian author is of the same description as "My Last Duchess"? Who in it corresponds to the Duke? Who to the Duchess?

3. Show that "My Last Duchess" exemplifies the peculiarities of the Psychological School of Poets. See Critical estimate, ll. 70-85.

4. What influences of the period produced the Psychological School?

5. Refer to Critical estimate, ll. 86-104, and show to what extent the preceding selections illustrate Browning's characteristics.

#### COMPOSITION.

I. Sketch the character of the Duke as developed by himself, and of the Duchess as developed by her husband.

II. Describe in detail the dramatic action of "My Last Duchess."



## CARLYLE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Thomas Carlyle was born on the 4th of December, 1795, at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His early life was uneventful, and after he became “a writer of books” the principal epochs of his career were the dates of his works. Having attended the parish  
5 school, and subsequently obtained some instruction in the higher branches at the burgh school of Annan, he entered the University of Edinburgh, when about fourteen years of age, with a view to studying for the Church. This design, however, he soon abandoned. Young Carlyle was an earnest student, especially of mathematics, to which subject his devotion became  
10 so ardent that he permanently injured his health. On completing his course he taught school for four years, first at Annan and then at Kirkcaldy, returning in 1818 to Edinburgh with no definite prospects, but with a strong leaning towards literature. Here he spent about three years in diligent and varied study, making himself meanwhile complete master of  
15 the German language, and entering on his literary career by contributions to Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. In 1821 he became tutor to a gentleman's son, a position which for a time secured him against financial difficulties. After 1823 his publications became numerous, including at first, besides original works, translations from the German. For many  
20 years, however, he had a hard struggle with unsympathising reviewers and an unappreciative public. In 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh, and

in 1828 went to live at Craigenputtoch, in Dumfriesshire, a small property belonging to his wife. In a letter to Goethe, with whom he had been brought into correspondence by his translation of "Wilhelm Meister," he describes himself as having retired to his own "bit of earth," to "secure the independence through which he could be enabled to remain true to himself." Though "six miles from any one likely to visit him," he kept himself informed of what was passing in the literary world, and devoted himself to study and composition. In 1834 Carlyle removed to London, taking up his residence at Chelsea, one of its suburbs. Here he wrote his master-works, and henceforth rose steadily into fame. In addition to "writing books," he delivered in London three courses of lectures to large and select audiences, who were attracted by his originality, and quaint and vigorous style. In the session of 1865-66, having been elected Lord Rector by the students of Edinburgh University, he delivered his famous Installation Address. After 1865 Carlyle produced no large work, but now and then published short addresses on topics of national interest. His death took place on the 7th of February, 1881. His life is now in course of publication by James Anthony Froude, to whom he entrusted his letters and private papers for this purpose.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Life of Schiller* (1823): Contributed at first in monthly portions to the *London Magazine*, but afterwards recast and published in a separate form in 1825. *Legendre's Geometry*, a translation (1824): To this was prefixed an original essay on Proportion. *Goethe's Wilhelm Meister*, also a translation (1824): The most noteworthy result of this work was the formation of Carlyle's literary style, which became thenceforth intensely German. *Specimens of German Romance*, and *Essays on Jean Paul Richter and German Literature* (1827): The latter appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, to which, during his residence at Craigenputtoch, he made other contributions. *Sartor Resartus* (1833-1834): This work, like all his subsequent productions, a mixture of the sublime and the grotesque, appeared in successive instalments in *Fraser's Magazine*, after being rejected by several publishers. *Sartor Resartus*, or "The Tailor Done Over"—the title of an old Scotch song—professes to be a review of a German treatise on dress, and the hero, Herr Teufelsdröckh ("Devil's Dirt"), Professor at the University of Weissnichtwo ("one knows not where"), is made to enunciate the various opinions, speculations, and inward agonies of Carlyle himself. *The French Revolution, a History* (1837): This, the author's greatest work, is a gorgeous panoramic view of the history of the Revolution—a kind of "prose epic," giving a wonderfully vivid picture of that wild period. *Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History* (1840): The fourth, and only one published, of a series of lectures delivered in London. By this time Carlyle's position in the literary world was firmly secured. Almost everybody wrote and talked Carlyle; and the admiration he excited is almost unparalleled in the annals of literature. *Miscellanies* (1838): A collection of his contributions to Reviews. *Chartism* (1839) and *Past and Present* (1843), two political tracts, show the interest the author took in the actual condition of his countrymen. *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*,

with *Elucidations* (1845): A triumphant vindication of the Protector's character. *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (1850): In this volume, suggested by the convulsions of 1848, "The Censor of the Age" seems to be the worshipper of mere brute force and the advocate of harsh coercive measures in dealing with mankind. It is, besides, the fiercest, most furious, and least praiseworthy of all his productions—a pure jeremiad of wrath against many existing English institutions. *Life of John Sterling* (1851): As a literary work this Biography is a finished production. *The History of Frederick the Great* (1858-1860): A work in six volumes, dealing with the man "who managed *not* to be a liar and charlatan as his century was." *Shooting Niagara, and After?* (1867): A short article published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and predicting disastrous results from the Reform Act. Another, published in 1870, expressed his joy at the defeat of France in the Franco-Prussian war. Since Carlyle's death, Mr. Froude, his literary legatee, has published *Reminiscences, by Thomas Carlyle*, intended by the author as a monument to the memory of his wife, "a singularly-gifted woman, who, had she so pleased, might have made a name for herself, and who, for his sake, had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune." The volume contains, also, sketches of Edward Irving, Jeffrey, Lamb, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others.

CRITICAL.—In command of language, Carlyle ranks next to our greatest writers. Not satisfied, indeed, with our vocabulary, he frequently invents new words and strange compounds. In his earlier essays, and in the life of Schiller, his language is rugged but musical. His later works, however, abound in barbarisms, solecisms, violent ellipses, and various kinds of verbal eccentricities. The most marked quality of his style is its vehement energy. Figures of speech of the most vigorous character he uses in lavish profusion, and the effectiveness of his diction is largely due to their originality and boldness. His sense of the ludicrous shows itself in almost every page. Genial and sympathetic at first, it gradually overpowered the other elements of his nature, and in his later works his cynicism and scorn frequently vent themselves in a torrent of contemptuous nicknames. But even these productions are not without redeeming touches of kindness. His pathos is all the more striking from the ruggedness of its surroundings. For the niceties of the writer's art he had a profound contempt; consequently we often find the dictates of taste deliberately violated. But in a writer like Carlyle these blemishes are of trivial importance. Over the higher qualities of style his mastership is supreme. His powers of description are of the highest order; his narratives are word pictures; and in the delineation of character he appears at his best. "What effect, if any, Carlyle's style has had on our language, may be a question. One thing only is certain, Carlyle must be left alone with his own style. When taken up by imitators it becomes simply unendurable." The special characteristic of Carlyle's genius is what Jeffrey called his "dreadful earnestness." He is always enthusiastically in earnest. According to his philosophy, the chief end of life is the performance of Duty, and our first great duty is Work. "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which

thou knowest to be a duty." Another is Obedience—obedience, however, to what is just and divine. He inculcates also the duty of Veracity and Sincerity as opposed to Sham—the duty of being Real, and not a Sham. Whatever a man undertakes to do, should be done earnestly, energetically, and conscientiously. For political troubles, his remedies are Emigration and Education. In England, he says, "the time is out of joint." He denounces kings, aristocracies, and modern political movements. A good Government, in his estimation, consists of a hero king (king being derived from *can*, and meaning "the able man"), with men of ability in subordinate positions. But his scheme lacks practicalness; for he does not show how to meet the difficulties in the way. Carlyle has bequeathed to us no new system of philosophy, but so marked is the originality of his style and so ardent the earnestness of his purpose, that no modern English writer has more powerfully affected the color of men's thought or the character of the literature of his time.

### FRIEDRICH THEN AND FRIEDRICH NOW.

From the Proem to "Frederick the Great."

ABOUT fourscore years ago there used to be seen sauntering on the streets of Sans Souci for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly-interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure, whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second*, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz*, Father Fred, a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a king every inch of him, though without the trappings of a king. Presents himself in a Spartan

LITERARY.—Give a brief account of the career of Frederick the Great. What is meant by the "Proem"?

1. When was this book written? Parse "used," and account for its position.

3-6. or—region. What is the objection to the introduction of such parenthetic clauses? Rewrite the sentence so as to avoid the difficulty.

Explain "amphibious." Note the striking Metaphor.

11-12. a name—instance. Explain the Allusion.

13-26. Comment on the prevailing Grammatical figure. Observe that it is characteristic of the author. Rewrite the sentence in the ordinary literary form. What points in Frederick's character are here brought out? Why does Carlyle approve of him?

simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked  
 15 hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute  
*softness* if new; no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a  
 walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a  
 riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears,"  
 say authors); and for royal robes a mere soldier's blue coat  
 20 with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good  
 deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel  
 dim, unobtrusive in color or cut, ending in high over-knee  
 military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft  
 with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to  
 25 be blackened or varnished—Day & Martin, with their soot-  
 pots, forbidden to approach.

The man is not of god-like physiognomy, any more than of  
 imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips,  
 prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of  
 30 Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has  
 superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful  
 man, nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy.  
 On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as  
 they are termed, of much hard labor done in this world, and  
 35 seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet  
 stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not  
 expecting any worth mention; great unconscious, and some  
 conscious, pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of  
 humor, are written on that old face, which carries its chin  
 40 well forward in spite of the slight stoop about the neck;  
 snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat,

23-24. Comment on the paren-  
 thetic clause.

25. **Day & Martin.** See (12, IV.,  
 19.) Observe that this figure is  
 characteristic of the author. "Car-  
 lyle's sentences are generally ex-  
 tremely simple in construction—con-  
 sisting, for the most part, of two or  
 three co-ordinate statements, or of a  
 short direct statement, eked out by  
 explanatory clauses, either in apposi-  
 tion or in the nominative absolute  
 construction." Apply this criticism  
 throughout.

30. **however.** Give the full force.

31-32. **superlative.** Would the ad-  
 verb express the author's meaning?  
 Comment on the form of "what is  
 called a happy."

33-34. **as—termed.** Why is this  
 clause inserted?

36. **were.** Why this form of the  
 verb?

38-39. **well tempered—humor.**  
 Explain.

like an old snuffy lion on the watch, and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. "Those eyes," says Mirabeau, "which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated 45 you with seduction or with terror." Most excellent, potent, brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth, which is an ex- 50 cellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speaks to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful 55 sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation; a voice "the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard," says witty Dr. Moore. "He speaks a great deal," continues the doctor, 60 "yet those who hear him regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just, and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection."

Just about threescore and ten years ago his speakings and 65 his workings came to finis in this World of Time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men, which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is yet by no means satisfied. As to his speech, indeed, though it had the worth just ascribed to 70 it and more, and though masses of it were deliberately put on paper by himself in prose and verse, and continue to be printed and kept legible, what he spoke has pretty much

43. **lion, or lynx.** Is this a Metaphor?

50-53. **rapidity — man.** Explain fully.

1-64. What characteristic power of the author is here displayed?

65-91. Point out the Carlylese in this paragraph.

66. Explain "World of Time."

69-77. **As to his speech—mankind.** Note Carlyle's contempt for mere words, and his admiration for deeds. See Critical estimate, p. 170, ll. 113-

115.

vanished into the inane, and, except as record or document  
 75 of what he did, hardly now concerns mankind. But the  
 things he did were extremely remarkable, and can not be  
 forgotten by mankind. Indeed, they bear such fruit to the  
 present hour as all the newspapers are obliged to be taking  
 note of, sometimes to an unpleasant degree. Editors vaguely  
 80 account this man the "creator of the Prussian monarchy,"  
 which has since grown so large in the world, and troublesome  
 to the editorial mind in this and other countries. He was,  
 indeed, the first who, in a highly public manner, notified its  
 creation; announced to all men that it was in very deed  
 85 created, standing on its feet there, and would go a great way  
 on the impulse it had got from him and others; as it has  
 accordingly done, and may still keep doing to lengths little  
 dreamed of by the British editor in our time, whose prophesy-  
 ings upon Prussia, and insights into Prussia, in its past, or  
 90 present, or future, are truly as yet inconsiderable in propor-  
 tion to the noise he makes with them. . . .

This was a man of infinite mark to his contemporaries;  
 who had witnessed surprising feats from him in the world;  
 very questionable notions and ways, which he had contrived  
 95 to maintain against the world and its criticisms, as an original  
 man has always to do, much more an original ruler of men.  
 The world, in fact, had tried hard to put him down, as it  
 does, unconsciously or consciously, with all such; and after  
 the most conscious exertions, and at one time a dead-lift  
 100 spasm of all its energies for seven years, had not been able.  
 Principalities and powers, Imperial, Royal, Czarish, Papal,  
 enemies innumerable as the sea-sand, had risen against him,  
 only one helper left among the world's potentates (and that  
 one only while there should be help rendered in return); and

85. **standing on its feet there.** Observe the character of the Metaphors.

86-91. **as—they.** Comment on the author's estimate of Prussia in the light of recent historical events. Note his contempt for the "British editor." What in Carlyle's philosophy accounts for this feeling?

92-100. Note that in his histories Carlyle generally observes the laws of the paragraph. Explain the historical references. Comment on the author's criticism of life.

99-100. **a dead-lift spasm.** Observe the strength of the Metaphor.



he led them all such a dance as had astonished mankind and <sup>105</sup> them.

No wonder they thought him worthy of notice. Every original man of any magnitude is—nay, in the long run, who or what else is? But how much more if your original man was a king over men; whose movements were polar, and <sup>110</sup> carried from day to day those of the world along with them. The Samson Agonistes—were his life passed, like that of Samuel Johnson, in dirty garrets, and the produce of it only some bits of written paper—the Agonistes, and how he will comport himself in the Philistine mill—this is always a spec- <sup>115</sup> tacle of truly epic and tragic nature. The rather, if your Samson, royal or other, is not yet blinded or subdued to the wheel; much more if he vanquish his enemies, not by suicidal methods, but march out at last flourishing his miraculous fighting implement, and leaving their mill and them in quite <sup>120</sup> ruinous circumstances, as this King Friedrich fairly managed to do.

For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. <sup>125</sup> When he died, in 1786, the enormous phenomenon since called the FRENCH REVOLUTION, was already growling audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric corruscations heralding it all round the horizon. Strange enough to note, one of Friedrich's last visitors was Gabriel Honoré Riquetti, <sup>130</sup> Comte de Mirabeau. These two saw one another; twice, for half-an-hour each time. The last of the old gods and the

106-122. Observe the Carlylean philosophy. Explain "your original man," "whose movements were polar," "The Samson Agonistes" (12, IV., 19), and "epic and tragic nature." What is the author's opinion of Samuel Johnson? What is the "Philistine mill"? Parse "The rather," l. 116, and "much more," l. 118. Account for the number of "this," l. 115. Explain the Allusions in the last sentence of this paragraph. Note that "nay," l. 108, and "quite," l. 120, are Carlylean mannerisms.

123. Give the force of "left."

123-140. Observe the strength of this paragraph. Develop fully the Metaphors. Note the tendency to Hyperbole.

126-129. **When—horizon.** Point out the historical references.

132-135. **The last—thunder.** Show the aptness of the mythological Allusions. Explain fully the metaphorical language in the latter clause.

first of the modern Titans—before Pelion leapt on Ossa ; and the foul earth taking fire at last, its vile mephitic elements  
 135 went up in volcanic thunder. This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes one epoch of world history. Finishing off for ever the trade of king, think many, who have grown profoundly dark as to kingship  
 140 and him.

The French Revolution may be said to have, for about half a century, quite submerged Friedrich, abolished him from the memories of men ; and now, on coming to light again, he is found defaced under strange mud-incrustations, and the  
 145 eyes of mankind look at him from a singularly changed, what we must call oblique and perverse point of vision. This is one of the difficulties in dealing with his history, especially if you should happen to believe both in the French Revolution and in him ; that is to say, both that real kingship is eternally  
 150 indispensable, and also that the destruction of sham kingship (a frightful process) is occasionally so.

On the breaking out of that formidable explosion, and suicide of his century, Friedrich sank into comparative obscurity; eclipsed amid the ruins of that universal earthquake, the very  
 155 dust of which darkened all the air, and made of day a disastrous midnight. Black midnight, broken only by the blaze of conflagrations, wherein, to our terrified imaginations, were seen, not men, French and others, but ghastly portents, stalking wrathful, and shapes of avenging gods. It must be owned  
 160 the figure of Napoleon was titanic, especially to the generation that looked on him, and that waited shuddering to be devoured by him. In general, in that French Revolution, all was on a huge scale ; if not greater than anything in human

136. What is meant by calling Friedrich "the Last of the Kings"? Distinguish between "epoch" and "era." Show that the French Revolution was the beginning of a new epoch.

138-140. **Finishing.** Parse. Why "grown"? What are Carlyle's ideas as to Kingship?

144. **strange mud-incrustations.**

Note the Carlylean Metaphor. What has suggested it?

146-151. **This—so.** Note that in his histories Carlyle aims at perspicuity. How is it attained here? Note the contempt for "shams."

152-159. Observe again the change of Metaphor and the tendency to Hyperbole.

experience, at least more grandiose. All was recorded in bulletins, too, addressed to the shilling gallery; and there <sup>165</sup> were fellows on the stage with such a breadth of sabre, extent of whiskerage, strength of wind-pipe, and command of men and gunpowder, as had never been seen before. How they bellowed, stalked, and flourished about, counterfeiting Jove's thunder to an amazing degree! Terrific Drawcansir figures, <sup>170</sup> of enormous whiskerage, unlimited command of gunpowder; not without sufficient ferocity, and even a certain heroism, stage heroism, in them; compared with whom, to the shilling gallery, and frightened, excited theatre at large, it seemed as if there had been no generals or sovereigns before; as if <sup>175</sup> Friedrich, Gustavus, Cromwell, William the Conqueror, and Alexander the Great were not worth speaking of henceforth.

All this, however, in half a century is considerably altered. The Drawcansir equipments getting gradually torn off, the natural size is seen better; translated from the bulletin style <sup>180</sup> into that of fact and history, miracles, even to the shilling gallery, are not so miraculous. It begins to be apparent that there lived great men before the era of bulletins and Agamemnon. Austerlitz and Wagram shot away more gunpowder—<sup>185</sup> gunpowder, probably, in the proportion of ten to one, or a hundred to one; but neither of them was a tenth-part such a beating to your enemy as that of Rosbach, brought about by strategic art, human ingenuity and intrepidity, and the loss of 478 men. Leuthen, too, the battle of Leuthen (though so few English readers ever heard of it), may very well hold up <sup>190</sup> its head beside any victory gained by Napoleon or another. For the odds were not far from three to one; the soldiers were of not far from equal quality; and only the general was consummately superior, and the defeat a destruction. Napo-

164. Give the force of "grandiose."

164-177. Trace the Metaphor throughout this passage. Explain "shilling gallery" and "Drawcansir figures." Note the author's derisive cynicism.

72. **not without.** This construction occurs so frequently in Carlyle's writings as to constitute a mannerism.

179. **The Drawcansir—off.** Ex-

plain clearly. Observe the author's fondness for repeating an epithet or phrase which he considers apt.

183. **the era of bulletins and Agamemnon.** Explain. Is "era" properly used?

187. Give the force of "your." What effect on style have such mannerisms?

193. Give the force of "only."

leon did, indeed, by immense expenditure of men and gunpowder, overrun Europe for a time: but Napoleon never, by husbanding and wisely expending his men and gunpowder, defended a little Prussia against all Europe, year after year for seven years long, till Europe had enough, and gave up the enterprise as one it could not manage. So soon as the Drawcansir equipments are well torn off, and the shilling gallery got to silence, it will be found that there were great kings before Napoleon, and likewise an Art of War, grounded on veracity and human courage, and insight, not upon Drawcansir rhodomontade, grandiose Dick-Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder. "You may paint with a very big brush, and yet not be a great painter," says a satirical friend of mine. This is becoming more and more apparent, as the dust-whirlwind and huge uproar of the last generation gradually dies away again.

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### THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

From "The French Revolution."

INTRODUCTORY.—The Bastille, originally the castle of Paris, built between 1370 and 1383, afterwards became a State prison, and was so strongly fortified for this purpose during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that it was almost impregnable. The prisoners were generally the victims of family quarrels, court intrigues, or political or religious persecution, lodged there in virtue of *lettres de cachet*. But, although the lower orders seldom entered it, "Justice," as Michelet says, "spoke to them, and a voice that speaks still louder to the heart, the voice of humanity and mercy. The people of the city and the faubourg, who were ever passing and repassing in its shadow, never failed to curse it." When the French Revolution broke out in July, 1789, the Parisian mob, hearing that soldiers were coming to dissolve the National Assembly, first thought only of defence. "On the 14th it attacked. On the evening of the 13th, some doubt still existed, but none remained in the morning. With daylight one idea dawned on Paris, and all were illumined with the same ray of hope. A light broke upon every mind, and the same voice thrilled through every heart: 'Go! and thou shalt take the Bastille!' That was impossible, unreasonable, preposterous. And yet everybody believed it. And the thing was done."

To describe this Siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in history) perhaps transcends the talent

LITERARY.—Give a brief account of the origin, progress and results of the French Revolution. Observe throughout this selection the frequent use of Vision, strong Metaphors, Exclamation, Ellipsis, Hyperbole, and Apostrophe. (12, IV., 2, 3, 6, 15, 30, and 37.)  
2. the most important in history. Why so?

of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is the open Esplanade, at the end of the Rue Saint Antoine; 5 there such Fore-courts, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights); then new draw-bridges, dormant bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight Towers; a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty; beleaguered in this its last hour, 10 as we said, by mere chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer; seldom since the war of Pygmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elic is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in 15 colored clothes: half-pay Hulin is haranguing Gardes Françaises in the Place de Grève. Frantic Patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot (or seemingly so), to the Hôtel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Fles-selles is “pale to the very lips;” for the roar of the multitude 20 grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled all ways, by panic madness. At every street barricade, there whirls simmering, a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire- 25 Maelstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat, the wine merchant, has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the marine service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam’s can-

3-4. **Could — building!** See (12, IV., 15,) and li. 78-79.

11-13. **Ordnance—own engineer.** What effect on style have these frequent Ellipses? (13, II., 1.)

11-14. What connection has this sentence with what follows?

13-14. **seldom—thing.** Point out the anomaly.

15-16. **no one—clothes.** Whose opinion is this? Observe the dramatic tendency of the author.

19. **you perceive.** What is the

effect on style of such expressions? Quote similar instances.

20. **“pale—lips.”** Why are these words in inverted commas?

22-26. Note the strong Carlylean Metaphors.

28. **See.** Note throughout the abundant use of Vision. “Carlyle’s narrations are eminently pictorial. At every step in the succession of events, we are stopped to look at some posture of the actors or their surroundings.” Develop this criticism by means of the succeeding context.

30 non. Singular (if we were not used to the like) : Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn ; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For, hearing what was toward,

35 Georget sprang from the Brest diligence, and ran. Gardes Françaises also will be here, with real artillery : were not the walls so thick ! Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry,—without effect. The Invalides lie flat,

40 firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone ; hardly through port-holes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot ; and make no impression !

Let conflagration rage ; of whatsoever is combustible ! Guard-rooms are burnt, Invalides' mess-rooms. A distracted

45 "Peruke-maker with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpetres of the Arsenal ;"—had not a woman run screaming ; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring elements.

50 A young, beautiful lady, seized escaping in these outer courts, and thought falsely to be De Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight ; she lies swooned on a palliasse : but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt ; three

55 cart-loads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke : almost to the choking of Patriotism itself ; so that Elic had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart, and Réole, the gigantic haberdasher, another. Smoke as of Tophet ; confusion as of Babel ; noise as of the Crack of Doom !

31. **taking**—**inn**. Account for this phrase.

33-34. Observe this characteristic mode of expression.

36-37. **were**—**thick!** Whose utterance is this? Complete the Ellipsis.

41. **We fall**. Account for this form of expression. What is the effect on the style? (13, II., 1.) and (12, IV., 3.)

44-46. **A distracted**—**screaming**.

Criticise the structure of this conditional sentence.

47. **with**—**Natural Philosophy**. Comment on this phrase.

56. **Patriotism**. Observe Carlyle's frequent personification of abstract expressions for the sake of comprehensive strength.

58-59. **Smoke**—**Doom!** A markedly characteristic sentence. Point out its peculiarities.

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded <sup>60</sup> are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel de Ville; Abbé Fauchet (who was of one) can say, with what almost <sup>65</sup> superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway; and stand, rolling their drum; but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them: they return with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. <sup>70</sup> What to do? The Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touch-holes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Sauterre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint <sup>75</sup> Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired, by a "mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps:" O Spinola Sauterre, hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at <sup>80</sup> least one woman (with her sweetheart), and one Turk, Gardes Françaises have come: real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elic, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its turret <sup>85</sup> court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began; and it is now pointing towards five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down, in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din, as of earthquakes; their turnkeys <sup>90</sup> answer vaguely.

63. **And yet—thick!** Cf. l. 35-37.

70. **the whew—ears.** See (12, IV., 4.)

71, *et seq.* Note throughout the derisive touches.

78-79. **O Spinola—ready?** Ex-

clamation is used by Carlyle to express every emotion. (12, IV., 15.) What is intended here? Why is "ready" in italics?

85-91. **How—vaguely.** Note the heightened effect produced by contrast. What other reason is there for the introduction of this paragraph?

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears are heavy; Besenval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept, recon-  
 95 noitring, cautiously along the Quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. "We are come to join you," said the Captain; for the crowd seems shoreless. A large-headed, dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him; and croaks: "Alight, then,  
 100 and give up your arms!" The Hussar-Captain is too happy to be escorted to the Barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple!* Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence  
 105 and new-birth; and yet this same day come four years——!— But let the curtains of the Future hang.

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done: what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length  
 110 of the powder magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator or Bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's Fort-  
 115 res, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should, in no wise, be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward! In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one  
 120 fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red Clerks of the Basoche, Curé of Saint Stephen, and all the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the world to work their will.

97. **shoreless.** Note the Carlyle-an Metaphor. Expand.

97-99. **A large-headed—croaks.** What characteristic power of the author is here displayed?

101-102. **Who—was?** Account for this form of sentence.

104-106. **O thou—hang.** Note the metaphorical nickname. See also (12, IV., 36.) Explain the historical references.

110. **like old Roman Senator.** Explain the Allusion.

114. **could—should.** Account for the use of these words.



And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation <sup>125</sup> palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Gluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: "Bread! Bread!" Great is the combined voice <sup>130</sup> of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that has his footing somewhere *beyond* <sup>135</sup> Time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his Fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it up. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, Jailoring, and Jailor, all three, such as they may have been, <sup>140</sup> must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared; call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire. The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets: they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the <sup>145</sup> *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing; disheartened at the fire-deluge: a porthole at the drawbridge is opened as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone <sup>150</sup> ditch; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous: such a Dove towards such an

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122-135. **And yet—Time.** Note the introduction of philosophical reflections, and the return to the narrative in "De Launay—it," l. 135. The narrative of "The French Revolution is perpetually interrupted by the author's moralizings and preachings." Explain and illustrate "He who—Time," ll. 134, 135.

142-143. Note again the expressive Metaphors.

145. Parse "go."

152-153. **such—Ark!** Bring out the force of the Allusion.

Ark! Deftly, thou shifty Usher; one man already fell; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher  
 155 Maillard falls not; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? "On the word of an officer," answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay  
 160 Elic, for men do not agree on it; "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge,—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge. "The Bastille is fallen! "Victory! The Bastille is taken!"

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153. **thou shifty Usher.** See (12, IV., 37.) "The apostrophizing habit is perhaps the greatest notability of Carlyle's mannerism. It provides one outlet among others for his deep-seated dramatic tendency. It suits his active turn of mind and favorite mode of the enjoyment of power." (13, II., 1.)

159. **half-pay.** Note Carlyle's fondness for repeating an epithet that has taken his fancy.

160-163. **Sinks—taken!** Note the vividness of this description.

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1. Refer to Critical estimate, page 170, ll. 89-108, and show to what extent the preceding selections exemplify the peculiarities of Carlyle's style, as stated therein.

2. Make a list, with examples, of the means by which Carlyle has secured the intellectual and emotional qualities of his style. (13, I. and II.)

3. Show to what extent Carlyle has developed his philosophy in these selections. See Critical estimate, ll. 111-127.

#### COMPOSITION.

Rewrite, in good literary form, "Friedrich Then and Friedrich Now," ll. 1-64.

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## THE VOICELESS.

INTRODUCTORY.—The thought that "the wild language of grief" is "such as in measure were called poetry" is frequently met with in literature. Shelley, in *Julian and Maddalo*, makes one of the characters say:—

"Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few can touch the magic string, 5  
And noisy fame is proud to win them;  
Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story: 10  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep 15  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break, and give no sign,  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses! 20  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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13-14. The Greek poetess, Sappho, | quited, was said to have thrown her-  
finding her love for Phaon unre- | self from the Leucadian rock.

## WHERE LIES THE LAND ?

From " Songs in Absence."

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

5 On sunny noons, upon the deck's smooth face,  
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;  
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

10 On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,  
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !  
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

15 Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

—*Arthur H. Clough.*

## AUTUMN.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,  
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,  
 And night by night the monitory blast  
 Wails in the key-hole, telling how it passed  
 5 O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,  
 Or grim, wide wave ; and now the power is felt  
 Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods  
 Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.  
 Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,  
 10 Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize  
 The soft, invisible dew in each one's eyes,  
 It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave  
 To walk with memory, when distant lies  
 Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

—*William Allingham.*



## GEORGE ELIOT.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Mary Ann Evans, better known by her *nom de plume* of "George Eliot," was born at Arbury, in Warwickshire, on the 22nd of November, 1820. She attended school for a short time in Nuneaton and afterwards in Coventry, but her education was mainly self-acquired. After the loss of her mother and the marriage of her sisters and brothers, she lived alone with her father, and in 1841 removed with him to Foleshill, near Coventry. Here she spent a few years in close study, aided in her self-culture by intelligent friends, and making the acquaintance of a number of eminent men. On the death of her father, in 1849, she went abroad for about seven months, returning to England in 1850. In the following year she was associated with her friend, Dr. Chapman, in the editorship of the *Westminster Review*, and took up her residence in London, where she became the centre of a distinguished literary circle. In 1854 she went to Germany, and spent a year at Weimar and Berlin, in company with George Henry Lewes, the biographer and philosophical essayist. Here she saw much

intellectual society, and it is probable that about this time the consciousness of her powers first dawned upon her. On her return to England, she began her career as a novelist, soon rising to the first place among the imaginative prose writers of the period. The remaining years of her life  
 20 were spent quietly and happily, in earnest and constant study and in habitual intercourse with the foremost minds of the time. In May, 1880, she married Mr. J. W. Cross, a rich English merchant. Her death took place on the 22nd of the following December.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Strauss's Life of Jesus* (1846): A translation from  
 25 the German of a rationalistic life of Our Lord. Two other translations of similar works followed this, one of which at the present date remains unpublished. *Scenes of Clerical Life* (1858): The three sketches which constitute this volume had appeared in 1857 in different numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where from the first they arrested public attention. *Adam Bede*  
 30 (1859): This powerful novel of real life reveals a masterly insight into character and human nature, combined with admirable powers of description. It is probably the most popular of the author's works. *The Mill on the Floss* (1860): From the publication of this novel may be dated George Eliot's assured position as a writer of fiction. *Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe* (1861): Somewhat less ambitious than the preceding, but one of  
 35 the author's finest sketches. *Romola* (1863): An historical novel of Italian life in the fifteenth century; regarded by many as the most highly finished of her productions. "It showed her to be possessed of the power of drawing from study and meditation characters as true to nature and to their  
 40 times, and a society as life-like and faithful to history, as those which she had previously delineated from personal observation and experience." *Felix Holt, the Radical* (1866): In strong contrast with the still life of her previous writings, came this picture of the first workings of new political ideas among the lower classes of English society. It deals chiefly, how-  
 45 ever, with the social and religious questions of the time. *Middlemarch, a Study of English Provincial Life* (1871-1872): If not her greatest work, this novel exhibits her powers in the maturity of their development. *Daniel Deronda* (1876): A story of modern English society, containing some powerful and appreciative sketches of Jewish life and character. *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879): A series of essays on various  
 50 topics. George Eliot contributed also many papers to the *Westminster Review*, and produced a few poems which abound in subtle thought and artistic beauties, the chief being *The Spanish Gypsy* (1863): A romantic drama; and *The Legend of Jubal and other Poems* (1874).

CRITICAL.—George Eliot presents a striking combination of speculative  
 55 power and ability to conceive and portray real characters. Her works are rich in subtle and wise reflections, so frequently introduced as asides to the reader that they constitute a marked peculiarity of her style. With few exceptions, the manners she describes are English manners of the simple,  
 60 homely type, and her characters are delineated directly and plainly in their

ordinary condition, not under the stress of unusual events. No novelist has yet shown so much power of painting external life with so wonderful an insight into the workings of the human soul. Her imagination, invention, and creative power are of the highest order. She never repeats herself. Every work she has produced evidences some new development of her genius. In her earlier novels the tone of her reflections is often satirical. but in the later ones this feature disappears, while all exemplify her quiet humor and deep pathos. Her gifts of description are unsurpassed. She makes frequent use of illustration, sometimes, however, displaying a touch of masculine coarseness in her metaphors, and a fondness for philosophic terms and illustrations that have laid her open to hostile criticism. Her language is terse and precise, yet simple and fluent, and amply proves the fidelity and thoroughness of her work. Though her verse does not entitle her to be described as a great poet, the poetical side of her genius has lent richness of fancy and delicacy of finish to her romances. The moral tone of her writings is of the highest character, occasionally, however, marred by the sad-toned scepticism of some of her speculations. Probably no woman—certainly no English woman—has ever won higher literary fame than George Eliot, and her works may be justly regarded as marking the culmination of the imaginative literature of the age.

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### "THE KEY TO HUMAN HAPPINESS."

From "The Mill on the Floss," Book IV.

INTRODUCTORY.—Just before the events narrated in the text, Maggie's father, a miller, had failed in business. He was now the manager of the property he had formerly owned, and the servant of a man for whom he had an intense feeling of hatred. The selection depicts the effect of the family misfortunes on the "imaginative and passionate nature" of his daughter, the heroine of the novel.

THERE is something sustaining in the very agitation that accompanies the first shocks of trouble, just as an acute pain is often a stimulus, and produces an excitement which is transient strength. It is in the slow, changed life that

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LITERARY.—I-10. What is the percentage of words of classical origin in this paragraph? Account for its being so high here and throughout the selection. See also (12, IV., 23,) and (12, V., 2.) What characteristic of the author does the paragraph exemplify? Note that the rest of the selection is the development of the general statements made here.

4-5. It — follows. See (12, IV., 4.) Point out in this passage other illustrations of this Figure. How is it secured?

5 follows—in the time when sorrow has become stale, and has no longer an emotive intensity that counteracts its pain—in the time when day follows day in dull unexpected sameness, and trial is a dreary routine;—it is then that despair threatens; it is then that the peremptory hunger of  
 10 the soul is felt, and eye and ear are strained after some unlearned secret of our existence, which shall give to endurance the nature of satisfaction.

This time of utmost need was come to Maggie, with her short space of thirteen years. To the usual precocity of the  
 15 girl she added that early experience of struggle, of conflict between the inward impulse and outward fact, which is the lot of every imaginative and passionate nature; and the years since she hammered the nails into her wooden Fetish among the worm-eaten shelves of the attic had been filled  
 20 with so eager a life in the triple world of Reality, Books, and Waking Dreams, that Maggie was strangely old for her years in everything except in her entire want of that prudence and self-command which were the qualities that made Tom manly in the midst of his intellectual boyishness. And  
 25 now her lot was beginning to have a still, sad monotony, which threw her more than ever on her inward self. . . .

Maggie's sense of loneliness and utter privation of joy had deepened with the brightness of advancing spring. All the favorite out-door nooks about home, which seemed to have  
 30 done their part with her parents in nurturing and cherishing her, were now mixed up with the home-sadness, and gathered no smile from the sunshine. Every affection, every delight the poor child had had, was like an aching nerve to her. There was no music for her any more—no piano, no har-  
 35 monized voices, no delicious stringed instruments, with their

6. **emotive intensity.** How already expressed?

15-17. **conflict—nature.** Explain this fully. Note that here and in ll. 22-23, we have the author's characterization of her heroine. Describe Maggie's "inward self," and observe that in the rest of this selection its

workings are developed. Observe also that here and in ll. 335-339, a contrast is made between Maggie and her brother.

27-72. What was Maggie's first impulse in her "time of utmost need"? What moral may be pointed out here?



passionate cries of imprisoned spirits sending a strange vibration through her frame. And of all her school-life there was nothing left her now but her little collection of school-books, which she turned over with a sickening sense that she knew them all, and they were all barren of com-<sup>40</sup>fort. Even at school she had often wished for books with *more* in them: everything she learned there seemed like the ends of long threads that snapped immediately. And now, without the indirect charm of school-emulation, Télémaque was mere bran; so were the hard, dry questions on Christian<sup>45</sup> doctrine: there was no flavor in them—no strength. Sometimes Maggie thought she could have been contented with absorbing fancies: if she could have had all Scott's novels and all Byron's poems, then, perhaps, she might have found happiness enough to dull her sensibility to her actual daily<sup>50</sup> life. And yet . . . they were hardly what she wanted. She could make dream-worlds of her own; but no dream-world would satisfy her now. She wanted some explanation of this hard, real life: the unhappy-looking father, seated at the dull breakfast-table; the childish, bewildered mother; <sup>55</sup> the little sordid tasks that filled the hours, or the more oppressive emptiness of weary joyless leisure; the need of some, tender, demonstrative love; the cruel sense that Tom didn't mind what she thought or felt, and that they were no longer playfellows together; the privation of all pleasant things <sup>60</sup> that had come to *her* more than to others. She wanted some key that would enable her to understand, and, in understanding, endure the heavy weight that had fallen on her young heart. If she had been taught "real learning and wisdom, such as great men knew;" she thought she <sup>65</sup> should have held the secrets of life; if she had only books, that she might learn for herself what wise men knew!

36-37. **passionate** — **frame**. Ac-  
count for this mode of presenting  
the subject.

41-43. **Even**—**immediately**. Ex-  
plain the Simile.

44. Why "indirect charm"?

52-53. How is "dream-worlds"  
emphasized?

54-61. **hard** — **others**. This was  
the "outward fact." See l. 16.

61. Why had it come "to *her* more  
than to others"? Cf. l. 17.

61-64. **She**—**heart**. Cf. ll. 9-12.

Saints and martyrs had never interested Maggie so much as sages and poets. She knew little of saints and martyrs, and had gathered, as a general result of her teaching, that they were a temporary provision against the spread of Catholicism, and had all died at Smithfield.

In one of these meditations, it occurred to her that she had forgotten Tom's school-books, which had been sent home in his trunk. But she found the stock unaccountably shrunk down to the few old ones which had been well thumbed—the Latin Dictionary and Grammar, a Delectus, a torn Eutropius, the well-worn Virgil, Aldrich's Logic, and the exasperating Euclid. Still, Latin, Euclid, and Logic would surely be a considerable step in masculine wisdom—in that knowledge which made men contented, and even glad to live. Not that the yearning for effectual wisdom was quite unmixed: a certain mirage would now and then rise on the desert of the future, in which she seemed to see herself honored for her surprising attainments. And so the poor child, with her soul's hunger and her illusions of self-flattery, began to nibble at this thick-rinded fruit of the tree of knowledge, filling her vacant hours with Latin, geometry, and the forms of the syllogism, and feeling a gleam of triumph now and then that her understanding was quite equal to these peculiarly masculine studies. For a week or two she went on resolutely enough, though with an occasional sinking of heart, as if she had set out toward the Promised Land alone, and found it a thirsty, trackless, uncertain journey. In the severity of her early resolution, she would take Aldrich out into the fields, and then look off her book toward the sky, where the lark was twinkling, or to the reeds and bushes by the river, from which the water-fowl rustled forth on its anxious, awkward

73-75. What suggested to her mind Tom's school-books? Cf. ll. 79-81.

81-85. **Not — attainments.** Note the author's knowledge of humanity.

82. **effectual wisdom.** What sentence in the preceding paragraph explains this phrase?

87. **thick-rinded fruit.** Explain the Metaphor.

93. **Promised Land.** Explain the Allusion.

94-100. Note how admirably the author gives variety to her composition, and brings out the uselessness of Maggie's "thirsty, trackless, uncertain journey." What bearing has Maggie's experience on the theory of education?

97. **was twinkling.** Explain.

flight, with a startled sense that the relation between Aldrich and this living world was extremely remote for her. The discouragement deepened as the days went on, and the eager heart gained faster and faster on the patient mind. Somehow, when she sat at the window with her book, her eyes *would* fix themselves blankly on the out-door sunshine, then they would fill with tears, and sometimes, if her mother was not in the room, the studies would all end in sobbing. She rebelled against her lot, she fainted under its loneliness, and fits even of anger and hatred toward her father and mother, who were so unlike what she would have them to be—toward Tom, who checked her, and met her thought or feeling always by some thwarting difference—would flow out over affections and conscience like a lava-stream, and frighten her with the sense that it was not difficult for her to become a demon. Then her brain would be busy with wild romances of flight from home in search of something less sordid and dreary: she would go to some great man—Walter Scott, perhaps—and tell him how wretched and how clever she was, and he would surely do something for her. But, in the middle of her vision, her father would perhaps enter the room for the evening, and, surprised that she still sat without noticing him, would say, complainingly, “Come, am I to fetch my slippers myself?” The voice pierced through Maggie like a sword: there was another sadness besides her own, and she had been thinking of turning her back on it and forsaking it.

This afternoon, the sight of Bob’s cheerful freckled face had given her discontent a new direction. She thought it was part of the hardship of her life that there was laid upon her the burden of larger wants than others seemed to feel—that she had to endure this wide, hopeless yearning for that something, whatever it was, that was greatest and best on this earth. She wished she could have been like Bob, with his easily satisfied ignorance, or like Tom, who had something to

103-106. **her eyes—sobbing.** Account for Maggie’s state of feeling.

118-121. See l. 16.

122-124. What quality does Maggie now display?

125-126. **the sight—direction.** What was the “new direction”? Why did the sight of Bob produce this effect?

do on which he could fix his mind with a steady purpose, and disregard everything else. Poor child! as she leaned her  
 135 head against the window-frame, with her hands clasped tighter and tighter, and her foot beating the ground, she was as lonely in her trouble as if she had been the only girl in the civilized world of that day who had come out of her school-life with a soul untrained for inevitable struggles—with no  
 140 other part of her inherited share in the hard-won treasures of thought, which generations of painful toil have laid up for the race of men, than shreds and patches of feeble literature and false history—with much futile information about Saxon and other kings of doubtful example, but unhappily quite without  
 145 that knowledge of the irreversible laws within and without her, which, governing the habits, becomes morality, and, developing the feelings of submission and dependence, becomes religion—as lonely in her trouble as if every other girl besides herself had been cherished and watched over by elder  
 150 minds, not forgetful of their own early time, when need was keen and impulse strong.

At last Maggie's eyes glanced down on the books that lay on the window-shelf, and she half forsook her reverie to turn over listlessly the leaves of the "Portrait Gallery;" but she  
 155 soon pushed this aside to examine the little row of books tied together with string: "Beauties of the Spectator," "Rasselas," "Economy of Human Life," "Gregory's Letters,"—she knew the sort of matter that was inside all these; the "Christian Year"—that seemed to be a hymn-book, and  
 160 she laid it down again; but Thomas à Kempis?—the name had come across her in her reading, and she felt the satisfaction, which every one knows, of getting some ideas to attach to a name that strays solitary in the memory. She took up the little, old, clumsy book with some curiosity: it had the  
 165 corners turned down in many places, and some hand, now forever quiet, had made at certain passages strong pen-and-ink marks, long since browned by time. Maggie turned from

135-151. See Critical estimate, II. 55-58.

145-148. the irreversible -- religion. Explain and criticise these

statements. Parse "as lonely," and account for its repetition.

149. besides herself. Criticise this phrase. Why not "older"?

leaf to leaf, and read where the quiet hand pointed. . . .  
 " Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than any-  
 thing in the world. . . . If thou seekest this or that, and <sup>170</sup>  
 would'st be here or there to enjoy thy own will and pleasure,  
 thou shalt never be quiet nor free from care; for in every-  
 thing somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will  
 be some that will cross thee. . . . Both above and below,  
 which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt <sup>175</sup>  
 find the Cross; and everywhere of necessity thou must have  
 patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an ever-  
 lasting crown. . . . If thou desire to mount unto this  
 height, thou must set out courageously, and lay the axe to  
 the root, that thou mayst pluck up and destroy that hidden <sup>180</sup>  
 inordinate inclination to thyself, and unto all private and  
 earthly good. On this sin, that a man inordinately loveth  
 himself, almost all dependeth, whatsoever is thoroughly to  
 be overcome; which evil being once overcome and subdued,  
 there will presently ensue great peace and tranquillity. . . . <sup>185</sup>  
 It is but little thou sufferest in comparison of them that have  
 suffered so much, were so strongly tempted, so grievously  
 afflicted, so many ways tried and exercised. Thou oughtest  
 therefore to call to mind the more heavy sufferings of others,  
 that thou mayst the easier bear thy little adversities. And if <sup>190</sup>  
 they seem not little unto thee, beware lest thy impatience be  
 the cause thereof. . . . Blessed are those ears that receive  
 the whispers of the divine voice, and listen not to the whis-  
 perings of the world. Blessed are those ears which hearken not  
 unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the truth <sup>195</sup>  
 which teacheth inwardly. . . ."

A strange thrill of awe passed through Maggie while she read, as if she had been wakened in the night by a strain of solemn music, telling of beings whose souls had been astir while hers was in stupor. She went on from one brown <sup>200</sup> mark to another, where the quiet hand seemed to point, hardly conscious that she was reading—seeming rather to listen while a low voice said:—

168. **quiet hand.** Note the poetic touch. See (12, IV., 1.)

186-190. **It is—adversities.** Criticise the language of these sentences.

“Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place  
205 of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy dwelling, and all  
earthly things are to be looked on as they forward thy journey  
thither. All things pass away, and thou together with them.  
Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be entangled  
and perish. . . . If a man should give all his substance,  
210 yet it is as nothing. And if he should do great penances, yet  
they are but little. And if he should attain to all knowledge,  
he is yet far off. And if he should be of great virtue, and  
very fervent devotion, yet is there much wanting; to wit,  
one thing, which is most necessary for him. What is that?  
215 That having left all, he leave himself, and go wholly out of  
himself, and retain nothing of self-love. . . . I have often  
said unto thee, and now again I say the same, forsake thyself,  
resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . .  
Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and  
220 superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave  
thee, and inordinate love shall die.”

Maggie drew a long breath and pushed her heavy hair back,  
as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. Here, then, was a  
secret of life that would enable her to renounce all other  
225 secrets—here was a sublime height to be reached without the  
help of outward things—here was insight, and strength, and  
conquest to be won by means entirely within her own soul,  
where a supreme Teacher was waiting to be heard. It  
flashed through her like the suddenly apprehended solution  
230 of a problem, that all the miseries of her young life had come  
from fixing her heart on her own pleasure, as if that were the  
central necessity of the universe; and for the first time she  
saw the possibility of shifting the position from which she  
looked at the gratification of her own desires, of taking her  
235 stand out of herself, and looking at her own life as an insignificant  
part of a divinely-guided whole. She read on and on  
in the old book, devouring eagerly the dialogues with the  
invisible Teacher, the pattern of sorrow, the source of all  
strength; returning to it after she had been called away,  
240 and reading till the sun went down behind the willows.  
With all the hurry of an imagination that could never rest  
in the present, she sat in the deepening twilight forming

plans of self-humiliation and entire devotedness, and, in the ardor of first discovery, renunciation seemed to her the entrance into that satisfaction which she had so long been <sup>245</sup> craving in vain. She had not perceived—how could she until she had lived longer?—the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly. Maggie was still panting for happiness, and was in ecstasy because she had found the key to it. <sup>250</sup> She knew nothing of doctrines and systems—of mysticism or quietism; but this voice out of the far-off Middle Ages was the direct communication of a human soul's belief and experience, and came to Maggie as an unquestioned message.

I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned <sup>255</sup> book, for which you need pay only sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness, while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the <sup>260</sup> chronicle of a solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph, not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages <sup>265</sup> ago, felt, and suffered, and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours, but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the <sup>270</sup> same weariness.

In writing the history of unfashionable families, one is apt

251-252. **She knew — quietism.** Why is this statement made?

255-271. Note the beauty of the language. See also (13, II., 2.)

255. **that.** What? Note the subsequent explanation.

258. In what quality are these "expensive sermons and treatises" represented as being defective? Cf. ll. 262-263.

264-271. See (12, IV., 10 and 20,) and (13, III., 1.)

272 *et seq.* Observe the Satire. See Critical estimate, l. 66.

272-349. Show that this paragraph possesses "Unity," "Continuity" and "Variety." (12, III.) See also Critical estimate, ll. 56 and 57, and 70 and 71.

to fall into a tone of emphasis which is very far from being the tone of good society, where principles and beliefs are not  
 275 only of an extremely moderate kind, but are always presupposed, no subjects being eligible but such as can be touched with a light and graceful irony. But then, good society has its claret and its velvet carpets, its dinner-engagements six weeks deep, its opera and its faëry ball-rooms; rides off its  
 280 ennui on thorough-bred horses, lounges at the club, has to keep clear of crinoline vortices, gets its science done by Faraday, and its religion by the superior clergy. who are to be met in the best houses; how should it have time or need for belief and emphasis? But good society, floated on gossamer  
 285 wings of light irony, is of very expensive production, requiring nothing less than a wide and arduous national life condensed in unfragrant deafening factories, cramping itself in mines, sweating at furnaces, grinding, hammering, weaving under more or less oppression of carbonic acid, or else spread over  
 290 sheep-walks, and scattered in lonely houses and huts on the clayey or chalky corn-lands, where the rainy days look dreary. This wide national life is based entirely on emphasis—the emphasis of want, which urges it into all the activities necessary for the maintenance of good society and light irony; it  
 295 spends its heavy years often in a chill, uncarpeted fashion, amid family discord unsoftened by long corridors. Under such circumstances, there are many among its myriads of souls who have absolutely needed an emphatic belief; life in this unpleasurable shape demanding some solution, even to  
 300 unspeculative minds, just as you inquire into the stuffing of your couch when anything galls you there, whereas eider-down and perfect French springs excite no question. Some have an emphatic belief in alcohol, and seek their *ekstasis* or outside standing-ground in gin; but the rest require some-

273. What is meant here by "a tone of emphasis"?

275-276. **always presupposed.** Explain.

276-277. **such—irony.** Illustrate the author's meaning.

277. Explain the force of "But then."

292. Explain the sense in which "emphasis" is here used.

300-302. **just—question.** Bring out the force of this illustration.

304 **outside standing-ground.** Explain clearly what was Maggie's *ekstasis*.



thing that good society calls "enthusiasm," something that <sup>305</sup> will present motives in an entire absence of high prizes something that will give patience and feed human love when the limbs ache with weariness, and human looks are hard upon us—something, clearly, that lies outside personal desires, that includes resignation for ourselves and active love for what is <sup>310</sup> not ourselves. Now and then, that sort of enthusiasm finds a far-echoing voice that comes from an experience springing out of the deepest need. And it was by being brought within the long lingering vibrations of such a voice that Maggie, with her girl's face and unnoted sorrows, found an effort and a <sup>315</sup> hope that helped her through years of loneliness, making out a faith for herself without the aid of established authorities and appointed guides; for they were not at hand, and her need was pressing. From what you know of her, you will not be surprised that she threw some exaggeration and <sup>320</sup> wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity even into her self-renunciation: her own life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her part should be played with intensity. And so it came to pass that she often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in the outward act; she often <sup>325</sup> strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor pittle half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud. For example, she not only determined to work at plain sewing, that she might contribute something toward the fund in the tin box, but she went, in the first instance, in her zeal of self-mortifica- <sup>330</sup> tion, to ask for it at a linen shop in St. Ogg's, instead of getting it in a more quiet and indirect way, and could see nothing but what was entirely wrong and unkind, nay, persecuting, in Tom's reproof of her for this unnecessary act. "I don't like my sister to do such things," said Tom; "I'll <sup>335</sup> take care that the debts are paid, without your lowering yourself in that way." Surely there was some tenderness and bravery mingled with the worldliness and self-assertion of that little speech; but Maggie held it as dross, overlooking

319-324. **From**—intensity. Refer to a previous instance.

325-327. **she**—mud. Express this without using figurative language.

335-337. What are the emphatic words in Tom's remarks? How does he show his "worldliness and self-assertion"?

340 the grains of gold, and took Tom's rebuke as one of her outward crosses. Tom was very hard to her, she used to think, in her long night-watchings—to her who had always loved him so; and then she strove to be contented with that hardness, and to require nothing. That is the path we all like  
 345 when we set out on our abandonment of egoism—the path of martyrdom and endurance, where the palm-branches grow, rather than the steep highway of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame, where there are no leafy honors to be gathered and worn.

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344-349. **That—worn.** Expand | does the author give of "palm-  
 the Metaphor. What explanation | branches"?

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1. Is the "Key to Human Happiness" objective or subjective? (1.)
2. Show that the mode of treating this subject adopted in the preceding selection is characteristic of the author.
3. Illustrate from this selection "the conflict between the inward impulse and outward fact" spoken of in l. 16.
4. Show that Maggie acts according to the author's estimate of her character in l. 17.
5. What are George Eliot's views on the subject of school studies?
6. Point out passages specially remarkable for beauty of thought and of language. See Critical estimate, ll. 73-75.
7. What moral lessons may be learned from this selection?
8. Point out those opinions of the author that are not generally received.
9. Contrast George Eliot's views on the subject of Human Happiness with those expressed by Newman on pp. 57 and 58.
10. Refer to Critical estimate, and show what peculiarities of George Eliot's style therein mentioned are illustrated in "The Key to Human Happiness."

#### COMPOSITION.

Sketch Maggie's train of thought without the author's reflections.

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## ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes ; O thou 5  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
 The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow  
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odors plain and hill :  
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
 Destroyer and Preserver ; Hear, O hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion, 15  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
 Angels of rain and lightning ; there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20  
 Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height—  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, 25  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
 Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst : O hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay 30  
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams  
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,  
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers 35

So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
 40 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear  
 And tremble and despoil themselves : O hear !

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
 45 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
 The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
 Than Thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
 50 As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
 Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven  
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
 O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
 I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !  
 55 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
 One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is :  
 What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
 60 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
 My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !  
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
 Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth ;  
 65 And, by the incantation of this verse,  
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth  
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
 The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,  
 70 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.



## DICKENS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Charles Dickens was born on the 7th of February, 1812, at Landport, Hampshire, where his father was a clerk in the Navy Department. On the conclusion of the war with Napoleon, the family removed to London, and thence to Chatham. After a second removal to London in 1821, it gradually became impoverished, owing to the thriftless habits of the father. Improved circumstances, however, in the course of a few years, enabled Dickens to attend school for a short time. When fifteen he entered a lawyer's office; but not liking its duties he learned the art of reporting, and obtained employment in connection with the Law Courts. During this period he studied diligently, acquiring also by close observation that varied experience of life which proved invaluable to him afterwards. At nineteen he became parliamentary reporter for the *True Sun*, and subsequently for the *Morning Chronicle*. Now, also, he added largely to his knowledge of humanity, for during his leisure hours he walked through the streets of London, noticing everything, talking with the lowest and the poorest, and examining their wretched homes. In 1836 Dickens's career began with the publication in a collected form of his *Sketches by*

Boz. Henceforth he devoted his whole attention to literature, reaching, on the commencement of *Pickwick Papers*, the highest place among contemporary writers of fiction. But from the beginning of 1847 to the close of 1851 must be regarded as the period in which Dickens's genius produced its richest and rarest fruits. So novel were his types of low life, so laughable his exposures of cant and shams, and so racy the fun and banter he directed against all classes, conditions, and occupations, that his works were enjoyed by multitudes, and both critics and readers looked eagerly forward to each successive instalment. In 1842 he visited America, but was by no means favorably impressed by what he observed. Afterwards he paid a visit to Switzerland, Italy and France. In 1850 he commenced *Household Words*, a periodical in which many of his novels made their first appearance. Discontinuing this in 1859, he established another under the title of *All the Year Round*. Dickens's dramatic powers, which were of a high order, enabled him to appear from time to time with marked success as a public reader in different parts of Britain and in the United States, which he revisited in 1867. But his health suffered from this continued strain upon his powers, and in March, 1870, he gave his last reading in London. On the 9th of the following June he died of apoplexy.

PRINCIPAL WORKS. — *Sketches by Boz* (1836): These sketches were originally contributed to the *Old Monthly Magazine* and to the *Evening Chronicle*, the most powerful being *A Visit to Newgate*, *The Drunkard's Death*, *Election for Beadle*, and *Greenwich Fair*. Most of Dickens's works were published in numbers. The dates given below are those of the year in which they were begun. *Pickwick Papers* (1836): This novel was originally intended by the publishers as a vehicle for certain drawings to be executed by a Mr. Seymour; but, owing to Dickens objecting that it would be better for the illustrations to arise naturally out of the text, he was allowed to have his own way with a free range of English scenes and people. For about five months the publication was a failure; but, on the appearance of Sam Weller, the daily sales rose enormously, and the author received no less than £3,000 over his stated salary. *Oliver Twist* (1838): Like most of Dickens's works, this novel had a definite purpose. Its unsparing exposure of the poor law and workhouse system brought considerable odium on the writer, and led to its presentation on the stage being forbidden for a time. *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838): This volume deals with the gross mismanagement of Yorkshire Schools, and shows the comic genius of its author in full activity. *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840): Here Dickens's peculiar humor develops itself fully, but nowhere has it a more exquisite element of pathos. Little Nell, the heroine of the tale, is one of Dickens's most famous creations. *Barnaby Rudge* (1840): Its main incidents are founded on the story of the "No Popery" Riots in 1780. Several historical characters are introduced, notably Lords Gordon and Chesterfield, the latter under the name of Sir John Chester. *American Notes* (1842): Sketches of American life and character. *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843): This also deals with American life, and gave great offence to the

people whom it attempted to describe. It is especially remarkable for the attention it devotes to the system of ship-hospitals, and to workhouse 65 nurses in England. "Sairey Gamp," the immortal representative of the latter, has long since become famous. Dickens's chief Christmas books were published in 1843-1846, and 1848. They are: *A Christmas Carol in Prose*; *The Chimes*: "A Goblin story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in;" *The Cricket on the Hearth*: a tender domestic idyll; *The Battle of Life*; and *The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*. *Pictures from Italy* (1846): A record of the author's travels in Italy. *Dombey and Son* (1846): One of Dickens's most ambitious efforts. The death of little Dombey, the son, is one of the most pathetic bits of description in his works. *David Copperfield* (1849): "Of all my books," says 75 Dickens, "I like this the best. Like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield." There is good reason to believe that it is largely autobiographical. *A Child's History of England* (1851). *Bleak House* (1852): This novel exposes the defects of the Court of Chancery. *Hard Times* (1854): Probably one 80 of the least successful of the author's writings. *Little Dorrit* (1855): In this work life in the Fleet Prison is vividly portrayed. *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859): Remarkable for the absence of humor, or of any attempt at humor. The scene of this narrative is the French Revolution of 1789. *Hunted Down* (1860): An unusually sensational story, contributed to an 85 American journal. *The Uncommercial Traveller* (1860): A reprint of a series of papers contributed to *All the Year Round*. *Our Mutual Friend* (1864). *Great Expectations* (1868); and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, which remains unfinished.

CRITICAL.—Although highly endowed by nature, Dickens was not "a 90 self-made man." He owed much to Fielding and Smollet, his exemplars in the art of delineating everyday life. The work they began, he revived; but he embellished it with those peculiar excellencies that made him the most popular novelist of his day. Foremost among the qualities of his style are his varied humor and pathos. Sometimes, it is true, the former 95 runs into caricature, and the latter into sentimentality. These excesses are, however, the exception; no humorist has surpassed him in command of the sources of our laughter and our tears. Satire he often employs, but it is always on the side of truth and morality. His powers of description are of the highest order. No characteristic of an object escapes the keenness 100 of his practised vision, and he misses no opportunity of enhancing by some humorous association the vividness of his pictures. His phrases are remarkable for their felicity; his sentences, for their clearness and simplicity; and his narratives, for their terseness and animation. These qualities, however, would not have given us his inimitable creations, had it not been for 105 his powers of imagination and observation, which extended the scope of the other elements of his genius. But the quality which seems most prominent in his whole being is his physical vigor. To this may be attributed some of the faults of his style, and in particular his tendency to

115 exaggeration. To this may also be attributed his varied excellencies; for in Dickens "there were united with rare completeness a swift responsiveness to the impulses of humor and pathos, an inexhaustible fertility in discovering and inventing materials for their exercise, and the constant generative desire to give to these newly created materials a vivid, plastic  
 115 form." Many of the faults of his earlier compositions—his solecisms, vulgarisms, and fondness for punning—he avoided in the works of his later years; but some mannerisms clung to his style with curious pertinacity. The most marked are his fondness for humorous paraphrasing, for labelling a character with some odd turn of expression, and his habit of  
 120 "turning round on every side a fact, fancy, or situation,"—of repeating a construction, or part of a construction, in a strained and tedious fashion. Dickens's limitations as a writer and thinker are due to his want of thorough education. His *Letters from Italy* display an ignorance of history and an inappreciation of Art, that are no less surprising than the  
 125 calm serenity with which he ignores the value of such knowledge. The range of his characters is narrower than that of our greatest novelists, but in his own sphere he is unsurpassed. The types he delights in producing are those we are familiar with in the world around us. His pictures of English middle-class life are finished artistic studies; the higher social  
 130 life he seldom attempts; but the humor and pathos of poverty are favorite themes of his pen. His novels are emphatically novels of the hearth and the home. The great aim of his literary labors was to show the "good in everything," and thus knit mankind together in one bond of union. To this end nature had crowned his genius with the supreme gift of a generous  
 135 and sympathetic heart.

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### THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

From "A Christmas Carol."

THE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which the Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

---

LITERARY.—What is meant by a "Christmas Carol"? Explain the terms "humor" and "pathos." (13, 11., 2 and 3.) Note throughout the selection, the moral lessons to be conveyed by the Spirit scenes. Observe the frequent use of Variety and Contrast, and the author's fondness for Asyndeton, Polysyndeton, Anaphora, and especially for Epizeuxis. (12, IV., 10, 11, 20, and 23.)

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On Christmas Eve, Scrooge, "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner," is visited by three ghosts in succession. The descriptions of the visits of Christmas Past and Christmas Present are here omitted. The former Spirit recalls the experiences of Scrooge's youth; the latter shows him Christmas as it might be spent, if he persisted in his course of life.



It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed 5  
its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save  
one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been  
difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it  
from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately, when it came beside 10  
him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn  
dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor  
moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To  
Come?" said Scrooge. 15

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its  
hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have  
not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge  
pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?" 20

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an  
instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head.  
That was the only answer he received. . . . .

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more  
than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is 25  
to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from  
what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and to do it  
with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight  
before them. 30

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is  
waning fast, and it is precious time to me. I know. Lead  
on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him.  
Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him 35  
up, he thought, and carried him along. . . . .

---

8-9. to detach—night and separ-  
ate—surrounded. Is this an instance  
of Tautology? (12, V., 1, b.) Distin-  
guish "detach" from "separate." } 14-15. Account for the capital let-  
ters.  
35. What is the antecedent of  
"which"?

---

14. Scrooge speaks in a low tone, expressing awe.

31. Read with faster time, and with greater force than ll. 14 18.

They went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses, wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offences of smell and dirt and life upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frouzy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters hung upon a line, and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

37-55. Observe the author's descriptive powers. See Critical estimate, ll. 99-102. ✓

37-180. Point out the vile qualities of degraded human nature that are here portrayed.

54-57. **who—retirement.** Is this arrangement of clauses correct? (13, II., 1, 3.)

62-63. **sight and recognition.** Is there a difference in the ideas these words are intended to express here?

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met 70 here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. 75 Ah! How it skreeks! There ain't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor." 80

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair-rod, and, having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it into his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken 85 threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool, crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds then? What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of them- 90 selves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why then don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman;

67. **Let—first!** Observe throughout the author's use of colloquial language suitable to the characters portrayed. Express correctly any deviations from purity. See (13, I., 1.)

70-71. **If—it!** Express the principal proposition.

81-84. Observe the touches by which the author heightens the effect of his picture.

89-116. What feeling prompted the speakers in this preliminary conversation? By what considerations is it overcome? Note that it relieves the horror of the scene.

67-69. Emphasize "first," "second," "third."

70. **here's a chance!** Emphasize "here's," not "chance."

78. **Ha, ha!** Imitate the old man's laugh.

who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman.

100 "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these! Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his  
105 lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

110 "I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We  
115 knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a  
120 pencil-case, a pair of sleeve-buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found that there was nothing more to come.

125 "That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar-

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110. Observe throughout the increasing horror of the particulars, and the way in which it is intensified by the author's art. The touches in ll. 110 and 126, add to the ghastliness of the scene. See (12, IV., 26 and 30.) See also ll. 117 and 132-133.

tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall <sup>130</sup> in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off <sup>135</sup> half a crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large heavy roll of some dark stuff. <sup>140</sup>

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed-curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing, and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed-curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe. <sup>145</sup>

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand—when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as he was, <sup>150</sup> I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say." <sup>155</sup>

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that <sup>160</sup> shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the <sup>165</sup> woman, with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it,

but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in  
170 that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater though they  
175 had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive,  
180 to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

185 He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed—a bare, uncurtained bed—on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

190 The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept,  
195 uncared for, was the body of this man. . . . .

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, a motion of the finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He  
200 thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it, but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

O cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command;  
205 for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and

honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand was open, generous, and true; the heart, brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard-dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearth-stone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it. I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!" . . . .

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the children seated round the fire,

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet!

231-335. Note in this touching | pathos. (13, II., 2.) See also Criti-  
scene the author's characteristic | cal estimate, ll. 130-135.

“ ‘ And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them.’ ”

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

245 The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

“ The color hurts my eyes,” she said. The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

250 “ They’re better now again, said Cratchit’s wife. “ It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn’t show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.”

“ Past it, rather,” Peter answered, shutting up his book.

255 “ But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.”

They were very quiet again. At last, she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once,—

“ I have known him walk with——. I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed.”

260 “ And so have I,” cried Peter. “ Often.”

“ And so have I,” exclaimed another. So had all.

“ But he was very light to carry,” she resumed, intent upon her work, “ and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble, no trouble. And there is your father at the door!”

265 She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as  
270 if they said, “ Don’t mind it, father. Don’t be grieved!”

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

275 “ Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?” said his wife.

241. Observe that the key-note is struck at once. Cf. ll. 334-335. Develop fully the force of the Allusion. (12, IV., 14.) Observe throughout the scene the exquisite, natural touches of tenderness.



“Yes, my dear,” returned Bob. “I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you’ll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!” cried Bob. “My little child!”

280

He broke down all at once. He couldn’t help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart perhaps than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of some one having been there, lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little, and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

290

They drew about the fire and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge’s nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—“just a little down, you know,” said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. “On which,” said Bob, “for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. ‘I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,’ he said, ‘and heartily sorry for your good wife.’ By-the-by, how he ever knew *that*, I don’t know.”

300

“Knew what, my dear?”

“Why, that you were a good wife,” replied Bob.

“Everybody knows that!” said Peter.

“Very well observed, my boy!” cried Bob. “I hope they do. ‘Heartily sorry,’ he said, ‘for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,’ he said, giving me his card, ‘that’s where I live. Pray come to me.’ Now it wasn’t,” cried Bob, “for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite

279-280. Why would the substitution of “small” for “little” be unsuitable here? Note that, as here, the author’s most powerful effects are often produced by single strokes.

281-283. **If—were.** Explain the philosophy of this statement.

293-294. **whom—once.** Criticise the language. (12, V., 1, b, 2.)

291-335. Show that this part of the scene harmonizes with the rest.

310 delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be sure of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark  
315 what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

320 "It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim,—shall we,—or this first parting that there was among us?"

325 "Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob,—“I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.”

330 "No, never, father!" they all cried again.

"I am very happy," said little Bob,—“I am very happy!”

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from  
335 God!

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?" . . .

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name  
340 he had now to learn lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up

334-335. **Spirit—God!** Cf. l. 241, and explain the meaning of "childish essence."

231-335. Develop the moral of this scene. Cf. ll. 326-329.

339-344. Note the author's descriptive power. Name and show the effect of the Figures.

342. **the growth—life.** Explain.

334-335. **Spirit—God!** Slow and reverential tone.

342. **death, not life.** (III., 6, c.)

with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to <sup>345</sup> one. He advanced towards it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the <sup>350</sup> shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?"

Still the Spirit pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends to which, if <sup>355</sup> persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, <sup>360</sup> following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees. The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back <sup>365</sup> again.

"No, Spirit! O no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am <sup>370</sup> past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have <sup>375</sup> shown me, by an altered life."

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all

351-352. Notice the emphasis on "Will" and "May." (III., 7, a.)

366. What are Scrooge's feelings as he utters these words?

the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future.  
 380 The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. O, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained  
 385 it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

390 Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The  
 395 Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his  
 400 call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms,—“they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here,—I am here,—the shadows of the  
 405 things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every  
 410 kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön

378 *et seq.* Note the exuberance of feeling and the tendency to exaggeration in what follows. See Critical estimate, ll. 107-110.

390-392. See (12, IV., 25.)

412. **Laocoön.** Show the force of the Figure. (12, IV., 19.)

411-417. Notice the cheery, joyous tone which Scrooge now uses.

of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to <sup>415</sup> everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried <sup>420</sup> Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, <sup>425</sup> ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge, <sup>430</sup> "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing <sup>435</sup> out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! O, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; <sup>440</sup> cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. O, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look <sup>445</sup> about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

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436-438. See note, l. 16, p. 51. 439-442. Read with fast time. (III., 4.)  
 444. **What's to-day?** Read in the tone a person would use in calling to some one.

“What’s to-day, my fine fellow?” said Scrooge.

“To-day!” replied the boy. “Why, CHRISTMAS DAY.”

450 “It’s Christmas Day!” said Scrooge to himself. “I haven’t missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?”

“Hallo!” returned the boy.

455 “Do you know the Poulter’s, in the next street but one, at the corner?” Scrooge inquired.

“I should hope I did,” replied the lad.

“An intelligent boy!” said Scrooge. “A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they’ve sold the prize turkey that was  
460 hanging up there?—Not the little prize turkey, the big one?”

“What, the one as big as me?” returned the boy.

“What a delightful boy!” said Scrooge. “It’s a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!”

“It’s hanging there now,” replied the boy.

465 “Is it?” said Scrooge. “Go and buy it.”

“Walk-ER!” exclaimed the boy.

“No, no,” said Scrooge, “I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell ’em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and  
470 I’ll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I’ll give you half-a-crown!”

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

475 “I’ll send it to Bob Cratchit’s,” whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. “He sha’n’t know who sends it. It’s twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob’s will be!”

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to  
480 open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer’s man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

“I shall love it as long as I live!” cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. “I scarcely ever looked at it before. What

an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful <sup>485</sup> knocker!—Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax. 490

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed <sup>495</sup> the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when <sup>500</sup> you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, <sup>505</sup> as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded everyone with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" <sup>510</sup> And Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears. . . . .

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the <sup>515</sup> children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps <sup>520</sup> towards his nephew's house.

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491. Emphasize "carry." (III., 7, a.)

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

525 "Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl! Very."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He s in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll  
530 show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great  
535 array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge. Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! . . . .

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

540 "It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he*  
545 came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. if he could only be there first, and catch Bob  
550 Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his  
555 door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door, his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as



near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again,—“and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon  
 600 the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was  
 always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well,  
 if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly  
 said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed,  
 God bless Us Every One!

1. In the preface to his "Christmas Books," Dickens states that his purpose has been "in a whimsical kind of mask which the good humor of the season justifies, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts never out of season in a Christian land." Show that the "Christmas Carol" is in accordance with this purpose.

2. Discuss the question as to whether Dickens is an accurate writer.

3. What mannerisms of the author does this selection exemplify?

4. Refer to the Critical estimate, pp. 205-206, and show what characteristics therein stated are exemplified in the selection.

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce in indirect narration:—I. Scrooge's experience under the guidance of "The Last of the Spirits." II. Christmas Day as Scrooge spent it.

#### TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
 5 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
     In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 10 Singest of Summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!

13. **Flora.** The Roman goddess of flowers and spring.

O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim  
     And purple-stainèd mouth ;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim : 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, 25  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
     And leaden-eyed despairs ;  
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow. 30

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
 'Thouh the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
 Already with thee ! tender is the night, 35  
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;  
     But here there is no light  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;  
 But in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ; 45  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;

15. **Hippocrene.** A fountain in Mt. Helicon in Bœotia, sacred to the Muses.

32. **Bacchus.** The Greek and Ro-

man god of Wine. In works of art he is represented as riding on a tiger, lion, ass, or panther.

Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 50 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death ;  
 Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme  
 To take into the air my quiet breath :  
 55 Now more than ever it seems rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
 In such an ecstasy !  
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain,—  
 60 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !  
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
 65 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home—  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 70 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !  
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is fated to do, deceiving elf.  
 75 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades :  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?  
 80 Fled is that music :—do I wake, or sleep ?

—John Keats.



## THACKERAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—William Makepeace Thackeray was born on the 18th of July, 1811, at Calcutta, where his father held an important position in the Civil Service of the East India Company. When quite a child he was sent to England, and soon after his arrival entered Charterhouse School. Thence he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, leaving, however, in 1830, without taking a degree. We know little of his doings at the University, unless it be the fact that he there commenced the literary work of his life, by writing some burlesque verses for *The Snob*, a periodical trifle brought out at Cambridge. At first he chose the profession of an artist, and travelled in Germany, France, and Italy, studying the works of the great painters, and acquiring some skill in drawing, which he afterwards turned to good service in the illustration of his books. Dickens has told us that he first met Thackeray in 1835, when the young artist made an unsuccessful proposition to become the illustrator of the *Pickwick Papers*. Finally he resolved to devote himself to literature, for which his varied experience, keen powers of observation, and insight into character, eminently fitted him. Thackeray's rise was slow, compared with Dickens's sudden bound into popularity. In 1836 he began a daily newspaper, *The*

*Constitutional*: but, proving a financial failure, it was discontinued at the end of the first year; a similar venture in connection with *The National Standard* proved even more disastrous to his patrimonial fortune. Under such names as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, George Fitznoodle, Esq., and Charles J. Yellowplush, all suggestive of the satirical character of his writings, he contributed for many years to *Fraser's Magazine*; and when *Punch* was founded, in 1841, he became one of its leading writers, under the name of "The Fat Contributor." In 1848 he was called to the bar, without, it seems, any intention of practising law. Three years afterwards he delivered the first of two courses of lectures, which, with four others, he repeated in America in 1855-56. Happily for literature, his attempt in 1857 to become a member of Parliament proved unsuccessful. Shortly afterwards he edited with great success the *Cornhill Magazine*, some of his works making their first appearance in its pages. For many years his health had been delicate, but when he was found dead in his room on the 24th of December, 1863, the suddenness of the event was a surprise even to his intimate friends.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*The Paris Sketch Book* (1840): A series of sketches and stories, many of which are reprints from various periodicals. *The Irish Sketch Book* (1843): The result of a tour in Ireland. *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo* (1845): The record of his observations during a tour in Turkey and Egypt. *Vanity Fair*; or, A Novel without a Hero (1847-1848): A story illustrated by the author, and published in monthly numbers, on the issue of which Thackeray took his place as one of the chief English novelists and the great social satirist of his age. *The History of Pendennis* (1849-1850): A novel of fashionable life, describing the career of a young man of fashion, "as he was, nothing extenuating." *Henry Esmond* (1852): The finest specimen of English historical fiction, since the *Waverley Novels*. Its artistic construction, and the life-like reality of its characters, place it first among Thackeray's Works. Its most striking feature is its elaborate imitations of the style, and even the manner of thought, of Queen Anne's reign. *The Newcomes*; or, Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family (1854): A work dealing with real life, and by many regarded as the author's masterpiece. The leading character is Colonel Newcome,— "the finest portrait added to the gallery of English fiction since Scott's time. The pathos, at once manly and delicate, with which his ruin and death are treated, places Thackeray in the highest rank of humorists." *The Virginians*; or, A Tale of the Last Century (1857-1859): A sequel to *Henry Esmond*, dealing with the time of George II., and having the American war for a background. This novel displays more markedly than any of his previous works that tendency to wandering which came to Thackeray from his natural idleness, and which gives a vagueness to even his best narratives. Thackeray was also the author of the following Christmas books, published at various dates:—*Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, *Rebecca and Rowena*: "A romance upon a romance," written in ridicule of Scott's

*Ivanhoe*, of which it professes to be the sequel; and *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, a satire on worldly pride, vulgarity, and grandeur. Besides the preceding, he contributed to various magazines sketches, essays, burlesques, novelettes, and works of a satiric nature, the chief of which are *The Hoggarty Diamond*, *Catherine*, *Barry Lyndon*, *Feames's Diary*, *The Book of Snobs*, *Roundabout Papers*, *The Yellowplush Papers*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *Lovel the Widower*, *The Adventures of Philip*, *Novels by Eminent Hands*, and *Denis Duval*, on the composition of the last of which he was engaged when death overtook him. The titles of his lectures are: *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* and *The Four Georges*. Thackeray was also the author of a number of humorous, satirical, and sentimental ballads and short poems. Among them are *The Chronicle of the Drum*, *Peg of Linavaddy*, *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*, *The Great Cossack Epic*, *Ballads of Policeman X*, *Lyra Hibernica*, and several imitations of Horace and Beranger.

CRITICAL.—Thackeray was a thorough realist. He describes life as he saw it, with its "mingled woof of good and evil." Fashionable English society was his favorite study; but his domestic scenes are true to nature in their pathos no less than in their satire. He possessed a refined knowledge of character, and a subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature. Many of his portraits are drawn with a bold, unsparing hand; others, again, display a delicacy and a tender grace that have never been excelled. In all Thackeray has done, he displays unrivalled powers of observation, reflection, and description, combined with imagination, taste, shrewdness, and gentlemanly feeling. Burlesque came naturally to him; his forms of the Ludicrous are more varied and peculiar than those of any other English writer. In poetical composition he evinced a power that makes us regret it was not more freely used; for many of his ballads are quaint and touching, while others are the quintessence of fun and racy humor. Thackeray's language is fresh, idiomatic English, and his style, easy and lucid; but he seems to have troubled himself little about the formation of his sentences. Often, too, he has not done justice to his abilities in the arrangement of his thoughts and the construction of his plots. Even in his masterpieces, "there is a touch of vagueness: he seems to have been dreaming ever of some high flight, and then to have told himself with a half-broken heart that it was beyond his power to soar up into those bright regions." Every now and then he stops to moralize and indulge in digressions in which there are frequent appeals to the reader and pretended allusions to himself. But the interest of his works depends least on the narrative. His characters are so clearly drawn, and his views of life so uniformly truthful, that his books may be opened at any page and read with profit and delight. Thackeray will be known to fame as the Censor of his age, but as one

"Whose word of wit and generous page  
Were never wroth, except with wrong."

Although by nature kindly and chivalrous even to a fault, he took upon

himself the special task of satirizing the follies and vices of the world. He was no cynic; and yet, at the beginning of his career, he allowed his mind to be too much influenced by the evil aspect of things around him. He had a genuine hatred for "shams" and "humbug;" and has done more than most men to strip off disguises and expose hypocrisy. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity,"—this is the sentiment which runs through his pages; for, as he sings,

"the text is never stale,  
And life is every day renewing  
Fresh comments on the old, old tale  
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

Vulgarity and snobbery; worldliness and false pride; trickery and injustice; the low taste for sensational literature—these the preacher visits with righteous wrath. He jeers at folly, and holds up to scorn the meanness and littleness of our nature; but he is always on the side of modesty, manliness, and simplicity,—of

"Trouthe and honour freedom and curtesie."

### CHARITY AND HUMOR.

From "Lectures on the English Humorists."

I HAVE said myself somewhere, I do not know with what correctness (for definitions never are complete), that humor is wit and love; I am sure, at any rate, that the best humor is that which contains most humanity—that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness. This love does not demand constant utterance or actual expression; as a good father, in conversation with his children or wife, is not perpetually embracing them, or making protestations of his love; as a lover in the society of his mistress is not, at least as far as I am led to believe, forever squeezing her hand, or sighing in her ear, "My soul's darling, I adore you!" He shows his love by his conduct, by his fidelity, by his watchful desire to make the beloved person happy. It lightens from his eyes when she appears, though he may not speak it; it fills

LITERARY. — Observe throughout the lecture the author's illustrations of his definition of Humor. Point out carefully the modes of Exposition he uses. (3, III.) Note the chief Figures of Speech and the prevailing type of sentence.

1-24 and 24-42. See (12, III.), and compare the construction of these paragraphs. Note the prevalence of Asyndeton, Polysyndeton, and Epizeuxis. (12, IV., 10, 11, and 20.)

2-3. humor—love. Compare with the definition in (13, II., 3). best humor. Give the specific names of the other kinds.



his heart when she is present or absent; influences all his <sup>15</sup> words and actions; suffuses his whole being. It sets the father cheerily to work through the long day; supports him through the tedious labor of the weary absence or journey; and sends him happy home again, yearning towards the wife and children. This kind of love is not a spasm, but a life. <sup>20</sup> It fondles and caresses at due seasons, no doubt; but the fond heart is always beating fondly and truly, though the wife is not sitting hand in hand with him, or the children hugging at his knee. And so with a loving humor. I think it is a genial writer's habit of being; it is the kind, gentle spirit's way of <sup>25</sup> looking out on the world,—that sweet friendliness which fills his heart and his style. You recognize it, even though there may not be a single point of wit or a single pathetic touch in the page, though you may not be called upon to salute his genius by a laugh or a tear. That collision of ideas which <sup>30</sup> provokes the one or the other must be occasional. They must be like papa's embraces, which I spoke of anon, who only delivers them now and then, and cannot be expected to go on kissing the children all night. And so the writer's jokes and sentiment, his ebullitions of feeling, his outbreaks of high <sup>35</sup> spirits, must not be too frequent. One tires of a page of which every sentence sparkles with points; of a sentimentalist who is always pumping the tears from his eyes or your own. One suspects the genuineness of the tear, the naturalness of the humor; these ought to be true and manly in a man, as every- <sup>40</sup> thing else in his life should be manly and true; and he loses his dignity by laughing or weeping out of place, or too often.

When the Rev. Laurence Sterne begins to sentimentalize over the carriage in Monsieur Dessein's courtyard, and

27. his heart and his style. Why this order?

28-30. Show the aptness of "point," and "touch." Explain "salute," and "collision of ideas."

31-34. They—night. Criticise the arrangement of the words, and the use of the relative.

40-41. Remark on the arrangement of the phrases. (12, IV., 27.)

43-60. Show that this paragraph is a mode of Exposition. (3, III.) What qualities of style does the author include under the general name, Humor? Cf. II. 205-240, and see (13, II. and III.). Is this classification in accordance with his definition? How does Thackeray account for the difference between the phases of Humor which Sterne's Works display? Note the Satiric touches.

45 pretends to squeeze a tear out of a rickety-old shandrydan; when, presently, he encounters the dead donkey on his road to Paris, and snivels over that asinine corpse,—I say, “Away, you drivelling quack! do not palm off these grimaces of grief upon simple folks who know no better, and cry, misled by  
50 your hypocrisy.” Tears are sacred. The tributes of kind hearts to misfortune, the mites which gentle souls drop into the collection made for God’s poor and unhappy, are not to be tricked out of them by a whimpering hypocrite handing round a begging-box for your compassion, and asking your  
55 pity for a lie. When that same man tells me of Lefèvre’s illness and Uncle Toby’s charity, of the noble at Rennes coming home and reclaiming his sword, I thank him for the generous emotion, which, springing genuinely from his own heart, has caused mine to admire benevolence, and sympathize  
60 with honor, and to feel love and kindness and pity.

If I do not love Swift (as, thank God! I do not, however immensely I may admire him), it is because I revolt from the man who placards himself as a professional hater of his own kind; because he chisels his savage indignation on his tomb-  
65 stone, as if to perpetuate his protest against being born of our race,—the suffering, the weak, the erring, the wicked, if you will, but still the friendly, the loving children of God our Father; it is because, as I read through Swift’s dark volumes, I never find the aspect of nature seems to delight him, the  
70 smiles of children to please him, the sight of wedded love to soothe him. I do not remember, in any line of his writing, a passing allusion to a natural scene of beauty. When he speaks about the families of his comrades and brother-clergymen, it is to assail them with gibes and scorn, and to laugh at them  
75 brutally for being fathers and for being poor. He does mention in the journal to Stella, a sick child, to be sure, a child of Lady Masham, that was ill of the small-pox,—but

51. mites. Show the aptness of the Allusion?

61-71. What according to the author is the leading quality of Swift’s style? Show that he is not a Humorist according to Thackeray’s definition of the term. Why is Swift’s

an important name in English Literature? Humor and Pathos are both said to be the offspring of Sensibility. Show that this is Thackeray’s opinion.

61-89. See (12, III.) Explain the biographical references. Criticise Thackeray’s estimate of Swift.

then it is to confound the brat for being ill, and the mother for attending to it when she should have been busy about a court intrigue in which the Dean was deeply engaged. 30 And he alludes to a suitor of Stella's, and a match she might have made, and would have made, very likely, with an honorable and faithful and attached man, Tisdall, who loved her; and of whom Swift speaks, in a letter to this lady, in language so foul that you would not bear to hear it. In treating of the 85 good the humorists have done, of the love and kindness they have taught and left behind them, it is not of this one I dare speak. Heaven help the lonely misanthrope! be kind to that multitude of sins, with so little charity to cover them. . . .

Of Addison's contributions to the charity of the world, I 90 have spoken before, in trying to depict that noble figure, and say now as then, that we should thank him as one of the greatest benefactors of that vast and immeasurably spreading family which speaks our common tongue. Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel and understand 95 and use the noble English word "gentleman." And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison,—gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbor; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential 100 to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree (for people above us and below us we must find, in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether kings or presidents govern us); and in no republic or monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of 105 respecting age, and of honoring his father and mother. . . . Now, a gentleman can but be a gentleman, in Broadway or the backwoods, in Pall-Mall or California; and where and whenever he lives, thousands of miles away in the wilderness, or hundreds of years hence, I am sure that reading the 110

90-106. What is meant by "the charity of the world"? Classify the sentences, and point out the Figures in this paragraph, explaining their uses.

96. What is specially "noble" in

the English word? Remark on its derivation. What is Thackeray's definition of the word?

107-108. Account for the selection of the proper names.

writings of this true gentleman, this true Christian, this noble Joseph Addison, must do him good. He may take Sir Roger de Coverley to the diggings with him, and learn to be gentle and good-humored and urbane and friendly in the midst of  
 115 that struggle in which his life is engaged. I take leave to say that the most brilliant youth may read over this delightful memorial of a bygone age, of fashions long passed away, of manners long since changed and modified, of noble gentlemen, and a great and a brilliant and polished society, and find in  
 120 it much to charm and polish, to refine and instruct him,—a courteousness which can be out of place at no time and under no flag; a politeness and simplicity; a truthful manhood; a gentle respect and deference which may be kept as the unbought grace of life, and cheap defence of mankind, long  
 125 after its old artificial distinctions, after periwigs and small-swords, and ruffles and red-heeled shoes, and titles and stars and garters, have passed away. . . . .

Steele, as a literary benefactor to the world's charity, must rank very high indeed, not merely from his givings, which  
 130 were abundant, but because his endowments are prodigiously increased in value since he bequeathed them, as the revenues of the lands bequeathed to our Foundling Hospital at London, by honest Captain Coram, its founder, are immensely enhanced by the houses since built upon them. Steele was the founder  
 135 of sentimental writing in English; and how the land has been since occupied! and what hundreds of us have laid out gardens and built up tenements on Steele's ground! Before his time readers or hearers were never called upon to cry, except at a tragedy; and compassion was not expected to express itself  
 140 otherwise than in blank verse, or for personages much lower in rank than a dethroned monarch, or a widowed or a jilted empress. He stepped off the high-heeled cothurnus, and came

116-117. **this — age.** What is referred to? Illustrate the author's subsequent remarks in the paragraph.

124. **unbought—mankind.** Show fully the aptness of the Allusion.

125. **its.** For what does this stand?

137-142. **Before—empress.** Explain fully the change in Literature to which the author here refers.

142-159. **high-heeled cothurnus.** Explain the Allusion. When is diffuseness allowable? See (12, V., 2, a.)

down into common life; he held out his great hearty arms, and embraced us all; he had a bow for all women, a kiss for all children, a shake of the hand for all men, high or low; he showed us heaven's sun shining every day on quiet homes,—not gilded palace-roofs only, or court processions, or heroic warriors fighting for princesses, and pitched battles. He took away comedy from behind the fine lady's alcove, or the screen where the libertine was watching her. He ended all that wretched business of wives jeering at their husbands; of rakes laughing wives, and husbands too, to scorn. That miserable, rouged, tawdry, sparkling, hollow-hearted comedy of the Restoration fled before him, and, like the wicked spirit in the fairy-books, shrank, as Steele let the daylight in, and shrieked and shuddered and vanished. The stage of humorists has been common life ever since Steele's and Addison's time,—the joys and griefs, the aversions and sympathies, the laughter and tears, of Nature.

And here, coming off the stage, and throwing aside the motley habit or satiric disguise in which he had before entertained you, mingling with the world, and wearing the same coat as his neighbors, the humorist's service became straightway immensely more available; his means of doing good infinitely multiplied; his success, and the esteem in which he was held, proportionately increased. It requires an effort, of which all minds are not capable, to understand Don Quixote: children and common people still read Gulliver for the story merely. Many more persons are sickened by Jonathan Wyld than can comprehend the satire of it. Each of the great men who wrote those books was speaking from behind the satiric mask I anon mentioned. Its distortions appall many simple spectators; its settled sneer or laugh is unintelligible to thousands, who have not the wit to interpret the meaning of the visored satirist preaching from within. Many a man was at fault about Jonathan Wyld's greatness, who could feel and relish Allworthy's goodness in Tom Jones, and Dr. Harrison's

147-148. See (13, II., 1, 3.)

156-159. **The stage—Nature.** Illustrate this statement from the history of Literature.

169. See (12, IV., 1.)

170-175. **Each—within.** Explain in each case the meaning of the satirist.

in Amelia, and dear Parson Adams, and Joseph Andrews. We love to read—we may grow ever so old, but we love  
 180 to read of them still—of love and beauty, of frankness and  
 bravery and generosity. We hate hypocrites and cowards:  
 we long to defend oppressed innocence, and to soothe and  
 succor gentle women and children; we are glad when vice is  
 foiled, and rascals punished; we lend a foot to kick Blifil  
 185 downstairs; and, as we attend the brave bridegroom to his  
 wedding on the happy marriage day, we ask the groomsman's  
 privilege to salute the blushing cheek of Sophia. A lax  
 morality in many a vital point I own in Fielding; but a  
 great hearty sympathy and benevolence, a great kindness for  
 190 the poor, a great gentleness and pity for the unfortunate,  
 a great love for the pure and good,—these are among the  
 contributions to the charity of the world with which this  
 erring but noble creature endowed it.

As for Goldsmith, if the youngest and most unlettered  
 195 person has not been happy with the family at Wakefield; has  
 not rejoiced when Olivia returned, and been thankful for her  
 forgiveness and restoration; has not laughed with delighted  
 good humor over Moses' gross of green spectacles; has not  
 loved with all his heart the good vicar, and that kind spirit  
 200 which created these charming figures, and devised the benefi-  
 cent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly,—what call is there  
 for me to speak? Remembering these men, I claim from  
 you your sympathy for the good they have done, and for the  
 sweet charity which they have bestowed on the world.

205 When humor joins with rhythm and music, and appears in  
 song, its influence is irresistible; its charities are countless; it  
 stirs the feelings to love, peace, friendship, as scarce any  
 moral agent can. The songs of Beranger are hymns of love  
 and tenderness. I have seen great whiskered Frenchmen  
 210 warbling the "Bonne Vieille," the "Soldats au pas, au pas,"  
 with tears rolling down their mustaches. At a Burns' festival  
 I have seen Scotchmen singing Burns, while the drops trickled

193. **erring but noble.** Show the justice of these epithets.

194-202. Give an account of the incidents here referred to.

205-240. What are the chief sources of Humor and Pathos? Apply here the statements in (13, II., 2 and 3).

on their furrowed cheeks; while each rough hand was flung out to grasp its neighbor's; while early scenes, and sacred recollections, and dear and delightful memories of the past 215 came rushing back at the sound of the familiar words and music, and the softened heart was full of love, and friendship, and home. Humor! if tears are the alms of gentle spirits, and may be counted—as sure they may—among the sweetest of life's charities, of that kindly sensibility, and sweet sudden 220 emotion, which exhibits itself at the eyes, I know no such provocative as humor. It is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion; you are laughing and disarmed, and suddenly forced into tears. I heard a humorist balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head, 225 and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad, that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens, dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked 230 up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed; and behold a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy pity. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the 235 *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs, than ever Tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn. . . . . 240

As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindnesses which he has conferred upon us all, upon our children, upon people educated and uneducated, upon the myriads here and at home who speak our common tongue,—have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who 245 soothed and charmed so many hours; brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank 250 as personal benefits,—figures so delightful, that one feels

happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe  
 255 in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity-sermon preached in the world than Dickens's "Christmas Carol?" I believe it  
 260 occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children,  
 265 that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one, who, when she is happy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when  
 270 she is unhappy, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she is in bed, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" when she has nothing to do, reads "Nicholas Nickleby;" and when she has finished the book, reads "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said, "I like Mr. Dickens's  
 275 books much better than your books, papa;" and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way: lucky is he who has such a charming gift of Nature as  
 280 this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him!

I remember when that famous "Nicholas Nickleby" came out, seeing a letter from a pedagogue in the North of England, which, dismal as it was, was immensely comical. "Mr.  
 285 Dickens's ill-advised publication," wrote the poor schoolmaster, "has passed like a whirlwind over the schools of the North." He was a proprietor of a cheap school: Dotheboys Hall was a cheap school. There are many such establishments in the

266-273. I know—again. See (12, | 267-268. Comment on the use of  
 IV., 23 and 25). | "read," and "peruse."



northern counties. Parents were ashamed, that never were ashamed before, until the kind satirist laughed at them; <sup>290</sup> relatives were frightened; scores of little scholars were taken away; poor schoolmasters had to shut their shops up; every pedagogue was voted a Squeers (and many suffered, no doubt, unjustly); but afterwards school-boys' backs were not so much caned; school-boys' meat was less tough and more <sup>295</sup> plentiful; and school-boys' milk was not so sky-blue. What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre-people, in that charming book! What a humor! and what a good humor! I coincide with the youthful critic whose opinion <sup>300</sup> has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for "Nicholas Nickleby."

One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folks with whom this kind genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the <sup>305</sup> Marchioness and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathize, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp, and wonder at Mrs. Harris? <sup>310</sup> Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family, who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to "coals,"—the accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a <sup>315</sup> thousand times: I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which <sup>320</sup> this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.

303-314. See (12, IV., 29,) and (13, II., 3.)

315. What are the objections to Dickens's art?

306-308. Criticise this sentence.

317-319. **a commission—eye.** Explain the bearing of this reference,

1. What, according to Thackeray, are the essentials of Humor? Point out the illustrations he gives of his definition. What names are ordinarily assigned to the phases of style included by him under the general name of Humor?

2. By what examples and by what reasoning does he show that Humorists are "literary benefactors to the world's charity"?

3. Thackeray has been accused of being a Cynic. What proofs have we that Cynicism is not a characteristic of his genius?

4. What are the chief modes of Exposition? Show to what extent Thackeray has used them in his lecture.

5. What class of sentence and what Figures of Speech prevail? Show that they are appropriate.

6. To what extent has Thackeray observed the rules for Strength? (13, I.) Characterize the intellectual qualities of his style.

7. Refer to Critical estimate, p. 229, and show how far in this selection Thackeray displays the characteristics of his genius therein enumerated.

8. Memorize ll. 98-108.

9. Contrast the humor of Haliburton with that of the authors characterized by Thackeray.

10. Give an account of the chief English and American Humorists. (See *Primer of English Literature*.)

11. What are the main differences between English and American Humor?

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce Thackeray's estimate of the humor of Sterne, Swift, Addison, Steele, and Dickens.

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#### ODE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
5 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
10 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall a while repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*William Collins.*

## A SEA-SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast  
 And fills the white and rustling sail  
 And bends the gallant mast ;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys, 5  
 While like the eagle free  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
 I heard a fair one cry ; 10  
 But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high ;  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home, 15  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moor,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 But hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud ; 20  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

—Allan Cunningham.

## A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England  
 That guard our native seas !  
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze ! . . . .  
 Your glorious standard launch again 5  
 To match another foe :

And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy winds do blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn ;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return ;  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

—*Thomas Campbell.*



## MACAULAY.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Thomas Babington Macaulay, the most popular and brilliant of modern prose writers, was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, 1800. His father, who had acquired a moderate fortune in Jamaica and Sierra Leone, on his return to England took a leading part with Wilberforce and Clarkson in supporting the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. Young Macaulay was thus from his earliest childhood brought into contact with high-minded, earnest people, under circumstances very favorable to the development of literary talent. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won distinction in classics. During his undergraduate career he twice carried off the Chancellor's medal for English verse, and became a distinguished orator at the Union, the debating society of the University. He took his degree of B.A. in 1822, and two years afterwards was elected a Fellow of his College. The great ambition of Macaulay's life was to be a literary man—above all, to be an historian. His first literary efforts were contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* in 1823 and 1824, and in 1825 appeared his essay on Milton, a performance which at once brought him into prominence. Although called to the Bar in 1826, he probably devoted little of his time to legal business. It was his literary ability that secured him patronage. Through the influence of Lord Lansdowne he was in 1830

returned to Parliament, where he took an active and important part on the Whig side in the stirring Reform debates of the following sessions. In 1834 he was made president of a new Law Commission for India, and a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. On his return to England  
25 in 1838, although professing to be anxious to devote himself to literature, he was induced to re-enter public life as member for Edinburgh. Throughout his career he maintained his unswerving fidelity to his party, taking an active share in all measures of importance, and holding at different times subordinate offices in the Whig Cabinets. His outspoken opposition, how-  
30 ever, to the views of his constituents on some religious questions cost him his seat in 1847. With this event his political career really closed; for, although the electors of Edinburgh subsequently returned him at their own expense, and without putting him to the trouble of a canvass, he took little part in the business of the House, withdrawing finally in 1856. His  
35 fame was now firmly established, and honors came thick upon him. In 1857, in addition to foreign distinctions, he was created a peer of Great Britain under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley—the first literary man to receive such a distinction. But he did not long enjoy the dignity, for the extraordinary labor and excitement of his previous life had already  
40 begun to tell upon his health, and his death in 1859, though sudden, was not unexpected by his friends.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—Macaulay's first great literary success was the article on Milton, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, August, 1825. He had, however, already distinguished himself, in 1823 and 1824, by con-  
45 tributions to *Knigh's Quarterly Magazine*. Much of the earlier results of his historical investigations appeared at various dates as articles in Jeffrey's famous Review, some of them having been written during his residence in India. A selection of these was published in a collected form in 1842, under the title of *Critical and Historical Essays*. The work displays  
50 the author's wide range of knowledge, powers of illustration, and pains taking care as a writer. Macaulay "is most able and striking in his historical articles, which present pictures of the times of which he treats, with portraits of the principal actors, and comparisons and contrasts drawn from contemporary events and characters in other coun-  
55 tries." But his purely literary essays are also of high value. *History of England from the Accession of James II*: Of this, his greatest work, the first two volumes appeared in 1849, and the second two in 1855. Part of the fifth, bringing the History down to the general elections of 1701, was not published till after the author's death. The success of the work was  
60 unprecedentedly great. In it he develops his theory of history—his belief in the advantage of greater scenical interest: accordingly, he "intersperses the details, which are the charms of historical romances." Nor "should we have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for  
/ their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume,  
65 and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*." While writing the History, Macaulay turned aside for a time to contribute to the *Encyclopædia*

*Britannica* some biographies which he had sketched more or less crudely in his Essays. These works are carefully finished, and are by many regarded as the finest specimens of the author's style. *The Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842): An attempt to give a poetical form to Niebuhr's theory that the early history of Rome, as narrated by Livy, is founded on legends contained in old ballads about mythical persons and events. "Identifying himself with the plebeians and tribunes, he makes them chant the martial stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Capys. The style is homely, abrupt, and energetic, carrying us along like the exciting narratives of Scott, and presenting brief but striking pictures of local scenery and manners." Besides his lays, he wrote the following spirited ballads:—*The Battle of Naseby*; *Ivry*, a Song of the Huguenots; and *The Armada*, a Fragment.

CRITICAL.—Macaulay possessed talents of unusual versatility. Besides attaining high eminence as a critic, poet, essayist, and historian, he made his mark as a jurist, a legislator, and an orator. His memory was extraordinarily retentive. To it we owe his fondness for details and the opulence of his illustrations. To his power of realizing the past, we owe his skill in historical description and the delineation of character. His style is remarkable for its incomparable lucidity; its lively arrays of concrete particulars; its variety and purity of expression; its sudden, sharp surprises; its constant play of antithesis and frequent use of climax; its rapid movement and sparkling, dazzling animation. But while his style is perspicuous, it is sometimes not precise; and his fondness for balance and antithesis occasionally betrays him into extravagance and exaggeration. His vocabulary is copious; his sentences are generally short, abrupt, and light; but the rhythm is fluent and the cadences full and harmonious. The splendor of his imagery has justly been the theme of unstinted praise: it is due no less to the vastness and variety of his knowledge than to the brilliancy of his talents. Still-life he seldom describes, but he revels in the "rush and roar" of the world of action. He is never more in his element than when he paints in vivid colors some gorgeous pageant, some angry mob. He was essentially a controversialist. When he makes a statement he feels bound to explain or to prove it, and he is at his best when combating some fancied objections or demolishing the arguments of some real antagonist. Pathos his style forbade; wit and humor in their highest forms he does not possess; but in broad and scathing ridicule he has no superior. For clearness, purity, and strength, Macaulay's style is a model. But, while we imitate its excellences, we should avoid its excesses.

## IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

From the "Essays."

IN the meantime, the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

LITERARY.—Give an account of the career and character of Warren Hastings. (See Green's *Short History of the English People*, Chap. X., Sections II. and III.) Note throughout the selection the balanced structure of the sentences (12, II., 1, c), frequent Antithesis (12, IV., 8), occasional climactic structure (12, IV., 33) and the animation of the style (12, II., 1, b).

1-24. What is the leading thought in this paragraph? Apply here and throughout the selection the rules

given in (13, III.) What is the prevailing type of sentence? (12, II., 1, a.)

3-11. Observe the balanced structure. Note that in l. 14 it is pointed by the use of words beginning with the same letters.

14-20. **Every—left.** Note the use of Balance associated with Epizeuxis. (12, IV., 20.) Observe also that this sentence excites a curiosity which is gratified in the next. See Critical estimate, l. 09.



The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great <sup>25</sup> hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party in- <sup>30</sup> flamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in <sup>35</sup> gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. <sup>40</sup> The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long gal- <sup>45</sup> leries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and

25 *et seq.* Observe the means used by the author to kindle the imagination and to develop the truth of the leading sentence of the paragraph.

25-33. Why is "the hall" repeated? Why not place last "the hall—kings," ll. 26-27? See (13, II., 1, 3.) Comment on the historical references. What is Macaulay's estimate of King Charles?

25-80. Point out the subordinate leading sentences, and show how the Unity is preserved. Note how the principle of Antithesis is carried out in ll. 51-80. See Critical estimate, ll. 85-89. Comment on the historical and the bibliographical references.

What characteristics of the author are here displayed?

33-80. Note that this is the author's characteristic abrupt style. What is its effect? Why not omit "noble," l. 44.

45. **The gray—scarlet.** Comment on the introduction of this statement. (12, III., 4.) Note that we have here one of the author's mannerisms.

47-50. Observe the author's fondness for a Climax of sound. (13, II., 1, 3.) Note that the Anaphora and the use of Parallel construction (12, III., 2) in what follows keep before us this leading sentence, and so add to the characteristic perspicuity of the author's style.

50 learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present.

55 There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some

60 show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and

65 the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious,

70 massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay.

75 There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies—whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury

80 —shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent

85 forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in

81 *et seq.* Observe the Animated style.

82. Note the Litotes. (12, IV., 32.)

his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect; a high and intellectual forehead; a brow pensive, but not gloomy; a mouth of inflexible decision; a face pale and worn; but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aqua in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges. His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterward raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-Chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent

88-97. **He looked—judges.** Note the use of Antithesis in this description.

97. Show the aptness of the epithet "Proconsul."

107-108. Note the mode of Transition. (12, III., 7.)

114-115. **Pitt—the impeachment.** What was Pitt's attitude on the question of the trial?

1.0 sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and  
 125 Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient  
 130 or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenuous, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the  
 135 youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his  
 140 splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone,—culprit, advocates,  
 145 accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of  
 150 Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

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120-152. Note the tendency to Hyperbole, and the fondness for strong adjectives. Note also throughout the selection that the balanced structure increases these tendencies.

case of the Antonomasia. (12, IV., 19.)

130-134. Observe how the author applies the principle of Suspense. Cf. also ll. 134-152.

124-126. Explain the force in each

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver <sup>155</sup> voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the Court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of <sup>160</sup> diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. <sup>165</sup> Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator <sup>170</sup> extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling <sup>175</sup> to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old <sup>180</sup> arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has <sup>185</sup> betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the

181-192. Observe the Anaphora and the Climax.

187-192. Comment on the arrangement of these sentences. (12, IV., 27.)

name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert.  
 190 Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

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1. Refer to the selection and discuss the peculiarities of Macaulay's style under the following heads:—Vocabulary, Construction of Sentences and Paragraphs, Figures of Speech, Number and Order of Words (12, I.-VI.); Intellectual and Emotional Qualities and Elegancies (13, I., II., and III.) Classify his style. (11, I.-V.)

2. Make a list, with examples, of the qualities of Macaulay's style which deserve imitation, and of the defects which should be avoided.

3. Refer to Critical estimate, p. 245, and show to what extent the statements therein are exemplified.

#### COMPOSITION.

I. Make a brief synopsis of the leading topics in the Text.

II. Expand these into a composition, prefacing it with a sketch of Warren Hastings' Indian career, and adding an account of the result of the trial.

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#### NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew  
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
 5 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
 10 Within thy beams, O Sun, or who could find,  
 Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife.  
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

—*Joseph Blanco White.*



## WORDSWORTH.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—William Wordsworth was born at Cockerinmouth, Cumberland, April 7th, 1770. At the age of seventeen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge; but, finding the course of study there ill suited to his tastes, he spent most of his time reading Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Fielding, and Swift. After graduating in 1791, he made a tour on the 5 Continent, where he had previously spent one of his vacations. Like most of the poetical natures of the time, Wordsworth at first adopted enthusiastically the cause of the Revolution then going on in France, looking forward to the regeneration of the world through its instrumentality. Later on, however, when the generous impulses of the nation had been 10 crushed by massacre and military despotism, he supported the war against France as warmly as he had at first denounced it. On his return to England—for the Reign of Terror had driven him from France—he had to choose a profession; but both Law and the Church were distasteful to him. His mind, too, was unsettled. He fell into distrust, not only of 15 nations, but of himself. "The first thing to rouse him was the influence of human affection, and that came to him 'through the presence of his sister.' She opened his eyes to perceive in Nature minute lovelinesses formerly unnoticed, his heart to feel sympathies and tendernesses for human things hitherto uncared for." Fortunately, in 1795, a legacy from a friend 20 placed him above want, and, in company with his sister, he gave himself up

wholly to poetical composition. After a short residence in Dorsetshire, he removed in 1795 to Alfoxden, near Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where Coleridge was then living. With Coleridge Wordsworth formed an intimate  
 25 friendship, and the two poets wrote occasionally in conjunction. After a visit of a few months to Germany in 1798, Wordsworth settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where he lived eight years, marrying in 1802 the lady whom he describes in *She was a Phantom of Delight*. From 1797 to 1814, when the *Excursion* was published, his poetic faculty was in its  
 30 prime. On many of the productions of this period there rests a celestial gleam—something of “the light that never was on sea or land,”—which is only fitfully present in his later works. After one or two changes of residence, he took up his abode at Rydal Mount, where he spent the remainder of his days. Here he wrote a good deal of his poetry, but  
 35 not much in his finest vein. In 1813 he was appointed to the lucrative office of Distributor of Stamps for the County of Westmoreland, and in 1843, on the death of Southey, he was created Poet Laureate. Most of his time he spent in poetical composition, often giving variety to the quietness of his life by excursions on the Continent, and tours through Scotland  
 40 and Wales. His death took place in 1850.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Descriptive Sketches*, followed by *The Evening Walk* in the same year (1793): The former refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and a friend, and the latter to a walk in the mountains of Westmoreland. *The Borderers*, a Tragedy (1795): This work failed both  
 45 as a poem and as a play. Wordsworth is a purely subjective poet: he had no dramatic talent. *The Lyrical Ballads* (1798): In this volume was included Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. These Ballads, intended to test the acceptability to the general reader, of the author's theory of poetry, were at first neglected or ridiculed, owing partly to his want of consideration for  
 50 existing prejudices in favor of the polished diction and sentimental verse of the preceding schools, and partly to the glaring blemishes into which he was led by a false and extreme application of his theory, and which for a time more than counterbalanced the simple natural beauties of much of his work. In 1800 he republished the *Lyrical Ballads*, with many additions,  
 55 which were assailed with all the bitterness of hostile criticism, although the author's powers of description and reflection could not but be admired. *The Excursion* (1814): This poem is part of a larger but unfinished philosophical work, begun in 1799, and called *The Recluse*. “*The Excursion*, a  
 60 philosophical poem in blank verse, contains passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character.” Another part, *The Prelude*, was not published until after the author's death. It describes in noble language  
 65 the history and growth of his own mind, and was intended to be an introduction to *The Recluse*. *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815): A romantic narrative poem, dealing with the ruin of a north-country family in the “Rising



of the North" in 1569. *Peter Bell* (1819): This poem, in which he carries his poetical theory to the extreme, was greeted with laughter and ridicule. Notwithstanding this reception, Wordsworth continued to write, and to publish; but it was not till 1830 that he met with appreciative readers, and not till 1840 did he find a reading public. Besides poetry, he wrote a good deal of prose, but as a poet only is he known in Literature. Wordsworth was especially fond of the Sonnet. Large collections of these indicate the working of his mind on certain classes of subjects, or are memories of scenes that impressed his imagination. Some of his shorter poems are perfection itself. Among them are:—*Lines composed above Tintern Abbey, Hart-Leap Well, She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways, She was a Phantom of Delight, Laodamia, Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, Ode to Duty, The Egyptian Maid, The Happy Warrior, Evening Ode; Yarrow Unvisited, Visited, and Revisited; The Leech Gatherer, The Solitary Reaper, Lucy Gray, To the Cuckoo, To a Highland Girl, The Primrose of the Rock, A Poet's Epitaph*; his sonnets on *Milton, Westminster Bridge, Mutability, On the Beach at Calais, and Time's Ravages*.

CRITICAL.—In Wordsworth, the greatest of the so-called Lake Poets, culminated the reaction against the artificiality of Pope and his School (see "Pope" and *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 108-110). After the great literary outburst of the Elizabethan age, poetic sentiment had become more and more divorced from natural feeling, and poetic diction more and more different from the diction of prose. The sentiment of poetry was then donned like a stage dress, and its language seemed not to belong to the world around us. Wordsworth's mission was to change all this. His theory is that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and the language of prose, and that poetry prefers the ordinary language of men who live in the country when they speak under the influence of strong emotion. This theory, however, he seldom practised, and when he did, his poetic diction fitted

"too close to life's realities,  
In truth to Nature missing truth to Art."

But Wordsworth uniformly relied on the simple forms of expression: the ornate ones of his predecessors he systematically avoided. His poetry is true to fact—not, however, to bare literal fact, but to reality lit up by the glow of poetic fervor. His subjects, too, were widely different from those of the Artificial School. With Wordsworth, Nature is no mere machine. There is, he affirms, a soul in all the worlds—

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy,  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

This presence he identifies with the living spirit of God. According to Professor Shairp's interpretation of his meaning, Nature, though manifest-

ing itself in various forms, is pervaded by a unity of life and power, binding it together into one living whole, and possessing an influence which streams through and stimulates man's life—a spirit itself invisible, though it speaks  
120 through visible forms. Its calmness stills and refreshes man; its sublimity raises his spirit to noble and energetic thoughts; and its tenderness, striving in the largest and loftiest things, condescends to the lowest, and is in the humblest worm and weed as much as in the great movements of the elements and of the stars. Its stability and order, too, satisfy his intellect  
125 and calm his soul. Our mind, receiving these impressions, adds to them its own thoughts and feelings, and this union produces the harmony he conceives to exist between Nature and mankind. Pope's great theme had been the social life of the city—"the varying vanities, from every part," that "shift the moving toy-shop of the heart." Wordsworth, whose sym-  
130 pathies had been stimulated by the political convulsions he had witnessed, and whose heart had been humanized and softened by his sister's loving care, found the objects of his study among the poor and the humble. For him "the common growth of mother earth" sufficed—"her humblest mirth and tears." His theme is the permanent and nobler feelings of our com-  
135 mon nature—the emotions that swell the heart of both peer and peasant. He taught his countrymen to discern in the humblest and most unexpected forms what they had formerly looked for in other spheres. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 154-155.) Wordsworth is a poet of reflection and contemplation. Of true dramatic or epic power, he had none. Many have sur-  
140 passed him in mere description of Nature; but, as her interpreter, he took the step which Chaucer and Shakespeare never took—"to explain the virtue which resides in the symbol, to describe objects as they affect human hearts, and to show how the inflowing world is a material image through which the sovereign mind holds intercourse with man." Coleridge has  
145 pointed out the varied excellencies of Wordsworth's poetry; the depth of his feeling; the unflinching certainty of his eye; his unflinching truth; the purity, beauty, and majesty of his language; the force, originality, freshness, and profundity of his thoughts; and the vividness and richness of his imagination—"nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton,  
150 yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own." But while he has measured his friend's greatness, Coleridge has also discerned his faults—his inequality of style; his too great fondness for minute details; and the occasional disproportion between his language and his feeling. Humor, it may be added, he did not possess, and of the stronger passions he has shown few  
155 traces. As to his rank in our literary history, opinions are divided. With some he stands fifth in the roll of our greatest writers; others deny this claim. Popularity his style forbids; but, with the thoughtful his reign is secure. He "pipes a simple song for *thinking hearts*;" the earnest student of his works will feel that the poet has accomplished the purpose of his life:  
160 "To console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous."

## ODE.

## INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

INTRODUCTORY.—Wordsworth has chosen as the motto of his Ode the last three lines of the following poem—a poem in which he states briefly and characteristically the foundation of the leading doctrines of his philosophy:—

“ My heart leaps up when I behold  
     A rainbow in the sky :  
     So was it when my life began,  
     So is it now I am a man ;  
     So be it when I shall grow old,  
     Or let me die !  
     The child is father of the man ;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.”

“The child is father of the man”: through the recollections and observations of our infancy we may, therefore, hope to trace our spiritual relationship in its most marked manifestations. On his own vivid memories and the results of his unusually keen powers of introspection, Wordsworth has based a conclusion which may be regarded as the corner-stone of his philosophical system. In brief, the halo of pure emotion which invests our childish years, and the close connection of this emotion with external nature, to which it gives a “dream-like vividness and splendor,” he regards as presumptive evidence of the existence of the soul prior to birth. This, the Platonic doctrine of Pre-natal life, is the main idea of his magnificent lyric. To use the words of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, one of the exponents of Wordsworth’s philosophy, “the child’s soul has existed before it entered the body—has existed in a world superior to ours, but connected by the immanence of the same pervading spirit (see *Critical estimate*, pp. 255-256, ll. 105-127,) with the material universe before our eyes. The child begins by feeling this material universe strange to him. But he sees in it, as it were, what he has been accustomed to see; he discerns in it its kinship with the spiritual world which he dimly remembers; it is to him ‘an unsubstantial fairy place’—a scene at once brighter and more unreal than it will appear in his eyes when he has become acclimatized to earth. And even when the freshness of insight has passed away, it occasionally happens that sights or sounds of unusual beauty or carrying deep associations—a rainbow (see *supra*), a cuckoo’s cry, or sunset of extraordinary splendor—will renew for a while this sense of vision and nearness to the spiritual world—a sense which never loses its reality, though with advancing years its presence grows briefer and more rare.” Wordsworth, however, admits that the conception of a pre-natal existence is too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. According to Mr. Matthew Arnold, “this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people—perhaps in the majority of educated persons—the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty.” But, be this as it may, the Ode is one of the most ennobling contributions our literature has ever received.

## ODE.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
 To me did seem  
 Apparelled in celestial light,  
 5 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore:—  
 Turn whereso'er I may,  
 By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

10 The Rainbow comes and goes,  
 And lovely is the Rose,  
 The Moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare:  
 Waters on a starry night  
 15 Are beautiful and fair;

LITERARY.—Explain clearly the poem quoted on p. 257. What does the author mean by "natural piety"? Observe throughout the Ode the nobility of the thoughts, the harmonious melody of the language, and the changes in the metre to suit the variations of the poet's mood. State briefly, as the literary analysis proceeds, the main thought in each stanza, and its connection with what has preceded. Point out the appropriateness of the time of the day and of the year at which the poet is supposed to give utterance to his thoughts. Describe his mood in the opening stanzas of the Ode.

1. **There was a time.** What time is referred to? See Introductory, p. 275, ll. 14-22 and 29-33.

4-5. **Apparelled—dream.** Explain clearly, with especial reference to "celestial light" and "dream." Quote Wordsworth's description of the sensations of his own childhood.

6. **of yore.** In what sense used?

9. What "things" are meant?

10-16. **The Rainbow—birth.** Observe the beauty of the description. Note that the objects mentioned here were with Wordsworth favorite subjects of description and contemplation. See poem quoted on p. 257. State and apply in this passage his view of Nature. See Critical comments, p. 255, ll. 104-127.

1-18. Express in one sentence in prose the meaning of these stanzas.

ELOCUTIONARY.—1. Commence with pure tone of reflection, and moderate time and force. 2. Emphasize "every."

6-9. Note the contrasted words.

10 *et seq.* Note the happy, joyous thoughts. What kind of time is required?

12. Pause after "Moon"; connect this line closely with the one following. Observe throughout the poem, as here, the frequent necessity for ignoring the final verse pause.

The sunshine is a glorious birth,  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
 And while the young lambs bound 20  
 As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
 And I again am strong:  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;  
 I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
 And all the earth is gay;  
 Land and sea 30  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy 35  
 Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
 My heart is at your festival, 40  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen

22-25. Explain "alone" and "thought of grief." To what "timely utterance" does the author refer?

25-31. Observe that the poet's mood now changes with a corresponding acceleration of the metrical move-

ment. Explain "fields of sleep." Account for the happiness of the shepherd-boy and the joyousness of his surroundings.

41. **coronal.** Develop the Allusion.

18. Do not emphasize "there." Connect closely "there—glory" and pause after "glory."

22. Slower time. 29-33. Gay and sprightly tone. 35. Loud force.

While Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have looked upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?  
  
 Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting:  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar:  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

44. **Earth—adorning.** Is this Personification? What is Wordsworth's conception of Nature? Parse "herself."

50. **And the Babe—arm.** Apply here Wordsworth's philosophy. See Introductory, ll. 14-22 and 29-33.

51. Note that here we have the culmination of the poet's ecstasy, followed by a pause. Describe the change in his mood that follows, and trace the course of his meditations in ll. 52-85.

52-58. See ll. 1-18.

59. Account for the somewhat abrupt transition, and explain clearly the force of "a sleep" and "a forgetting."

59-77. Observe the beauty of diction and the nobility of thought in this stanza. Refer to Introductory remarks, p. 257, and explain clearly each line in this passage. Note especially the force of "east," l. 72, and of "Nature's Priest," l. 73. Give Wordsworth's other synonyms for "vision splendid" l. 74.

52. Notice the change in sentiment, and the consequent change in time and force. 59. Pure tone of reflection, moderate force and time.

Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows. 70

He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
 And by the vision splendid  
 Is on his way attended; 75

At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind 80  
 And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
 Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came. 85

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes! 90

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;  
 A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral; 95  
 And this hath now his heart,

78-85. Apply here again Wordsworth's theory of Nature. Explain clearly the force of "Foster-child." Cf. with this passage the poet's representation of Nature in ll. 25-51.

ted—sallies," l. 89; "light—eyes!" l. 90; "Some fragment—life," l. 92; "Actor," l. 103; and "Persons," l. 105.

86-108. Give the force of "Fret-

86-129. Note that the key to the meaning of these stanzas is in ll. 107-108 and ll. 124-129.

75. Pause after "Is" and "on his way," to avoid sing-song.

77. Prolong the sound of "fade." 86-108. Animated tone.

And unto this he frames his song:  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
 100     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 This little Actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 105     With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
     That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
 110     Thy Soul's immensity;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage; thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—  
 115     Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 120     Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
     A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 125     The years to bring the inevitable yoke.

109-129. Describe the poet's mood. Explain clearly the full force of the following:—"Soul's immensity," l. 110; "Eye among the blind," l. 112 (cf. ll. 70-71); "deaf and silent," and "read'st—mind," ll. 113-114; "Prophet" and "Seer," l. 115; "Broods like the Day" (cf. l. 67), l. 120; "yet," l. 122; "freedom" (cf., l. 125) 123; "custom," l. 128; and "Heavy—life!" l. 129. Parse and explain the phrase "on thy being's height," l. 123.

109-129. Pure tone, occasionally swelling into orotund; slow time.  
 122-123. Louder force and faster time.



Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

Oh joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive! 130

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed 135  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise 140

The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature 145

Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!

But for those first affections;  
 Those shadowy recollections, 150

Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

126-129. Cf. ll. 67-69 and ll. 76-77.

130. Describe the change in the poet's feelings, and note the subsequent return to the reflective mood. Give the exact force of "embers."

136. What sort of superlative is "most worthy"?

142-148. See Introductory remarks, p. 257, ll. 28-33, and quote Wordsworth's description of his own sensations.

149-161. Cf. with this passage the poem quoted in the Introductory remarks, p. 257.

127. Notice the emphasis on "Full soon."

130. Notice the change in sentiment. 148. See note, page 51, l. 16.

155 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
     To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
     Nor Man nor Boy,  
 160 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!  
     Hence in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 165 Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 170 And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound!  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 175 Feel the gladness of the Mav'!

162-168. See Introductory remarks, p. 257, ll. 33-39. Observe the grandeur of the thought and the wonderfully harmonious beauty of the diction. Paraphrase the passage, so as to bring out the meaning clearly. Note that according to Wordsworth, in supreme moments of our existence when we feel within us "gleams like the flashings of a shield," Nature, "which is the breath of God," may become a revealing agency into a higher world than ours. Compare with this passage the following lines from "Tintern Abbey," in which he holds that to Nature's "beauteous forms" man owes—

"that blessed mood,  
 In which the burden of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul:  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things."

169 *et seq.* What are now the poet's feelings? Note the sympathetic changes in the metre, especially the trochaic structure of some of the lines.

156-157. Notice the frequent pauses required.

168. Orotund quality. 169-175. Loud force, high pitch.

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find 180  
Strength in what remains behind:

In the primal sympathy 185  
Which having been must ever be;

In the soothing thoughts that spring 185  
Out of human suffering;

In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might: 190  
I only have relinquished one delight

To live beneath your more habitual sway.

I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day 195  
Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye

That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms are won. 200

182-183. See poem quoted on p. 257.

184-187. Explain clearly the philosophy of this passage. Show from the poem that to the author years brought "the philosophic mind." Note that Wordsworth himself has in his poems used human sorrow to influence his own meditative spirit, till it becomes

"Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight;  
And miserable love that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to human kind and what we  
are."

No other poet has so tenderly dealt with the

"wallflower scents  
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen  
pride."

191-192. **one delight.** For meaning see ll. 1-18 and ll. 176-179. For the meaning of "more habitual," see ll. 76-85.

197-199. **The Clouds—mortality.** Explain by a paraphrase.

200. **Another race—won.** Paraphrase so as to show the meaning.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears ;  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

---

 SONNETS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In the first Sonnet, Wordsworth looks on the sleeping city as he would on Nature in her moods of calmness—with feelings of awe and tenderness. In the second, he expresses in impassioned language his love for Nature, and his estimate of the baseness and materialism of modern life. The third will present no difficulty to those who have mastered the explanation already given of the author's philosophical system. Observe, in all, the nobility of his tone; the keenness of his mental vision; the idealizing power of his imagination; the depth and intensity of his feeling; and the purity, beauty, and dignity of his language.

## COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair ;  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
 5 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
 10 In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

---

 THE WORLD'S RAVAGES.

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,  
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :  
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;  
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
 5 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;  
 The Winds that will be howling at all hours,  
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;  
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn : 10  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

---

ON THE BEACH AT CALAIS.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;  
 The holy time is quiet as a nun  
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun  
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;  
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea : 5  
 Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,  
 And doth with his eternal motion make  
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
 Dear Child ! dear Girl ! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought, 10  
 Thy nature is not, therefore, less divine :  
 Thou liest " in Abraham's bosom " all the year ;  
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

1. Show that Wordsworth has not adhered to his theory of poetic diction in the preceding selections. See (3, V.)

2. Illustrate from the selections the remarks in pp. 255 and 256, ll. 100 to end, and p. 257, ll. 25-39.

3. " Wordsworth's poetry was not only a powerful, but a conscious and systematic appeal to that craving for deep truth and reality which had been gathering way ever since the French Revolution so terribly tore asunder the old veils of conventionality and custom." Explain this criticism.

4. What authors represented in this volume fell in with the movement in Literature referred to in p. 256, ll. 134-139? Describe generally the effect of Wordsworth's doctrines on contemporary and subsequent literature.

5. Give an account of the steps in the Reaction against the style of the "Artificial School." (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*)

6. Memorize the "Ode."

COMPOSITION.

I. Reproduce the main thoughts in the "Ode."

II. Give an account of Wordsworth's attitude towards Nature and Man.

## THE DREAM OF PETRARCA.

From the "Pentameron."

INTRODUCTORY.—In his monograph on Landor, Mr. Sidney Colvin says:—"Petrarch's Allegory is an example unmatched, as I think, in literature, of the unity of Greek purity of outline with Florentine poignancy of sentiment. The oftener we read it, the more strongly it attracts and holds us by the treble charm of its quiet, sober cadences, its luminous imagery, and its deep, consolatory wisdom."

*Petrarca*.—When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottoes. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing  
5 before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and the unfortunate as most interested me by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversations best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their man-  
10 ners, their steps, their voices, and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. . . .

Allegory had few attractions for me, believing it to be the delight in general of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier  
15 of the Passions. A stranger to the Affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask.

I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a  
20 soft old mole-hill covered with gray grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream or vision came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill  
25 adapted to flight. One of them, whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present; do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather on an arrow, and then the  
30 arrow itself—the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult at first to

discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ankles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and 35 more of cherished dreams than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have grievously wounded call upon me for succor; but, so little am I disposed 40 to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches on these occasions have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many and nearly in the same terms as upon you!" 45

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so alike!" said Love contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a nearer resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw at a distance the figure he designated. Meanwhile the 50 contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them, but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and to choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from 55 repose to rapture; I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he 60 would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only 65 calm; presently they became contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain, and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing 70 that thou touchest, lives."

“Say rather, child!” replied the advancing form, and advancing grew loftier and statelier, “say rather that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives its own true life until my wing  
75 hath passed over it.”

Love pouted, and rumped and bent down with his forefinger the stiff short feathers on his arrow-head, but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him.  
80 The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand,  
85 openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near, and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity; for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees I grew ashamed of  
90 my ingratitude, and turning my face away, I held out my arms and I felt my neck within his. Composure strewed and allayed all the throbbings of my bosom; the coolness of freshest morning breathed around; the heavens seemed to open above me; while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my  
95 head. I would now have looked for those others; but, knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily,—

“Sleep is on his way to the Earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens, for every call only makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks,  
100 he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one.”

“And Love,” said I, “whither is he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him.”

“He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and  
105 pass me,” said the Genius, “is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder, and ready to receive thee.”

I looked; the earth was under me; I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*





## COLERIDGE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, October 21st, 1772. When a boy his appetite for reading was extraordinary, but, even in this, his peculiar disposition showed itself, for his reading was of a desultory character. From 1791 to 1793 he attended Jesus' College, Cambridge, winning distinction in Classics, but leaving 5 without a degree. He began an unsettled and irregular life by enlisting in a dragoon regiment, but was soon afterwards bought off by his friends. At first an ardent Republican, he indulged high hopes of what the French Revolution was going to do for mankind. Later in life, however, from being a Radical and a Unitarian, he became a Royalist and a Church- 10 man. Without ambition, and with no set purpose before him, he was always indulging in visions of what he was going to do—from founding ideal republics with Southey to planning an extensive series of poems. Hence the limited quantity and the incomplete character of his work. On his marriage, in 1795, he removed to Nether-Stowey, near his friend 15 Wordsworth, and here he wrote the greater part of his poetry. In 1798, through the kindness of a friend, he was enabled to go abroad, residing mainly in Germany, where he acquired a good knowledge of

the language, literature, and philosophy of the country. On returning to  
 20 England in 1800, he joined Southey and Wordsworth in the Lake Country.  
 After a brief connection with the *Morning Post*, and a nine months' residence  
 at Malta as the Governor's Secretary, he found his way back to  
 England, where he resumed authorship and began to give lectures. But  
 his indolent habits, aggravated by opium-eating, prevented him from gain-  
 25 ing more than a precarious livelihood. In 1816, leaving his wife and  
 family under the care of Southey, his brother-in-law, he went to London,  
 finding an asylum for the last nineteen years of his life with a surgeon  
 named Gillman, who had undertaken to cure him of opium-eating. Here  
 he wrote mere fragments, but what he failed to do in writing he made  
 30 up for in talking; for hither resorted admirers from all parts of the coun-  
 try to hear him discourse on poetry, philosophy, and kindred subjects.  
 Through this oral teaching his influence was far wider than through his  
 writings. In conversation he could express his thoughts, however subtle,  
 with clearness and accuracy, but writing subjected him to more labor  
 35 and restraint than suited his peculiar disposition. Coleridge died at  
 Highgate on the 25th of July, 1834.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—Coleridge's poems were published at various dates,  
 his first volume appearing in 1796; *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, in  
 1798; *Christabel*, in 1816; *Sybilline Leaves*, a collection of his chief poems,  
 40 in 1817; and the first really collective edition of his *Poetical and Dramatic*  
*Works* in 1828. The four most famous are *Christabel*, an unfinished  
 romance, illustrating the author's theory of the connection between the  
 material and the spiritual world; *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*; *Kubla*  
*Khan*, the record of a gorgeous dream and a miracle of music; and  
 45 *Genevieve, or Love*. Others of note are:—*Hymn before Sunrise in the Val-*  
*ley of Chamouni*; *Ode to France*; *Ode to Dejection*; *Ode to Naples*; *Ode*  
*to the Departing Year*; *Frost at Midnight*; *Youth and Age*; *The Garden*  
*of Boccaccio*; *Hymn to the Earth*; *Work without Hope*; and *Love, Hope,*  
*and Patience in Education*. Besides these he published a *Translation of*  
 50 *Schiller's Wallenstein*; *Remorse*, a Tragedy; and *Zapoyla*, a Drama. Cole-  
 ridge's prose works are:—*Moral and Political Lectures* (1795); *The Friend*  
 (1809-10, and another edition in 1818), originally a magazine, reaching,  
 however, only to its twenty-seventh number; *Two Lay Sermons* (one in  
 1816 and the other in 1817); *Biographia Literaria* (1817); *Aids to Reflec-*  
 55 *tion*; and *On the Constitution of Church and State*.

CRITICAL.—Although noticeable as a prose writer for the profundity of  
 his intellect, his curious erudition, and his fine critical taste, Coleridge will  
 be remembered in literature as a poet, and, like Gray, as the author of a  
 few poems. His later life was given up to questions of criticism, religion,  
 60 and philosophy; only in early manhood did he devote himself to poetry.  
 His genius was like the sudden, brief blossoming of an exotic, but its  
 flowers are "flowers of the rose's rank." To the morbid languor of his  
 nature may be attributed the dreamy poetic grace which can be felt only

in the silent submission of wonder. With rare subtlety of thought and original and daring invention, he combined exquisite delicacy of language, <sup>65</sup> a warm poetic joy in everything beautiful, and a witching melody of verse that haunts the reader like "an angel's song." While his best poetry is remarkable for perfection of execution, some of his minor productions are defaced by puerile affectation and a turgid style. Passionate feeling he shows only occasionally, but for height and excellence of imaginative <sup>70</sup> power he ranks amongst the greatest: Coleridge is, "of imagination all compact." Like the other Lake School Poets, he was a close and sensitive observer of Nature, and a warm sympathizer with the animal world. Unlike them, however, he seldom, or but slightly, shows any moral or personal effort or ambition: his poems were often written, he tells us, <sup>75</sup> after the more violent emotions of sorrow, to give him pleasure, when, perhaps, nothing else could. By both his powers and his weaknesses, he was unfitted for dramatic composition: he lacked energy; he was too much a dreamer of dreams. Had it not been for the small quantity of his verse, Coleridge would probably have ranked as the leading poet of his <sup>80</sup> time; but, in the language of Swinburne, "An age that should forget or neglect him, might neglect or forget any poet that ever lived."

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### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

INTRODUCTORY.—In the autumn of 1797 Coleridge, with Wordsworth and his sister, started out from Alfoxden on one of their excursions. In the course of their walks *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* was planned as a poem to be sent to the *London Magazine* to supply £5, towards the expenses of the holiday. The two poets were to work at it conjointly, but their respective manners differed so much that Wordsworth withdrew the evening it was begun. Some of the incidents of the poem were suggested by Wordsworth, but by far the greater part was Coleridge's invention; and, with the exception of a few lines, the composition is all his own. The prose commentary, itself a work of subtle beauty, was an afterthought of the author's. The poem grew till it became too important to be given to a magazine: the *Lyrical Ballads*, then planned, were published in the following year. In their respective contributions to the volume, Coleridge was to give the sense of reality to visions of the fancy; Wordsworth to choose his subject from ordinary life, and to educe the poetical elements from common things. In his task Coleridge has been eminently successful: "*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has the plausibility, the perfect adaptation to reason and the general aspect of life, which belongs to the marvellous when actually presented as part of a credible experience in our dreams." The poem is a direct result of the Romantic movement, and the revived taste for Ballad literature, of which Percy's *Reliques* is the most striking memento. It is beyond doubt one of the supreme triumphs of poetic art. Its marvellous supernaturalism, in its thrilling invention and dreamy delicacy contrasts strongly with the coarse and rude conceptions

of previous writers; and its tender sentiment, its strange splendors and wondrous beauties, and, above all, the flower-like perfection of its execution, have secured for it the foremost place in the ranks of

"Young-eyed poesy  
All deftly masked as hoar antiquity."

PART THE FIRST.

It is an Ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

An Ancient  
Mariner meeteth  
three Gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding-feast,  
and detaineth  
one.

5 "The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand ;

10 "There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

LITERARY.—"There is more of the invisible than of the visible in the world," is the leading thought in the Latin motto prefixed by the author: this text he enforces with great splendor and imaginative power. In addition to what has been pointed out in the Introductory remarks, observe throughout the poem some of the terminology and quaint conceits of the old ballad; the metrical movement, varying and irregular, but perfectly adapted to the sense; the frequent Onomatopœia and Alliteration; the weird vividness of the different pictures, and the wonderful beauty of the language. Observe also how the poet has accomplished his object in dealing with the supernatural and invisible, "so as to transfer from our outward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of the imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." Read

the prose commentary concurrently with the poem. Describe the metre.

1-40. These stanzas record the struggle in the mind of the Wedding-Guest until he succumbs under the influence of the Mariner's glittering eye and the weirdness of his rime. The actual is then shut out, and the invisible asserts its sway.

1. **It—Mariner.** Explain this use of "it." Observe the striking effect of this beginning. We are introduced at once to the central figure of the poem. What is meant by "Ancient"?

7. Note the Middle Rhyme here and throughout the poem.

8. **May'st.** Similar ellipses are frequent in the old ballads. Point out, as they occur, the words and phrases of "hoar antiquity"; and note the frequent repetitions of words and phrases. See ll. 3 and 11, 18 and 38, 20 and 40, etc.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child :  
The Mariner hath his will. 15

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner : 20

“ The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

“ The sun came up upon the left, 25  
Out of the sea came he ;  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

“ Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon ”— 30  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music, but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The Bride hath paced into the hall ;  
Red as a rose is she :  
Nodding their heads before her goes 35  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner ; 40

25-28. “ The sun comes up out of the sea, and goes down into it—grand image of loneliness, the isolation from other created beings of that speck upon the boundless waters. Throughout the poem this sentiment of isolation is preserved with a mag-  
ical and most impressive reality. All the action is absolutely shut up within the doomed ship.”

30. Where was the ship at this time? Throughout what follows, trace the ship's course.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he  
 Was tyrannous and strong:  
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
 And chased us south along.

The ship drawn  
 by a storm  
 toward the south  
 pole.

45 “ With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who, pursued with yell and blow,  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 50 And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold:  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

55 “ And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen:  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
 The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
 and of fearful  
 sounds, where  
 no living thing  
 was to be seen.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,  
 60 The ice was all around:  
 It cracked and growled, and roared and  
 howled,  
 Like noises in a swound!

“ At length did cross an Albatross:  
 Thorough the fog it came;  
 65 As if it had been a Christian soul,  
 We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great sea-  
 bird, called the  
 Albatross, came  
 through the sun-  
 fog, and was re-  
 ceived with  
 great joy and  
 hospitality.

“ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
 And round and round it flew:  
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
 70 The helmsman steered us through!

45-50. Note the quickened metrical movement which here, as elsewhere in the poem, accompanies the increase in the number of lines in the stanza.

47. **shadow—foe.** Why is this touch added?

62. **Like—swound!** Explain.

65-66. Account for the welcome.

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward, through fog and floating ice.

“ And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
 The Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

“ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75  
 It perched for vespers nine ;  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
 Glimmered the white moon-shine.”

The Ancient Mariner inhumanly killeth the pious bird of good omen.

“ God save thee, Ancient Mariner!  
 From the fiends, that plague thee thus!— 80  
 Why look'st thou so ? ” — “ With my cross-bow  
 I shot the Albatross.

## PART THE SECOND.

The Sun now rose upon the right :  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85  
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo ! 90

His shipmates cry out against the Ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck.

“ And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe :  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 ‘ Ah, wretch ! ’ said they, ‘ the bird to slay, 95  
 That made the breeze to blow ! ’

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same,

“ Nor dim nor red, like God's own head  
 The glorious Sun uprist :

78. Observe here and throughout the author's use of the moon in his descriptions. The weird effects of its light have caught his fancy.

83-86. Cf. with ll. 25-28, and note that the author's repetitions are characteristic of the simplicity of the ballad. Cf. also ll. 73-74 and 89-90.

100 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

105 "The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

110 "Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

"All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

115 "Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

120 "Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

125 "The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

130 "About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

117-118. Illustrate by quotations. Cf. ll. 314-315, p. 126.

119-120. Account for the Ellipsis, and give the force of "And," l. 120.



A Spirit had followed them: one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

“ And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

“ And every tongue, through utter drought, 135  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the Ancient Mariner: in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

“ Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks 140  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.”

## PART THE THIRD.

“ There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time! 145  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the elements afar off.

“ At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist ; 150  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

“ A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared :  
As if it dodged a water-sprite, 155  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer approach it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

“ With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:  
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
 165 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy,

“ See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal,—  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 170 She steadies with upright keel!

and horror follows. For can it be a *ship* that comes onward without wind or tide?

“ The western wave was all a-flame,  
 The day was well-nigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad, bright Sun:  
 175 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

“ And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
 180 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

“ Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 How fast she nears and nears!  
 Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,  
 Like restless gossameres?

“ Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun  
 185 Did peer, as through a grate?  
 And is that Woman all her crew?  
 Is that a Death? and are there two?  
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun.

“ *Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,  
 190 Her locks were yellow as gold:

The Spectre-Woman and her Death-mate; and no other on board the skeleton-ship.

168. **Hither—weal.** What is the relation of this phrase? (12, IV., 36.)

170. **upright keel!** Explain.

- Like vessel, like crew!  
Her skin was white as leprosy,  
The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.
- DEATH and LIFE-IN-DEATH have dived for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the Ancient Mariner.  
" The naked hulk alongside came, 195  
And the twain were casting dice ;  
' The game is done ! I've won ! I've won !'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.
- No twilight within the courts of the Sun.  
" The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :  
At one stride comes the dark ; 200  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.
- " We listened and looked sideways up ;  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
white ;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The horned Moon, with one bright star 210  
Within the nether tip.
- At the rising of the Moon.  
" One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye. 215
- One after another,  
" Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.
- His shipmates drop down dead.

---

199-200. Observe here, as else- | 203. looked sideways up. Ac-  
where, how carefully the actual is | count for this attitude.  
represented.

220 "The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whiz of my cross-bow!"

But LIFE-IN-DEATH begins her work on the Ancient Mariner.

## PART THE FOURTH.

225 "I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a Spirit is talking to him;

230 "I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

But the Ancient Mariner assur-eth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

235 "Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm;

240 "I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

245 "I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

232-235. Note the awful silence that now falls upon the Mariner. Note also how his helpless agony and dumb endurance are dwelt upon in ll. 232-262. With the grammatical structure of ll. 232-235, cf. that of ll. 119-122.

“ I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat ;  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky 250  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse  
 liveth for him in  
 the eye of the  
 dead men.

“ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
 Nor rot nor reek did they :  
 The look with which they looked on me 255  
 Had never passed away.

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high ;  
 But oh ! more horrible than that  
 Is the curse in a dead man’s eye ! 260  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness  
 and fixedness  
 he yearneth  
 towards the  
 journeying  
 Moon, and the  
 stars that still  
 sojourn, yet still  
 move onward ;  
 and everywhere  
 the blue sky be-  
 longs to them,  
 and is their ap-  
 pointed rest, and  
 their native  
 country, and  
 their own na-  
 tural homes,  
 which they enter  
 unannounced,  
 as lords that are  
 certainly ex-  
 pected, and yet  
 there is a silent  
 joy at their  
 arrival.

“ The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide :  
 Softly she was going up, 265  
 And a star or two beside—

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,  
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
 But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,  
 The charmed water burnt always 270  
 A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
 I watched the water-snakes :  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they reared, the elfish light 275  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light of  
 the Moon he be-  
 holdeth God’s  
 creatures of the  
 great calm.

“ Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire :  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam ; and every track 280  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

“ O happy living things ! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare :  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 285 And I blessed them unaware :  
 Sure my kind Saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware.

Their beauty  
 and their happi-  
 ness.

He blesseth  
 them in his  
 heart.

“ The self-same moment I could pray ;  
 And from my neck so free  
 290 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins  
 to break.

PART THE FIFTH.

“ Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole !  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
 295 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.

“ The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remained,  
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
 300 And when I woke, it rained.

By grace of the  
 holy Mother,  
 the Ancient  
 Mariner is re-  
 freshed with  
 rain.

“ My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
 My garments all were dank ;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank.

“ I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 305 And was a blessed ghost.

“ And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
 It did not come anear ;  
 310 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

He heareth  
 sounds and  
 seeth strange  
 sights and com-  
 motions in the  
 sky and the ele-  
 ment.

282-287. Observe the first touches of tenderness that break the numbness of the trance, and their relation to the moral of the poem. See ll. 612-617.

- “ The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 To and fro they were hurried about ! 315  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between.
- “ And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
 And the rain poured down from one black 320  
 cloud ;  
 The Moon was at its edge.
- “ The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The Moon was at its side :  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag, 325  
 A river steep and wide.
- “ The loud wind never reached the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on !  
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
 The dead men gave a groan. 330
- “ They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
 It had been strange, even in a dream,  
 To have seen those dead men rise.
- “ The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ; 335  
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do ;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew. 340
- “ The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee :

The bodies of  
 the ship's crew  
 are inspired,  
 and the ship  
 moves on ;

313-326. Cf. l. 127. Observe the | this wild, weird picture, and his  
 vividness of the poet's conception of | effective use of Onomatopœia.

The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said nought to me."

345 "I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!"—  
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corsers came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by the  
souls of the  
men, nor by  
demons of earth  
or middle air,  
but by a blessed  
troop of angelic  
spirits sent  
down by the  
invocation of the  
guardian saint.

350 "For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,  
And clustered round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
355 Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
360 Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
365 And now it is angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
370 In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

354-372. Observe the marvellous and delicate beauty of these stanzas, emphasized by the ghastly picture in ll. 331-334. Even in his horror the Mariner is not utterly bereft of joy.



“ Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375  
 Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the Line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

“ Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
 From the land of mist and snow,  
 The Spirit slid: and it was he  
 That made the ship to go. 380  
 The sails at noon left off their tune,  
 And the ship stood still also.

“ The Sun, right up above the mast,  
 Had fixed her to the ocean :  
 But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385  
 With a short, uneasy motion—  
 Backwards and forwards, half her length,  
 With a short, uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound : 390  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the Ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

“ How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare ;  
 But ere my living life returned 395  
 I heard, and in my soul discerned,  
 Two voices in the air.”

“ ‘ Is it he?’ quoth one; ‘ Is this the man ?  
 By Him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow, he laid full low,  
 The harmless Albatross. 400

“ ‘ The Spirit who bideth by himself,  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.’ 405

“ The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew:  
 Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.’

## PART THE SIXTH.

*First Voice.*

410 “ ‘ But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
 What is the OCEAN doing?’

*Second Voice.*

415 “ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The OCEAN hath no blast;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast—  
 “ ‘ If he may know which way to go;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 420 See, brother, see! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.’

*First Voice.*

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind?’

*Second Voice.*

425 ‘ The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

“ ‘ Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,  
 Or we shall be belated:  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

The Mariner  
 hath been cast  
 into a trance;  
 for the angelic  
 power causeth  
 the vessel to  
 drive northward  
 faster than  
 human life  
 could endure.

416-417. Cf. with this powerful | broad, open eye of the solitary  
 description Wordsworth's "The | sky."

The super-  
natural motion  
is retarded; the  
Mariner awakes,  
and his penance  
begins anew.

“ I woke, and we were sailing on, 430  
As in a gentle weather:  
’Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

“ All stood together on the deck, 435  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died, 440  
Had never passed away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is  
finally expiated.

“ And now this spell was snapt: once more 445  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

“ Like one, that on a lonesome road 450  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me, 455  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring;  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

442. What “spell” was snapped?  
Note the gradual softening of the  
strain, and the return from the realms  
of the supernatural to the sights and  
sounds of ordinary life—the familiar  
wind, the lighthouse top, the hill, the

kirk. Note also the return of the  
Mariner to a more natural state of  
feeling, as expressed in ll. 446-451.

458-459. How did it mingle with  
his fears, and yet feel like a “wel-  
coming”?

460 " Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
 Yet she sailed softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
 On me alone it blew.

465 " Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The light-house top I see?  
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
 Is this mine own countree?

The Ancient  
 Mariner behold-  
 eth his native  
 country.

470 " We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray—  
 O let me be awake, my God!  
 Or let me sleep alway.

475 " The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
 So smoothly it was strewn!  
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
 And the shadow of the Moon.

" The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
 That stands above the rock:  
 The moonlight steeped in silentness  
 The steady weathercock.

480 " And the bay was white with silent light,  
 Till rising from the same,  
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
 In crimson colors came.

The angelic  
 spirits leave the  
 dead bodies;

485 " A little distance from the prow  
 Those crimson shadows were:  
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear in  
 their own forms  
 of light.

475. **the shadow—Moon.** Ex-plain.

472-479. Observe that the quietness of this scene harmonizes with the Mariner's feelings (see ll. 498-499), and is a relief to the reader

after his visionary flight. We are gradually prepared for the gentle moralizings at the end.

485. What were these "crimson shadows"? Cf. 490-495.

- “ Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood!  
 A man all light, a seraph-man, 490  
 On every corse there stood.
- “ This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
 It was a heavenly sight!  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light: 495
- “ This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.
- “ But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500  
 I heard the Pilot’s cheer;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.
- “ The Pilot, and the Pilot’s boy,  
 I heard them coming fast: 505  
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.
- “ I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
 It is the Hermit good!  
 He singeth loud his godly hymns 510  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He’ll shrive my soul, he’ll wash away  
 The Albatross’s blood.”

## PART THE SEVENTH.

The Hermit of  
 the wood.

- “ This Hermit good lives in that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
 He loves to talk with marineres  
 That come from a far countree.

- 520 “ He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
 He hath a cushion plump:  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.
- 525 “ The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
 ‘ Why this is strange, I trow!  
 Where are those lights so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now?’
- 530 “ ‘ Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said—  
 ‘ And they answered not our cheer!  
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,  
 How thin they are and sere!  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless, perchance, it were
- Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.
- 535 “ ‘ Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along;  
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf’s young.’
- 540 “ ‘ Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look.’  
 (The Pilot made reply,  
 ‘ I am a-feared—’ ‘ Push on, push on!’  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.
- 545 “ The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirred;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.
- “ Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread:  
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
 The ship went down like lead.
- The ship sud-  
denly sinketh.

The Ancient  
Mariner is saved  
in the Pilot's  
boat.

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned,  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat. 555

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

“ I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked, 560  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit:

“ I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go, 565  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
' Ha! ha!' quoth he, ' full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

“ And now, all in my own countree, 570  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The Ancient  
Mariner earnest-  
ly entreateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him ;  
and the penance  
of life falls on  
him.

“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'  
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575  
' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?'

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580  
And then it left me free.

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
 My agony returns :  
 And till my ghastly tale is told,  
 This heart within me burns.

585

And ever and  
 anon throughout  
 his future life an  
 agony constrain-  
 eth him to travel  
 from land to  
 land.

“ I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
 I have strange power of speech ;  
 That moment that his face I see,  
 I know the man that must hear me :  
 To him my tale I teach.

590

“ What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
 The wedding-guests are there :  
 But in the garden-bower the bride  
 And bride-maids singing are :  
 And hark the little vesper bell,  
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

595

“ O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :  
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
 Scarce seemèd there to be.

600

“ O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'Tis sweeter far to me,  
 To walk together to the kirk  
 With a goodly company !—

605

“ To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay !

586. What may have suggested to the author the wanderings of the Mariner ?

601-617. Observe the simplicity

and gentleness, and yet the profundity, of the Mariner's moralizings—so strangely different from the tenor of the tale, but so perfectly adapted to its poetic completeness.



And to teach, by  
his own ex-  
ample, love and  
reverence to all  
things that God  
made and  
loveth.

“ Farewell! farewell! but this I tell 610  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

“ He prayeth best, who loveth best 615  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest 620  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that had been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn. 625

---

614-617. We have here the “in-  
forming” idea of the poem. “This  
unexpected gentle conclusion brings  
our feet back to the common soil  
with a bewildered sweetness of relief  
and soft quiet, after the strain of  
mental excitement.”

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1. Referring to the punishment of the Mariner, and of his companions, Rossetti says: “‘The Ancient Mariner,’ considered as a train of causes and effects in the poetic domain (to say nothing of the facts of Nature) seems to me essentially meagre—defective in the core of common sense.” Explain and comment on this criticism in the light of our knowledge of Coleridge’s object when he composed the poem. See Introductory.

2. Quote from the ballad markedly beautiful descriptions of natural phenomena.

3. Select examples of the “terminology and quaint conceits” of the old ballad.

4. Refer to Critical estimate, pp. 272-273, and show to what extent the selection illustrates the statements made therein.

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce in prose “The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,” introducing apt quotations, and showing by the rendering an appreciation of its beauties.



## LAMB.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Charles Lamb was born in London, Feb. 10th, 1775. Along with Coleridge, he was a scholar on the foundation of Christ's Hospital. Thence he went to the South Sea House, entering the service of the East India Company in 1792. He kept this position till 1825, when  
5 he retired on a handsome pension. His public life was uneventful, but his private life was altered and saddened by domestic misfortune. There was insanity in his family. Of an excitable, capricious turn of mind himself, he had on one occasion to be placed under restraint for a few weeks; and his sister Mary, whom he tenderly loved, killed her mother  
10 in a fit of madness. Henceforth Mary became the special charge of her brother: for her he gave up everything. Lamb was wholly a City man. The country and even mountain scenery had little charm for him. His delight was to embody in his Essays, or narrate to his friends, the peculiarities and oddities of every one he met. But, though full of jokes and  
15 fun, he was of a kindly disposition, and his humor was seldom meant to give offence. His favorite books were the works of Elizabethan writers, and many an allusion to these "old times" is met with in his Essays. He lived on terms of affectionate intimacy with Coleridge, Wordsworth.

Hunt, Talfourd, and other eminent literary men of his time. Lamb died in 1834, at Enfield, where he had lived for a few years after his retirement 20 from the service of the East India Company.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Poems* (1797): These, his first compositions, which were largely inspired by Coleridge, appeared in a volume issued by the poets conjointly. *A Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret* (1798): A miniature prose romance, probably better known, after the 25 *Essays*, than any other of Lamb's writings, though full of improbabilities and unrealities. There is a tradition that "Rosamond" represents his first and only love, whom his affectionate regard for his sister had forced him to resign. *John Woodvil* (1802): A tragedy written in the style of the Elizabethan dramatists, and mercilessly ridiculed by the Edinburgh Re- 30 viewers. A second dramatic attempt, entitled *Mr. H.*, a farce, also proved unsuccessful. *Tales from Shakespeare* (1807): These were written in conjunction with his sister Mary. *Specimens of English Dramatic Poetry* (1808): The poets selected are Shakespeare's contemporaries. The work evinces penetration and appreciative criticism, and did much to further 35 the revival of that taste for old authors which became one of the elements of the "New Poetry." (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 139-140.) *Poetry for Children* (1809). His poems, however, but faintly foreshadowed the powers which were fully displayed in his *Essays of Elia*. Of these, the first series, originally contributed to the *London Magazine*, appeared in a collected 40 form in 1823; and the second, in 1833, under the title of *Last Essays of Elia*. To use the words of Sergeant Talfourd, his biographer, "These *Essays* are all carefully elaborated; yet never were books written in a higher defiance of the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject 45 and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all." *Album Verses* (1830): The contents of this small volume had been published originally in the *London Magazine*. 50

CRITICAL.—Of the long line of skilful essayists who preceded him, there is, perhaps, not one so unique, so original, as the author of the *Essays of Elia*. To Addison and Steele he bears some resemblance, but he has a whimsical and fantastic charm of his own. Lamb began his career as a poet, but he won his fame as an essayist. His special delight was the old 55 and the quaint: he loved to "hang for the thousandth time over some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries." The peculiarities of his style are, indeed, largely due to his constant and enthusiastic study of old English authors; but the quaintness of the dress suits the quaintness of his mind. Much, however, is also due to his sensitive, genial 60 nature. His works reflect his poetic instinct, his whims and his fancies, his tenderness and his humor. His style has a subtle and peculiar charm. It is quaint yet natural, simple yet scholarly: it revived the spirit no less

than the language of the Elizabethan authors. As in other humorists, humor and pathos with Lamb go hand in hand, Like all essayists, he, too, 's an egotist; but his egotism never palls. He has not a touch of vanity or self-assertion—of envy or ill-will. When he speaks of himself or his life, nothing could be more delicately expressed: when he indulges in the grotesque humor of *The Dissertation on Roast Pig*; or dilates with whimsical tenderness on the *Chimney Sweepers*—"those innocent blacknesses"; or falls into a vein of touching sentiment in his *Dream Children*, a reverie which he wrote by his lonely hearth; no one could be a more delightful companion. In delicacy of feeling, in choiceness of language, and in playful humor, Lamb ranks as one of the masters of our literature.

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### DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG.

From "The Essays of Elia."

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term *Chofang*, literally the cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swine-herd *Ho-ti*, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, *Bo-bo*, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration

LITERARY.—Explain what is meant by Humor. (13, 11, 3.) Note that the humor of this essay consists mainly in the degradation to the level of "Roast Pig," of the language used and the mode of treatment adopted. Note also the author's fondness for rare or obsolete words, and for quotations especially from Elizabethan writers.

1-11. Observe here and throughout the selection the author's affectation of candor. Point out, as the literary analysis proceeds, the means by which he gives a truthful and philosophic air to the narrative.

12-28. Comment on the arrangement of the words in the sentences of this paragraph.

over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more <sup>20</sup> importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his <sup>25</sup> father and he could build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of <sup>30</sup> those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelled that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negli- <sup>35</sup> gence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned <sup>40</sup> his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled <sup>45</sup> at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole <sup>50</sup> handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was

29-45. Note the gradual leading up to the momentous discovery.

in connection with such a subject as "Roast Pig,"

37-39. Note here and throughout the essay the humorous effect of the employment of learned language

45. What is the effect of the dash before "crackling"? Note that the frequent use of the dash is characteristic of Lamb.

cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

“You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?”

“O, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, “Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste!—O Lord!”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father

55-56. **which—flies.** Criticise the position of this clause.

64. **me.** Comment on the use of this construction.

74. **the lesser half.** Note this touch.

86. Why is the reference to the manuscript introduced?

and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty!

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction; fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter

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89-124. Point out the humorous touches in this passage. Note the cli- max of sound in ll. 106-114. Account for the abrupt style of ll. 118-124.

and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

125 Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

130 Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

135 Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

140 Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*. I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork, those hobbledehoy—but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty; with no original  
145 speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest; his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

*He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors  
150 ate them seethed, or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as

125-134. Observe the ludicrous affectation of the grave historical style, and the droll effect of the philosophic gravity of the last sentence.

140-148. Note again the humorous introduction of learned words, to give dignity to the subject, and the tender appreciation with which the author dwells on the merits of the "child-pig."

144-146. **with—parent.** Explain the Allusion,

152-163. Note the admirable art with which this sentence is constructed, the burlesque exaggeration of the sentiment, and the droll suggestiveness of the heaped-up epithets. The merits of "crackling" are such that the author's powers of appreciative expression seem to fail him.



it is well called: the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle <sup>155</sup> resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—O, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure-food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of <sup>160</sup> animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is “doing”—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive <sup>165</sup> to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! <sup>170</sup>—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched <sup>175</sup> away—

“Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death   me with timely care.”

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth <sup>180</sup> him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure, and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapers. Pine-apple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet <sup>185</sup>

164-183. Note the ludicrous affectation of archaic diction, and the delicious mock sentiment of the moralizings in ll. 170-183. Note also that the apt use of quotations is one of the minor peculiarities of the author's style. Explain the construction of the phrase “To see—age!” l. 167.

184-192. Observe the construction of this paragraph. In the first two sentences the author states his opinions briefly and meditatively; in the third his gastronomic raptures carry him away in an ecstasy of language. Why is the “pig” “he,” and the “pine-apple” “she”?

so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause ; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her ; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity  
 190 of her relish ; but she stoppeth at the palate ; she meddleth not with the appetite ; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the  
 195 weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is  
 200 better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few  
 205 as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers,  
 210 brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good  
 215 flavors to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under the pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school.

203-218. Show how this paragraph emphasizes the author's high estimate of "Roast pig."

219-246. Develop the bearing of this paragraph on the preceding one.

Point out the touches of Irony. (12, 1V., 13.) Observe that the burlesque reasoning by illustration reveals the real state of the matter, though the author assigns another reason for his conduct.

My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge), a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and, in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake. And what should I say to her the next time I saw her? How naughty I was to part with her pretty present! And the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last. And I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and, above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs.

247. Comment on the meanings of "nice."

characteristic of the author is here displayed?

250-254. Explain "The age of discipline." Comment on the effect of the phrase within the brackets. What

254-256. Note the assumed philosophic caution.

It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread-crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are; but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

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264-265. Why has he forgotten the "decision"? | 266-273. What poetic ornament is there in this paragraph?

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1. Define the term "Essay."
2. What is meant by calling Lamb "the Montaigne of English Essayists"?
3. Compare the humor of Lamb with that of Dickens and of Haliburton.
4. Refer to Critical estimate, pp. 297-298, and show to what extent the preceding selection illustrates the peculiarities of Lamb's style as stated therein.
5. Give an account of the history of the English Essay, and characterize the leading Essayists.

#### COMPOSITION.

- I. Reproduce "The Dissertation on Roast Pig."
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## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. Owing to his delicate health he was sent to live with his grandfather, in the country, at Sandy-Knowe, near Kelso. In the neighborhood were many of the places famous in Border story, and the ballads and legends of this romantic land were soon filling his memory and charming his imagination. At Kelso, where he afterwards lived for a time with another relative, *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry* fell into his hands. These also had an important influence in moulding his tastes. In due course he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, and thence to the University; but for Latin and Greek and Philosophy he had little inclination. Stories, however, he could tell in abundance, and he devoured romances, and books relating to the old Feudal times, with much other literature of an antiquarian and miscellaneous character. From 1786 to 1792 he studied law in his father's office; but, though called to the Bar, he paid little attention to his profession. Literature had greater charms for him. Whenever opportunity offered, he would make "a raid," as he called it, into Border-land, to collect old ballads still current on the lips of the peasants. All this bore its fruit in his descriptions of rural scenery, life, and character. On his

marriage, in 1797, he removed to Lasswade, and settled down to study and  
 20 literary work. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and in this  
 capacity went in 1804 to reside at Ashestiel, on the banks of the Tweed.  
 A Clerkship of the Court of Sessions, received in 1806, still further increased  
 his income. He now began to have dreams of becoming a "laird." For this  
 an estate was needed; and, to bring in money more plentifully, he entered  
 25 into partnership with James Ballantyne, an Edinburgh printer—a step,  
 however, which long remained a secret. In 1811 Scott bought a hundred  
 acres of land on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. Here he spent  
 immense sums of money in improvements and baronial buildings, and in fur-  
 ther adding to his estate. This property became the famous Abbotsford. In  
 30 the meantime Scott's poetical works were being rapidly produced. Their  
 novelty, however, soon wore off, and their character deteriorated. Byron,  
 too, had taken England by storm. Scott, therefore, in 1814, turned to  
 prose fiction. At first he wrote under the name of "Waverley," but  
 subsequently under his own name, publishing his works with marvellous  
 35 rapidity, and becoming more and more popular. In 1820 he was honored  
 with a baronetcy by George IV. The printing business with which he  
 was connected had extended into a publishing one, finally becoming con-  
 nected with the house of Constable & Co. On the failure of this firm  
 Scott became a bankrupt, with liabilities amounting to £150,000. This  
 40 debt he resolved to pay to the last farthing. Listening to no offer of com-  
 promise, he gave up all his luxuries, hired rooms in Edinburgh, devoted  
 himself to labor, and in two years paid off £40,000. But in 1830 he had a  
 stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.  
 In April, 1831, he had another attack, and some months later went to Italy  
 45 and Malta to regain his lost strength. But he longed to return. In June,  
 1832, he was brought back almost unconscious, till the sight of the towers  
 of Abbotsford stirred his failing senses. Here he lingered till the 21st  
 of September, when he passed away, "with every window wide open, and  
 the rattle of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room."

50 PRINCIPAL WORKS.—POEMS—*Translations: Bürger's Leonore*, and *The  
 Wild Huntsman* (1796), and Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* (1799): These  
 productions indicate the influence of the German Romantic School; but  
 "the rill of foreign influence," however, "was soon lost in a river which  
 flowed from a more abundant spring." *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*  
 55 (1802): A collection of ballads gathered during his "raids" in Liddesdale.  
*The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805): "The Last Minstrel is the poet him-  
 self, who revives in a prosaic and degenerate age the heroic memories of  
 the olden time." The "Lay" met with unprecedented success. *Marmion*  
 (1808): Undoubtedly the greatest of his poems, while *The Lady of the*  
 60 *Lake* (1810) is the freshest. *Rokeby* (1813) and *The Lord of the Isles* (1814)  
 show exhaustion, the latter in a marked degree. *The Bridal of Triermain*  
 (1813) and *Harold the Dautless* (1817) are weak, though the former displays  
 picturesqueness and narrative skill. *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811): An  
 unsuccessful attempt to associate the past history of Spain with the inter-

ests of the Peninsular War. Scott's career as a novelist opened before his 65  
career as a poet closed. Before *The Lord of the Isles*, appeared *Waverley*  
(1814), the first of his long and magnificent series of prose fictions. The  
following tabular view, which includes historical epochs and dates, shows  
the vast and varied range of the author's subjects:—

## HISTORICAL.

<i>Waverley</i> ... .. (1814)	Scottish	... Pretender's Attempt ... ..	1745	70
<i>Old Mortality</i> ... .. (1816)	"	... Rebellion of the Covenanters ... ..	1679	
<i>Legend of Montrose</i> ... .. (1819)	"	... Civil War ... ..	1645	
<i>The Abbot</i> ... .. (1820)	"	... Mary, Queen of Scots ... ..	1567	
<i>The Monastery</i> ... .. (1820)	"	... " " " " " " " " " "	1550	
<i>Fair Maid of Perth</i> ... .. (1828)	"	... Reign of Robert III. ... ..	1402	75
<i>Castle Dangerous</i> ... .. (1831)	"	... Black Douglas ... ..	1306	
<i>Ivanhoe</i> ... .. (1819)	English	... Richard Cœur-de-Lion ... ..	1194	
<i>Kenilworth</i> ... .. (1821)	"	... Reign of Elizabeth ... ..	1575	
<i>Fortunes of Nigel</i> ... .. (1822)	"	... Reign of James I. ... ..	1604	
<i>Peveril of the Peak</i> ... .. (1823)	"	... Reign of Charles II. ... ..	1678	80
<i>Betrothed</i> ... .. (1825)	"	... Welsh Wars ... ..	1187	
<i>Talisman</i> ... .. (1825)	"	... Richard Cœur-de-Lion ... ..	1191	
<i>Woodstock</i> ... .. (1826)	"	... Civil War and Commonwealth ... ..	1652	
<i>Quentin Durward</i> ... .. (1823)	Continental	... Louis XI. and Charles the Bold... ..	1463	
<i>Anne of Geierstein</i> ... .. (1829)	"	... Epoch of Battle of Newry ... ..	1474	85
<i>Count Robert of Paris</i> (1831)	"	... Crusaders at Byzantium ... ..	1098	

## SOCIAL.

<i>Guy Rannering</i> ... .. (1815),	1765	<i>St. Ronan's Well</i> ... .. (1823),	1812	
<i>Antiquary</i> ... .. (1816),	1795	<i>Redgauntlet</i> ... .. (1824),	1763	
<i>Black Dwarf</i> ... .. (1816),	1706	<i>Surgeon's Daughter</i> ... .. (1827),	1780	
<i>Rob Roy</i> ... .. (1817),	1715	<i>Two Drovers</i> ... .. (1827),	1795	90
<i>Heart of Mid-Lothian</i> (1818),	1736	<i>Highland Widow</i> ... .. (1827),	1775	
<i>Bride of Lammermoor</i> (1819),	1695	<i>My Aunt Margaret Mirror</i> (1828),	1702	
<i>The Pirate</i> ... .. (1821),	1700	<i>The Tapestry Chamber...</i> (1828),	1782	

The latter class relate chiefly to Scottish scenes and character, and sub-  
ordinate to these the historical interest when it forms an element in their 95  
composition. In addition to the preceding, and one or two others of little  
importance, Scott wrote a *Life of Napoleon*, *Tales of a Grandfather*, *History*  
*of Scotland* (for *Lardner's Encyclopædia*), *Letters on Demonology*, *Life and*  
*Works of Dryden*, and *Life and Works of Swift*.

CRITICAL.—Of the change in literary taste which substituted romantic 100  
for classical topics and sentiment, Scott is the first great British repre-  
sentative. Unlike his contemporaries, who were deeply stirred by the  
political convulsions of the period, he took his subjects from the remote  
past, and began his career by reviving the spirit of the ancient French and  
Anglo-Norman Trouvères. When his poetic vein became exhausted, he 105  
entered the field of prose fiction, where he stood without a rival. He placed  
the novel on the firm foundation it has since held, and enhanced its value by  
giving it a more artistic form, by enlarging the range of its subjects, and by  
making it a medium for moral and intellectual culture. Scott's great strength  
lay in his shrewdness of observation, the fruitful richness of his fancy, and 110  
the abundant and varied resources of his memory. To these qualities, united  
with high spirit, tender sensibility, and antiquarian tastes, we owe his  
finest novels as well as his finest poems. In narration and description he

has never been exceeded, and in imaginative and creative powers he ranks  
 115 next to Homer and Shakespeare. In delineating character, as in depicting  
 Nature, he contents himself with the surface. Unlike those of George Eliot,  
 his works contain no profound analyses of human motives, nor do they  
 display the philosophic bent, the refinement of imagination, and the per-  
 ception of the mysteries of creation which characterized his greatest con-  
 120 temporaries. No one, however, has surpassed him in vivid and palpable  
 reproduction of the past. Not that in every detail he is invariably realistic.  
 Of errors in fact he is sometimes guilty; but he never fails to infuse into his  
 work the general spirit of the period in which he lays his scene. While  
 his poems are pure romances, his novels give the unromantic as well as the  
 125 romantic side of life: his characters are not mere individuals, but indi-  
 viduals as they were influenced by the public and social strifes of their  
 times. Tragic intensity Scott possesses, as well as infinite humor; lyrical  
 excellence, as well as dramatic talent. Always easy and graphic, his style  
 is animated and graceful, though often careless and incorrect. He wrote  
 130 with great rapidity, aiming merely at broad, general effects; he cared more  
 for striking picturesqueness than for melody and minute artistic details.  
 Before the publication of *Waverley* Scotland was a comparatively unknown  
 land. Scott's fervid patriotism has made his country famous. To his  
 genius and industry he owed much of his popularity, but he owed no little  
 135 to the unexceptionable morality of his productions. It filled his eyes with  
 tears to be told that he was doing good by his noble and fascinating tales.  
 On his deathbed it consoled him that he had not compromised the interests  
 of virtue. As the last moments drew near, he expressed himself to his  
 son-in-law in words that are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—  
 140 "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good  
 man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give  
 you comfort when you come to lie here."

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### THE FIRST DAY OF THE TOURNAMENT OF ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCHE.

From "Ivanhoe."

THE lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower spaces, filled with the substantial

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LITERARY.—Note the author's anti- | Criticise throughout the construction  
 quarian knowledge, and powers of | of the sentences and paragraphs.  
 graphic description and narration. | (12, I., II., and III.)



burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendor. 10

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and 15 the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honor to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters 20 the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horse-back, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. 25 Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, 30 and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene. 35

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, 40 their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary, who has written but too little:—

"The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust;  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

45

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them, knows them  
 50 no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out, and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

55 Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity  
 60 of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced.  
 65 With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his  
 70 lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who,  
 75 in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained  
 80 drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform, and opposed

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55-77. Observe the careless com- | 74-77. Account for the change in  
 position in this and other paragraphs. | feeling

themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds, and the clangor of the trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors, and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions; and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them, seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front de Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights

who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful: one of their  
 125 antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*—that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break, unless the champion was overthrown.

130 After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that anyone was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except  
 135 Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill  
 140 in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to  
 145 recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

150 “The day is against England, my lord,” said Cedric, in a marked tone; “are you not tempted to take the lance?”

“I shall tilt to-morrow,” answered Athelstane, “in the *mêlée*; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.”

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It contained  
 155 the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound

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136-139. **But — England.** What | at this period between the Norman  
 was the state of feeling in England | and the Saxon?

respect, that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was <sup>160</sup> better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for <sup>165</sup> Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming: "Love of <sup>170</sup> ladies, splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights; fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed, from time to time, wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in <sup>175</sup> inactivity, and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants <sup>180</sup> about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights, and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they <sup>185</sup> had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as <sup>190</sup> could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit

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160-162. What was the jester's interpretation. Criticise the use of inverted commas. Account for Athelstane's made here of inverted commas.

of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the  
 195 device on his shield was a young oak tree pulled up by the  
 roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Dis-  
 inherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and  
 as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince  
 and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with  
 200 which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace  
 which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the  
 multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by  
 calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospi-  
 tallar's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest  
 205 bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant  
 hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to  
 it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding  
 straight up to the central pavilion, struck, with the sharp  
 210 end of his spear, the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it  
 rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but  
 none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus  
 defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a  
 challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.  
 215 "Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar,  
 "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your  
 life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the  
 Disinherited Knight; for by this time the stranger had re-  
 220 corded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert,  
 "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt  
 sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited  
 225 Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse  
 and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his  
 horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and  
 compelled him in the same manner to move backward through

199-205. **The dexterity—bargain.**  
 Rewrite so as to avoid the disagree-  
 able repetition. (13, II, 1, 9.)

208-211. Distinguish the act de-  
 scribed here from that described in  
 ll. 69-71.

the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he <sup>230</sup> remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not <sup>235</sup> neglect his advice; for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and a tough spear, lest the wood of the former might <sup>240</sup> have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of <sup>245</sup> the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*. <sup>250</sup>

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good <sup>255</sup> wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunder-bolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very <sup>260</sup> grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash <sup>265</sup> fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and  
270 handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest  
taken by the spectators in this encounter : the most equal, as  
well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But  
no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the  
clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so  
275 dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the comba-  
tants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John  
with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset.  
The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and  
280 closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same  
dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune  
as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre  
of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly  
285 that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight  
reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had,  
in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance  
towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but changing his aim almost  
in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet,  
290 a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered  
the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman  
on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars.  
Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his  
high reputation ; and had not the girths of his saddle burst,  
295 he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however,  
saddle, horse and man rolled on the ground under a cloud  
of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was  
to the Templar scarce the work of a moment ; and, stung with  
300 madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with  
which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword,  
and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited  
Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword.  
The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses be-  
305 tween them, and reminded them that the laws of the tourna-  
ment did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of  
encounter.



“We shall meet again, I trust,” said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist, “and where there are none to separate us.”

“If we do not,” said the Disinherited Knight, “the fault shall not be mine. On foot, or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.”

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it “To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants.” He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull’s head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger’s third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful, striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil’s horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider’s aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without

touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined,  
350 avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was  
355 borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight. . . .

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since that  
360 is the only title by which we can address you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name the fair lady who, as Queen of Honor and of Love, is to provide over next day's festival. If, as a stranger in our land, you should require the aid of other judgment to guide your own, we can only say  
365 that Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Waldemar Fitzurse, has at our court been long held the first in beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown, by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice, the election of to-morrow's  
370 queen will be formal and complete. Raise your lance!"

The Knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon its point a coronet of green satin, having around its edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed interchangeably, like the strawberry leaves  
375 and balls upon a ducal crown. . . .

The Disinherited Knight passed the gallery close to that of the Prince, in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride of triumphant beauty, and, pacing forwards as slowly as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he seemed to  
380 exercise his right of examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of the beauties who underwent this examination, during the time it was proceeding. Some blushed, some assumed an air of pride  
385 and dignity, some looked straight forward, and essayed to

seem utterly unconscious of what was going on, some drew back in alarm, which was, perhaps, affected, some endeavoured to forbear smiling, and there were two or three who laughed outright. There were also some who dropped their veils over their charms; but, as the Wardour Manuscript says, these<sup>390</sup> were fair ones of ten years' standing, it may be supposed that, having had their full share of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their claim, in order to give a fair chance to the rising beauties of the age.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in<sup>395</sup> which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the uttermost. . . .

Whether from indecision or some other motive for hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted<sup>400</sup> upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing<sup>405</sup> day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of "Largesse," to which Cedric, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample donative, and to which Athelstane, though less promptly, added one equally large.<sup>410</sup>

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty, as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were<sup>415</sup> drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! Long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"<sup>420</sup>

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## ROSABELLE.

OH listen, listen, ladies gay !  
 No haughty feat of arms I tell ;  
 Soft is the note, and sad the lay  
 That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

5 " Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !  
 And, gentle lady, deign to stay !  
 Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
 Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

10 " The blackening wave is edged with white ;  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly :  
 The fishers have heard the Water-sprite,  
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

15 " Last night the gifted Seer did view  
 A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;  
 Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;  
 Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? "

20 " 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
 To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
 But that my lady mother there  
 Sits lonely in her castle hall.

Observe that the author imitates the simple vigor of the old ballad. "The pictures tell their own story, and tell it so vividly and thrillingly that nothing more is needed. The intensity of the piece would be destroyed by any words of commiseration." Observe also that though the "hoar antiquity" is "deftly masked," modern art shows itself in the elaboration of the descriptions, and the choice language and carefully constructed sentences. Note, as determinative of the time and circumstances of the ballad, the prevalence of Norman-French words and of

references to Norman-French customs. Describe the metrical structure of the poem.

1-4. Who is supposed to sing this ballad? Under what circumstances?

5. Note the simple directness of the opening. Compare with the opening of the *Ancient Mariner's* tale.

17-24. Who now speaks? Observe that the sad fate of "lovely Rosabelle" is rendered more pathetic by the motive that actuated her in crossing "the gloomy firth."

“ ’Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
 But that my sire the wine will chide  
 If ’tis not filled by Rosabelle.”

O'er Roslin on that dreary night 25  
 A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;  
 'Twas broader than the watchfire's light,  
 And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
 It ruddied all the copse-wood glen : 30  
 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
 And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud  
 Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie  
 Each Baron, for a sable shroud, 35  
 Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,  
 Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;  
 Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
 And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. 40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
 Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair :  
 So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
 The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold 45  
 Lie buried within that proud chapelle :  
 Each one the holy vault doth hold,  
 But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

25-44. The second picture is now  
 painted in vivid colors. Note the  
 Anaphora and Hyperbaton.

41-52. Observe the effective use of  
 Contrast in these stanzas. Why is  
 there Middle Rhyme in ll. 49 and  
 51? (13, III., 2.)

And each Saint Clair was buried there,  
 With candle, with book, and with knell;  
 But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung  
 The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

1. What influences of Scott's period do the preceding selections exemplify?

2. What is meant by a "novel"? Give an account of the history of this class of Literature, defining Scott's position in its development. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 128-131.) What form of composition has it largely replaced in modern times?

3. Refer to ll. 55-60, 62-65, 68-69, 71, 119, 160-162, 169-170, 199-205, 211, 224-226, 240, 242-243, 244, 291, and 340-342, in "The Tournament," and show that Scott is not a polished writer.

4. Describe each of the four parts into which "Rosabelle" may be divided. Show how they are related to one another, and to the main idea of the poem.

5. Show by reference to the poem that "Rosabelle" is

"Young-eyed poesy  
 All deftly masked in hoar Antiquity."

6. What data does "Rosabelle" present whereby we may determine approximately the date of the composition of the ballad, and the period during which the events therein narrated are represented as taking place?

7. Refer to Critical estimate, pp. 309-310, and show to what extent the preceding selections from Scott illustrate the peculiarities of his genius as stated therein.

8. Memorize "Rosabelle."

#### COMPOSITION.

Reproduce "The First Day of the Tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche."



## BYRON.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—George Gordon Byron was born in London, January 22nd, 1788. In 1791, on the death of his father, who was a dissolute captain in the Guards, the mother and son went to live at Aberdeen, and seven years afterwards, on the death of his great-uncle, young Byron succeeded to the title and the family estates. His mother and he then removed to the family seat at Newstead, near Nottingham. After attending school at Dulwich, and at Harrow, Byron passed in 1805 to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here, although he studied little, he read a great deal that was not prescribed in the University course. While at Cambridge, and when only nineteen years of age, he published his first volume of poetry, a criticism of which in the *Edinburgh Review* stung him into a reply that attracted a great amount of attention. Soon afterwards he left England, visiting, among other places, Greece and Turkey. Then appeared his first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. The poem produced an unusual impression on the public mind. To use his own words, "he awoke one morning and found himself famous." On his return home, in 1812, he took his seat in the House of Lords, and was for a time the lion of the literary world. He

lived, however, in an almost continuous round of dissipation. In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, but within a year a separation took place. Byron now left England, never to return. The people had taken his wife's part against him, and he who had been their idol had been hissed in the streets of London. But, whatever may have been his social or domestic peculiarities, his imagination was active, and poems appeared in rapid succession, many of them evidencing the excesses in which he indulged, as well as the influence of the scenery through which his wanderings led him. In 1823 the Greeks were trying to throw off the yoke of Turkey. Byron's enthusiasm was aroused, and he resolved to aid them with money and with counsel. He displayed great ability in bringing order out of confusion at Missolonghi, whither he had repaired; but, unfortunately, just as a better life seemed to be dawning on him, he fell ill and died on the 19th of April, 1824.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—*Hours of Idleness* (1807): This juvenile production having been unsparingly criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, Byron replied by a vigorous satire, full of stinging epigrams, entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. But "his genius received its first true awakening upon his travels. Greece made him a poet, and he returned to England with two Cantos of *Childe Harold* ready for publication." These early cantos appeared in 1812, the third canto in 1816, and the fourth in 1818. The whole poem is one of the author's best, but Cantos III. and IV. are loftier in character than the earlier ones. *The Giaour* (1813) was followed by a series of Oriental and other Tales, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair*, *Lara*, *Siege of Corinth*, *Parisina*, *Prisoner of Chillon*, *Mazeppa*, *Beppo*, and *The Island*. The sixteen cantos of *Don Juan* appeared at various dates. Byron's dramas are *Manfred*, *Marino Faliero*, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, *Werner*, *Cain*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Heaven and Earth*. He wrote also *Hebrew Melodies*; some satires, the best of which is the *Vision of Judgment*; and a large number of occasional pieces, many of which are remarkable for beauty of diction and intensity of feeling.

CRITICAL.—The revolutionary movement in Literature initiated by Cowper and Burns was carried out by two classes of writers. On the one side were Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, who in their maturity submitted themselves to self-imposed law, and conformed to established institutions: on the other, were those who acknowledged no law but their own will, and whose sympathies were with defiant independence. Of the latter, Byron and Shelley were the master spirits. Few writers have stamped their individuality on their works so remarkably as Byron. His best verse is lyrical. All his poems are intensely subjective. In his dramas, the central figure is Byron; in his epics, Byron is always the hero—by turns, sensual and passionate, proud and defiant, cynical and sceptical, moody and despondent. But, though his characters are monotonous, his genius is versatile. Passionate energy is its most striking feature. His style is fluent, melodious, and intense; but often abrupt, diffuse, and



unequal. His language is remarkable for variety, brilliancy, and sententious force: he is especially fond of rhetorical forms, symmetrical phrases, and balanced antithesis. He professed, indeed, to be an admirer of Pope, 65 and to despise the "shabby gentility" of his own contemporaries; but he lacks the finish of the former, and his quick sense of beauty made him an unconscious imitator of the latter. Violent and madly sensitive himself, he excelled in painting the strongest passions of our nature, but the canvas is relieved by pictures whose tenderness and delicacy are beyond praise. 70 He is most fascinating in his tales and minor poems. There he displays a grace, an intensity, and a romantic picturesqueness that entrance the youthful reader. In constructive power he is singularly defective. He wrote only when the fit was on him: nature had not gifted him with the patient concentration of the true artist. *Don Juan* is the most marked 75 expression of what is known as the Byronic style—a medley of description and narration, cynicism and misanthropy, wit and satire, humor and pathos, nobility and sensuality, realism and imagination, epicurean philosophy and hopeless scepticism; all couched in nervous language, and flowing, plastic verse. Byron was a strange mixture of opposite qualities. 80 Much that he has written is licentious in tone. Virtue he often disparages, and vice he as often dignifies. But side by side with this Dead Sea fruit, "which tempts the eye, and turns to ashes on the lips," we find bursts of tenderness and pity, and the expression of high and holy feelings, of pure and noble aspirations. 85

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### THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

INTRODUCTORY.—The following poem, written during two days' detention (June 26 and 27, 1816,) at Ouchy, by bad weather, was suggested to the author by the sight of the dungeons of Chillon. There really had been a prisoner, named François de Bonnard, confined there from 1530 to 1536; but when Byron wrote the piece, he had little, if any, knowledge of the historical character. Bonnard had been imprisoned for political, not religious, reasons—for having supported the cause of the Genevese against the Duke of Savoy—and he had no brothers who shared his fate. The only resemblance between his circumstances and those of the hero of the poem is the imprisonment in Chillon.

#### I.

My hair is gray, but not with years;  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears:

LITERARY.—Observe throughout and the skill with which the author portrays the gradual growth of the Prisoner's benumbing and paralyzing misery. Describe the metrical structure of some of the passages,

5 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,  
 But rusted with a vile repose,  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
 And mine has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 10 Are banned, and barred—*forbidden* fare;  
 But this was for my father's faith  
 I suffered chains and courted death:  
 That father perished at the stake  
 For tenets he would not forsake;  
 15 And for the same his lineal race  
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.  
 We were seven—who now are one,  
 Six in youth, and one in age,  
 Finish'd as they had begun,  
 20 Proud of Persecution's rage:  
 One in fire, and two in field,  
 Their belief with blood have sealed,  
 Dying as their father died,  
 For the God their foes denied;  
 25 Three were in a dungeon cast,  
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

## 11.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
 30 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,  
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
 And through the crevice and the cleft  
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
 35 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:  
 And in each pillar there is a ring,  
 And in each ring there is a chain;

1-26. What is the percentage in this stanza of words of Anglo-Saxon origin? Describe the effect on the style. (13, II., I.)

11-12. **this—death.** Comment on this construction.

18. Who is the "one in age"?

27-47. Observe the skill with which the author dwells on the leading thought.

That iron is a cankering thing,  
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
 With marks that will not wear away, 40  
 Till I have done with this new day,  
 Which now is painful to these eyes,  
 Which have not seen the sun so rise  
 For years—I cannot count them o'er!  
 I lost their long and heavy score 45  
 When my last brother drooped and died,  
 And I lay living by his side,

## III.

They chained us each to a column stone,  
 And we were three—yet each alone!  
 We could not move a single pace, 50  
 We could not see each other's face,  
 But with that pale and livid light  
 That made us strangers in our sight:  
 And thus together, yet apart,  
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55  
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth  
 Of the pure elements of earth,  
 To hearken to each other's speech,  
 And each turn comforter to each  
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60  
 Or song heroically bold;  
 But even these at length grew cold.  
 Our voices took a dreary tone.  
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
 A grating sound—not full and free 65  
 As they of yore were wont to be:  
 It might be fancy—but to me  
 They never sounded like our own.

41. What "new day"? See stanza XIV.

48 *et seq.* "This picture of the first feelings of the three gallant brothers,

when bound apart in the living tomb, and of the gradual decay of their cheery fortitude, is full of pity and agony."

## IV.

I was the eldest of the three;  
 70 And to uphold and cheer the rest  
 I ought to do—and did—my best,  
 And each did well in his degree.  
 The youngest, whom my father loved,  
 Because our mother's brow was given  
 75 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—  
 For him my soul was sorely moved.  
 And truly might it be distress  
 To see such bird in such a nest;  
 For he was beautiful as day—  
 80 (When day was beautiful to me  
 As to young eagles, being free)—  
 A polar day, which will not see  
 A sunset till its summer's gone,  
 Its sleepless summer of long light,  
 85 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :  
 And thus he was as pure and bright,  
 And in his natural spirit gay,  
 With tears for nought but others' ills,  
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,  
 90 Unless he could assuage the woe  
 Which he abhorred to view below.

## V.

The other was as pure of mind,  
 But formed to combat with his kind;  
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
 95 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,  
 And perished in the foremost rank  
 With joy—but not in chains to pine:

71. **ought to do.** Comment on this construction. What tense is "ought"?

73-76. Note the pathetic touches. (12, 11., 2)

76. **For him.** Cf. l. 73, and see (12, IV., 5.)

85. **snow-clad—sun.** Criticise this description.

91. **to view below.** Explain.

97. **but—to pine.** Complete the Ellipsis. Criticise the construction of the sentence.

His spirit withered with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine; 100

But yet I forced it on to cheer

Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf;

To him this dungeon was a gulf, 105

And fettered feet the worst of ills.

## VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls:

A thousand feet in depth below

Its massy waters meet and flow;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110

From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave enthralls:

A double dungeon wall and wave

Have made—and like a living grave.

Below the surface of the lake 115

The dark vault lies wherein we lay—

We heard it ripple night and day:

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;

And I have felt the winter's spray

Wash through the bars when winds were high 120

And wanton in the happy sky;

And then the very rocks hath rocked,

And I have felt it shake, unshocked,

Because I could have smiled to see

The death that would have set me free.

## VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,

I said his mighty heart declined,

107-125. Observe how this description intensifies our conception of the lonely isolation of the Prisoners.

and criticise the poet's Taste. (13, III., 3.)

121. **happy.** Why this epithet?

126 *et seq.* Observe throughout the increasing depth of the misery. A gloom settles on the reader as well as on the captives.

122-123. Comment on these lines,

He loathed and put away his food  
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
 130 For we were used to hunters' fare,  
 And for the like had little care:  
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
 Was changed for water from the moat;  
 Our bread was such as captives' tears  
 135 Have moistened many a thousand years,  
 Since man first pent his fellow-men  
 Like brutes within an iron den:  
 But what were these to us or him?  
 These wasted not his heart or limb:  
 140 My brother's soul was of that mould  
 Which in a palace had grown cold,  
 Had his free breathing been denied  
 The range of the steep mountain's side.  
 But why delay the truth?—he died.  
 145 I saw, and could not hold his head,  
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—  
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died; and they unlocked his chain,  
 150 And scooped for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine; it was a foolish thought,  
 155 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his free-born breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.

131. **the like.** Explain.

134-135. Note the pathos of these fine lines.

138. **to us or him.** Why expressed thus?

148. The original MS. had "To break or bite." Discuss the readings.

152-163. Intense feeling does not permit of reason. At first we do not realize the change produced by death.

The dead body of the loved one is not dead to us: he still feels: he is not insensate clay.

156. Cf. Coleridge's

"And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain."

156-157. Cf. Gray's

"Even in our ashes live their wonted  
 fires,"

and Chaucer's

"Yet in our ashes cold is fire yrecken."

I might have spared my idle prayer:  
 They coldly laughed—and laid him there:  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love;  
 His empty chain above it leant,—  
 Such murder's fitting monument!

160

## VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
 Most cherished since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyred father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free:  
 He, too, who yet had held untired,  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was withered on the stalk away.  
 O God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:—  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread:  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmixed with such,—but sure and slow.  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,

165

170

175

180

185

162. **empty chain.** (12, IV., 35.)  
 164-230. Observe the pathetic  
 touches in this stanza, and the description of the Prisoner's frantic agony, ending in dull resignation.

175. Comment on the Metaphor,

and show the force of "Was withered."

186-187. See (13, III., 1 and 2.)

186-204. Note the tender pathos and the exquisitely chosen words of this passage.

So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 190 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 195 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur—not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot ;—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 200 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :  
 205 I listened, but I could not hear ;  
 I called, for I was wild with fear :  
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished.  
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—  
 210 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rushed to him ;—I found him not ;  
 I only stirred in this black spot  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;  
 215 The last—the soul,—the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath—  
 220 My brothers—both had ceased to breathe :  
 I took that hand which lay so still :  
 Alas, my own was full as chill ;  
 I had not strength to stir, or strive  
 But felt that I was still alive—

180. <sup>v</sup> those. Comment on the | 205-213. Why is "I" so frequently  
 number. | repeated?



A frantic feeling, when we know 225  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
     I know not why,  
     I could not die;  
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

## IX.

What next befell me then and there  
     I know not well—I never knew:—  
 First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness, too. 235  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none;  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,  
 It was not night—it was not day; 240  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness—without a place:  
 There were no stars,—no earth,—no time, 245  
 No check,—no change,—no good,—no crime,  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death;  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250

## X.

A light broke in upon my brain—  
     It was the carol of a bird;  
 It ceased, and then it came again,  
     The sweetest song ear ever heard;

229-230. Explain the meaning of this passage.

231-250. Note this masterly description of the death-like torpor that has come over the Prisoner. Compare his loneliness with that of the Ancient Mariner, pp. 282-283, l. 232-271. This stanza is a marked example of the author's command of language.

255 And mine was thankful, till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery.  
 But then by dull degrees came back  
 260 My senses to their wonted track:  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before;  
 I saw the glimmer of the sun  
 Creeping as it before had done,  
 265 But through the crevice where it came  
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,  
 And tamer than upon the tree;  
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
 And song that said a thousand things,  
 270 And seemed to say them all for me!  
 I never saw its like before,  
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
 But was not half so desolate;  
 275 And it was come to love me when  
 None lived to love me so again,  
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
 Had brought me back to feel and think.  
 I know not if it late were free,  
 280 Or broke its cage to perch on mine;  
 But knowing well captivity,  
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine!  
 Or if it were, in wingéd guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise;  
 285 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while  
 Which made me both to weep and smile;

251-299. Point out the pathetic touches in stanza X. How is the Prisoner freed from the torpor into which he had fallen? See note on ll. 272-291, of the "Ancient Mariner." Cf. Tennyson's

"Home they brought her warrior dead:  
 She nor swooned nor uttered cry"  
 All her maidens watching, said,  
 She must weep or she will die.' . . .

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
 Set his child upon her knee;  
 Like summer tempest came her tears—  
 'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'"

Explain the philosophy of the matter.

266-267. as fond—tree. Criticise the grammatical structure.

I sometimes deemed that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me;  
 But then at last away it flew,  
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew, 290  
 For he would never thus have flown,  
 And left me twice so doubly lone—  
 Lone,—as the corse within its shroud;  
 Lone,—as a solitary cloud—  
 A single cloud on a sunny day, 295  
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
 A frown upon the atmosphere,  
 That hath no business to appear  
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

## XI.

A kind of change came in my fate, 300  
 My keepers grew compassionate:  
 I know not what had made them so,  
 They were inured to sights of woe;  
 But so it was: my broken chain  
 With links unfastened did remain, 305  
 And it was liberty to stride  
 Along my cell from side to side,  
 And up and down, and then athwart,  
 And tread it over every part,  
 And round the pillars one by one, 310  
 Returning where my walk begun;  
 Avoiding only, as I trod,  
 My brothers' graves without a sod;  
 For if I thought with heedless tread  
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315  
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

294. Cf. Wordsworth's

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

315. Cf. Gray's

"The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing  
 horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their  
 lowly bed."

## XII.

I made a footing in the wall,  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 320 For I had buried one and all,  
 Who loved me in a human shape;  
 And the whole earth would henceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me:  
 No child—no sire—no kin had I,  
 325 No partner in my misery.  
 I thought of this, and I was glad,  
 For thought of them had made me mad:  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barred windows, and to bend  
 330 Once more, upon the mountains high,  
 The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,  
 They were not changed like me in frame;  
 I saw their thousand years of snow  
 335 On high—their wide long lake below,  
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
 I heard the torrents leap and gush  
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush;  
 I saw the white-walled distant town,  
 340 And whiter sails go skimming down:  
 And then there was a little isle,  
 Which in my very face did smile,  
 The only one in view;  
 A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
 345 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;  
 But in it there were three tall trees,  
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flowers growing,  
 350 Of gentle breath and hue.

327. had made. Parse.

331. The quiet—eye. What is

meant by describing this as a Wordsworthian line?

The fish swam by the castle wall,  
 And they seemed joyous each and all;  
 The eagle rode the rising blast,  
 Methought he never flew so fast  
 As then to me he seemed to fly; 355  
 And then new tears came in my eye,  
 And I felt troubled—and would fain  
 I had not left my recent chain.  
 And when I did descend again,  
 The darkness of my dim abode 360  
 Fell on me as a heavy load;  
 It was as is a new-dug grave,  
 Closing o'er one we sought to save;  
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,  
 Had almost need of such a rest. 365

## XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,  
 I kept no count—I took no note,  
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
 And clear them of their dreary note;  
 At last men came to set me free, 370  
 I asked not why, and recked not where,  
 It was at length the same to me,  
 Fettered or fetterless to be,  
 I learned to love despair.  
 And thus, when they appeared at last, 375  
 And all my bonds aside were cast,  
 These heavy walls to me had grown  
 A hermitage—and all my own!

351-352. Cf. pp. 383-384, ll. 272-291, of the "Ancient Mariner," and Wordsworth's description, in "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," of the "cheerful company" that waited on Clifford:—

"To his side the fallow-deer  
 Came, and rested without fear;  
 The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him fealty;  
 And both the undying fish that swim,  
 Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him."

366 *et seq.* Observe the paralyzing effect of misery and prolonged captivity. Byron has succeeded in showing how noble souls sicken and die under restraint.

377-378. Cf. Lovelace's

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for a hermitage."

380 And half I felt as they were come  
 To tear me from a second home;  
 With spiders I had friendship made,  
 And watched them in their sullen trade.  
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
 And why should I feel less than they?  
 385 We all were inmates of one place,  
 And I, the monarch of each race,  
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!  
 In quiet we had learned to dwell;  
 My very chains and I grew friends,  
 390 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are: even I  
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

1. Classify the "Prisoner of Chillon."
2. What influences produced its metrical form?
3. Make a list of the careless constructions in the poem, indicating the necessary corrections.
4. Explain and discuss the following criticisms, with especial reference to "The Prisoner of Chillon":—

"The very perfection of 'The Prisoner' makes it tame and cold among the heat and animation of the rest: it is the only one in which Byron is left out. It is the one grand tribute which the great rebel of the age paid to Wordsworth."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"The best of Byron's earlier tales, 'The Prisoner of Chillon' and 'Mazeppa,' were produced after the period of his fashionable fame, when in the quietude of rest, he wrote with sobered feelings for himself. They owe, moreover, their greater purity of outline and sincerity of feeling to the form of monologue adopted."—*J. A. Symonds*.

"The splendid and imperishable excellence which covers all his offences and outweighs all his defects" is "the excellence of sincerity and strength."—*A. Swinburne*.

"Byron has a wonderful power of vividly conceiving a single incident, a single situation; of throwing himself upon it, grasping it as if it were real and he saw and felt it, and of making us see and feel it too."—*Matthew Arnold*.

"Scarce a page of his verse ever aspires to perfection, hardly a stanza will bear the minute word by word dissection which only brings into clearer light the delicate touches of Keats or Tennyson; his pictures with a big brush were never meant for the microscope."—*J. Nichol*.

#### COMPOSITION.

- I. Write a criticism, with illustrations, of the Elements and Qualities of Byron's style, referring to Critical estimate.
- II. Reproduce in prose, in indirect narration, "The Prisoner of Chillon."

## THE THREE LADIES OF SORROW.

INTRODUCTORY.—In his collection of prose phantasies entitled *Suspiria de Profundis* ("Sighs from the Depths"), a sequel to "The Confessions of an English Opium Eater," De Quincey tells us that, at Oxford, he often saw Levana, the Roman Goddess of Education, who was supposed to lift up every newly born being and bid it look erect as the king of all this world. Levana, he further tells us, often communes with the powers that shake man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcæ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and at once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know. . . . Let us call them, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*."

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? Oh, no! 5  
Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not, as they talked with Levana; *they* 10  
whispered not; *they* sang not, though oftentimes methought *they might* have sung; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by 15  
words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on 20  
the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence,—if form it were  
25 that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front, or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans,  
30 calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for-  
35 ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her  
40 head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than Papal at her girdle, which  
45 open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village  
50 mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her*; still he dreams at midnight that  
55 the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he awakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter, not less pious, that  
60 vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is



that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest 65 empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could 70 read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops forever, forever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at 75 intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against Heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to 80 the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of 85 the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the book of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes forever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of 90 some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the Earth, our general 95 mother, but for *him* a step-mother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, or general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illuminate her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her 100

nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed; and all that are rejected—outcasts by traditionary law, and children of hereditary disgrace;—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little; for her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrants of every clime. Yet in the very highest walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her*! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power, but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions, in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, Our Lady of Darkness.

—Thomas De Quincey.



## BURNS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Robert Burns was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25th, 1759. His father was a small farmer, who, though in embarrassed circumstances, did not let his difficulties prevent him from giving his son a respectable education. After young Burns's school days were over, he worked on the farm along with his father and brothers, reading such books as chance threw in his way, and revealing every now and then his poetical talents. Among the authors to whom he had access were Spenser, Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Sterne, and Thomson. To his study of these we may attribute the readiness with which he expressed himself in classical English. On his father's death, in 1784, the children took a farm together, but unhappily the venture proved unfortunate. It was during this period that Burns made the acquaintance of Jean Armour. No less important in the development of his genius was the controversy going on in the church between the "New Lights," or the Rationalists, and the "Auld Lights," or the Evangelists. All the poet's powers were thus stirred within him—wit and humor no less than the passionate earnestness of love. He became famous in his neighborhood, but misfortunes came upon him, and he resolved to go to the West Indies. To raise money for this purpose he had a volume of poems published at

20 Kilmarnock, but, when on the point of setting sail from Greenock, a letter induced him to go to Edinburgh instead. Here he was received in the highest literary circles, rather as an object of wonder and curiosity than as one of the first lyrical poets of the world. Nor did this visit stimulate his genius. It, however, secured him £500, the proceeds of a second  
 25 edition of his poems. With this money he took a lease, in 1788, of the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, marrying shortly afterwards his "bonnie Jean." Edinburgh friends had found him a position in the Excise; but the new office only strengthened his tendency to dissipation. Presently he gave up the farm, which was proving a failure, and removed  
 30 to Dumfries. Here matters grew worse. He became more and more addicted to drink. This and his sympathy with the French Revolution prevented his advancement in office, and, it is said, even threatened to deprive him of the one he held. Although he had intermissions of pure and noble life, he was unable to break off his habits of intemperance, and  
 35 died physically a wreck, July 21st, 1796, before he reached the age of thirty-seven.

WORKS.—Several editions of Burns's poems appeared during his lifetime, the first at Kilmarnock in 1786, and the second at Edinburgh in the following year. After his death, an edition with his letters was published  
 40 in 1800 by Dr. Currie. His poetical productions were composed at various dates between 1774 and 1796; but they are distributed over two periods, the first marked by the publication of his poems at Kilmarnock and Edinburgh, and the second being the last years of his life, spent chiefly at Ellisland and Dumfries. To the first period belong *The Death and Dying Words of*  
 45 *Poor Mailie*, a mixture of humor and pathos; *Mary Morrison*, a pure and beautiful love song; *The Twa Herds*, or *The Holy Tulzie*, the first of his satires against the orthodox ministers; followed by *Holy Willie's Prayer*, *The Ordination*, and *The Holy Friar*; *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, a domestic idyll; *Death and Dr. Hornbook*, a genial satire; *Man was made*  
 50 *to mourn*; *Hallowe'en*, a poem descriptive of Scotch life in hours of merriment; *To a Mouse, on Turning up her Nest with the Plough*, a marked specimen of that tenderness towards animals which links him to Cowper; *The Jolly Beggars*, a cantata, of which the materials are offensive and the humor coarse, but which displays his narrative and dramatic power; *Address to*  
 55 *the De'il*; *The Vision*, a sublime picture of his early aspirations; *The Twa Dogs*, a satire representing the contrast between the lives of the Cotters and the lives of the Lairds; *To a Mountain Daisy*; *The Brigs of Ayr*; *The Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous*; *The Bonny Banks of Ayr*, written when he had taken his last farewell of his friends and his  
 60 trunk was on the way to Greenock. The second period includes his two winters in Edinburgh, as well as his last years at Ellisland and Dumfries. Although he then wrote other poems, the chief productions are the marvellous store of songs with which he enriched our literature. Among the works of this period are:—*The Epistle to a Young Friend*; *Macpherson's*  
 65 *Farewell*; *Elegy on the Death of Captain Matthew Henderson*; *Verses on*

*Captain Grose*; *The Kirk's Alarm*, a defence of one of his old friends of the "New Light" School; *Willie Brewed a Peck o' Malt*, the prince of Bacchanalian songs, followed by *The Whistle*, a similar effusion; *To Mary in Heaven*, an intensely passionate lyric, remarkable also as the one purely English poem of Burns's that ranks in the first class; *Highland Mary*; *John Anderson my Jo*; *Auld Lang Syne*; *Tam o' Shanter*, in his own opinion, and in that of many others, his finest work: it displays his narrative and descriptive powers, his creative imagination, and his ability to combine the ludicrous and the terrible; *The Banks o' Doon*; *The Birks of Aberfeldy*; *Of a' the Airts the Wind can blow*; *Farewell to Nancy*; *Duncan Gray*; *Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn*; *A Man's a Man for a' That*; *Farewell to Nancy*; and *Address to a Woodlark*. Burns composed between two and three hundred songs, from thirty to forty of which are admittedly of the highest order.

CRITICAL.—Probably no two men were more unlike than Cowper and Burns; and yet, though they were unconscious of it, their works had a similar influence. Both between them wrought the enfranchisement of our poetry from the bondage of Pope and precedent; both helped to found the school to which Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley belong, and both were instinct with the passion for truth and nature—for that nature, one touch of which "makes the whole world kin." (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 148-149.) Burns is Scotland's greatest poet. Of the lyrical poets of English Literature, Burns is also the greatest. It is in his songs that his genius is freest, fullest, and most brilliant; and it is as a song-writer that he is most widely known. The essence of the lyric is the passion of the moment. Burns's passions were fervid and intense, and his soul was tremblingly alive to every poetic influence. Bird-like, he sang when his heart was full. In the lyrical drama success might have crowned a sustained effort, had he been able to make one; but for epic poetry and the highest form of the drama he had not the culture, even if he had the talent. All Burns's best productions are in the South-Ayrshire dialect. Of this his command was marvellously great: the outward form of his finest poems is always in complete accord with the inward feeling. His works display a great variety of poetic talent. Brilliant description, animated narrative, pungent satire, exquisite tenderness, the broadest and the most refined humor, are there joined to large sympathy and strong and keen intelligence. At the base of all his power lay his realism and his truthfulness. According to Prof. Shairp, one of his biographers, these qualities showed themselves in four main directions. He restored the ebbing national spirit of Scotland; he turned the tide which Scott brought to the flood. He interpreted the lives, thoughts, feelings, manners of the Scottish peasantry as they had never been interpreted before, and never can be again; he made the poorest ploughman proud of his status and his toil, since Robbie Burns had shared and had sung them. His sympathies and thoughts were not confined to class or country; he proclaimed the brotherhood of man, which found utterance through Cowper first of the English poets. His love of Nature

is intense, but simple and direct; he did not go so far as Wordsworth afterwards did; with Burns Nature is the background of his pictures of life and human character. But Burns did more for Scotland than restore her nationality. Some of his own poems and songs are undoubtedly objectionable on the score of immorality; but, for all this, it is true that he purified Scottish song, which before his day had been a muddy rill. His songs "embody human emotion in its most condensed and sweetest essence. They appeal to all ranks; they teach all ages; they cheer toilworn men under every clime wherever the English tongue is heard—beneath the suns of India, amid African deserts, on the western prairies of America, among the squatters of Australia; wherever men of British blood would give vent to their deepest, kindest feelings, it is to the songs of Burns they spontaneously turn, and find in them at once a perfect utterance and a fresh tie of brotherhood. It is this which forms Burns's most enduring claim on the world's gratitude."

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### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INTRODUCTORY.—During the "Auld Light" and "New Light" controversy, a close intimacy sprang up between the poet and Robert Aiken, to whom the following poem is addressed. To Aiken's son, Burns addressed his *Epistle to a Young Friend*, a production as remarkable for its wisdom as for its literary merit. Gilbert Burns, the author's brother, gives us the following account of this poem:—"Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family introducing family worship. To this statement of the author the world is indebted for *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. . . . The cotter is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotions, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family; none of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'.' Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny fee' with our parents, my father labored hard and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds, and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue; and from this motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distress." As a work of art, the poem falls below the level of Burns's best productions. None of them, however, present his character in so favorable a light, or indicate so unmistakably his deep-seated reverence for the religion of his forefathers; though in the words of his *Bard's Epitaph*,

"Thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stained his name."

The following lines from Gray's *Elegy* were prefaced by the author to the original edition:—

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor."

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November still blaws<sup>1</sup> loud wi' angry sugh;<sup>2</sup> 10  
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts<sup>3</sup> retreating frae<sup>4</sup> the pleugh:<sup>5</sup>  
 The black'ning trains o' craws<sup>6</sup> to their repose:  
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,—  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,— 15  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn<sup>7</sup> in ease and rest to spend,  
 And, weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20  
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher<sup>8</sup> through  
 To meet their dad,<sup>9</sup> wi' flichterin<sup>10</sup> noise and glee.  
 His wee bit<sup>11</sup> ingle,<sup>12</sup> blinking bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane,<sup>6</sup> his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee, 25  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

LITERARY.—Observe that the more homely passages are written in the Ayrshire dialect, and those of a higher character in classical English. Note throughout the influence of Pope, Gray, and Goldsmith. Describe the metrical structure, and name any great poems in the same stanza.

6 and 18. Quote the passages in the "Elegy" which these lines suggest.

23. **wee bit.** Note that Scotch is rich in diminutives.

1 Blows.	2 angry sough, or moaning sound.	3 Cattle.	4 From.
5 Plough.	6 Crows.	7 The next day.	8 Stagger.
	10 Fluttering.	11 Little.	9 Father.
		12 Fireplace.	

Belyve,<sup>1</sup> the elder bairns<sup>2</sup> come drapping in,  
 At service out amang the farmers roun':  
 30 Some ca<sup>3</sup> the pleugh, some herd, some tentie<sup>4</sup> rin  
 A canny<sup>5</sup> errand to a neibor town:  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,<sup>6</sup>  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw<sup>7</sup> new gown,  
 35 Or déposit her sair-won penny-fee,<sup>8</sup>  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:<sup>9</sup>  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed, fleet;  
 40 Each tells the uncos<sup>10</sup> that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view:  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;<sup>11</sup>  
 45 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command  
 The younkers a' are warnéd to obey,  
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydant<sup>12</sup> hand,  
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk<sup>13</sup> or play:  
 50 "An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 An' mind your duty,<sup>14</sup> duly, morn an' night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang<sup>15</sup> astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"  
 55 But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens<sup>16</sup> the meaning o' the same,

41. eye—years. Express in prose |

50. Comment on the effect of the | change of narration.

1 By-and-by.      2 Children.      3 Drive (literally "call").      4 Run heedfully.  
 5 Careful.      6 Eye.      7 Hand-ome.      8 Dearly won wages.      9 Inquires.  
 10 Uncommon. *i.e.*, strange things.      11 Makes old clothes look almost as good as new.  
 12 Diligent.      13 Trifle.      14 Prayers (in this case).      15 Go.      16 Who knows.



Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscios flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, an' flush her cheek; 60  
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,  
 While Jenny hafflins<sup>1</sup> is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben<sup>2</sup>—  
 A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye; 65  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
 The father cracks<sup>3</sup> of horses, pleughs, and kye.<sup>4</sup>  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But, blate an' laithfu',<sup>5</sup> scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy 70  
 W' t makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.<sup>6</sup>

O, happy love!—where love like this is found!—  
 O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!  
 I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round, 75  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 “If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when youthfu' ul, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale. 80  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.”

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? 85  
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!

59. **conscios.** Comment on the | 73-90. Account for the change in  
 meaning of this word. | diction.

1 Partly. 2 In, *i.e.*, into the inner room. 3 Talks. 4 Cows.  
 5 Bashful and hesitating. 6 The rest, *i.e.*, other folk.

Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?

Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,

Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?

90 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,

The halesome parritch,<sup>1</sup> chief of Scotia's food;

The soupe<sup>2</sup> their only hawkie<sup>3</sup> does afford,

That 'yont the hallan<sup>4</sup> snugly chows her cood:<sup>5</sup>

95 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,<sup>6</sup>

And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:

The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell

How 'twas a towmond<sup>7</sup> auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.<sup>8</sup>

100 The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,

They round the ingle form a circle wide;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,

The big ha' Bible,<sup>9</sup> ance his father's pride;

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

105 His lyart haffets<sup>10</sup> wearing thin and bare;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales<sup>11</sup> a portion with judicious care;

And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;

110 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:

Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;

Or noble "Elgin" beets<sup>12</sup> the heavenward flame,

The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

115 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;

The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise;

Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

109. Comment on the meaning and derivation of "guise."

109, *et seq.* Note again the change of diction.

1 Wholesome oat meal porridge.

2 Milk.

3 Cow.

4 Porch.

5 Chews her cud.

6 Well-saved tasty cheese.

7 Twelvemonth.

8 Since flax was in the flower.

9 Hall Bible, Family Bible.

10 Gray temples.

11 Selects.

12 Nourishes.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page—  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; 125  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
 How He who bore in heaven the second name  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head; 130  
 How His first followers and servants sped,  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's 135  
 command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days;  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays, 140  
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride, 145  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,

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118-135. Quote the passages in | 145. With what does the poet  
 Scripture here referred to. | contrast "religion"?

150 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,  
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way:  
 155 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
 That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 160 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:  
 165 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"  
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;  
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,  
 170 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 175 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
 And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
 Then, how'er crown and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 180 And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle.

156-162. Cf. Wotton's description of the happy man in "A Happy Life"—

"Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend."

163-188. What marked character-

istics of the author are here displayed? Refer to other poems of his in which the same thoughts occur.

165-166. See Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" ll. 53-54.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide  
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;  
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,  
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
 Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert;  
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,  
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

185

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 TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,  
 That lovest to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.—  
 O Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

5

That sacred hour can I forget?  
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past,—  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

10

15

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green;  
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar  
 Twined amorous round the rapturèd scene;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on every spray,  
 Till too, too soon the glowing West  
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

20

25 Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care;  
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary, dear departed shade!  
 30 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

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1. Classify the preceding poems, and show to what extent the sentiments expressed in them are characteristic of Burns and his period.

2. Make an application of the Critical estimate to the preceding poems.

COMPOSITION.

Reproduce in prose "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

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TO MARY UNWIN.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,  
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feigned they drew,  
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new  
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,  
 5 That ere through age or woe I shed my wings,  
 I may record thy worth with honor due,  
 In verse as musical as thou art true,  
 And that immortalizes whom it sings:—  
 But thou has little need. There is a Book  
 10 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,  
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,  
 A chronicle of actions just and bright—  
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;  
 And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

—*William Cowper.*

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## TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN love with unconfined wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at the grates;  
 When I lie tangled in her hair 5  
 And fetter'd to her eye,  
 The birds that wanton in the air  
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames, 10  
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free,  
 Fishes that tipple in the deep 15  
 Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confinèd, I  
 With shriller note shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty.  
 And glories of my King; 20  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage;  
 If I have freedom in my love,  
 And in my soul am free, 30  
 Angels alone, that sore above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

—Richard Lovelace.



## BURKE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Edmund Burke, the son of a solicitor, was born in Dublin, as far as can be ascertained, on the 12th of January, 1728 or 1729. His father was a Protestant; his mother, a Roman Catholic; his earliest years were spent under the care of his Catholic uncles; and his school-  
5 master was a Quaker. He had thus the best possible training in the new virtue of "toleration." From school he passed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he remained from 1743 to 1748. As a student his habits were desultory. Now and then he had fits of application to his proper studies; but, though he won some distinction, he did not stand highest in any depart-  
10 ment. Unlike his contemporary, the gay and idle Goldsmith, he gave himself up to miscellaneous reading, to verse-making, and to day-dreaming. In 1750 he went to London to study law, but he had little taste for this profession; for his condition during this period is described as that of  
15 "a young templar in delicate health, fond of jaunting about England, and anything but fond of law." His literary career began in 1756 with the publication of *A Vindication of Natural Society*. During this period he made the acquaintance of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and other eminent men, and afterwards became one of the founders of the famous Literary Club. In the intervals of literary work he studied carefully the



questions of the day, bringing himself in 1759 into closer contact with 20 politics by accepting the position of Private Secretary to "Single Speech" Hamilton, afterwards Secretary for Ireland. His connection with this statesman having ended in an open rupture, he was so fortunate as to obtain the higher appointment of Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, Lord Rockingham, who continued his friend and patron to the last. He 25 made a still further advance in 1766 by entering the House of Commons as member for Wendover. In Parliament he occupied a prominent place during the twenty-eight years he held a seat. In the dispute with the American colonies, he took the side of the colonists. But the event which is probably the most memorable in his career is his conduct of the im- 30 peachment of Warren Hastings. During his political life, his writings consisted of pamphlets upon subjects of national importance, or of revisions of his great speeches. In 1768 he purchased an estate near Beaconsfield, and hither on the death of his beloved son, in 1794, he retired, a desolate old man, into obscurity and sorrow. *In his Letter to a Noble 35 Lord*, he says, "The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered around me." The year following he was rewarded for his public services with a handsome pension. The honor of a peerage he refused, because, as he said, "he who ought to have succeeded him had gone before him." He continued to 40 write, however, with unabated zeal and energy, nor even at the last did his work show signs of decay. His death took place at Beaconsfield on the 8th of July, 1797.

WORKS.—*Vindication of Natural Society* (1756): This work was designed to ridicule the philosophical opinions of Lord Bolingbroke by reducing 45 them to an absurdity in Bolingbroke's own manner. Although only a parody, the study of Bolingbroke, which necessarily preceded its composition, left a permanent mark on Burke's style. *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful* (1756): While full of crudities, this volume is a vigorous exposition of the doctrine 50 "that critics of art seek its principles in the wrong place so long as they limit their search to poems, pictures, engravings, statues, and buildings, instead of first arranging the sentiments and faculties of man to which art makes appeal." *Account of European Settlements in America*, and an unfinished work entitled *Essay towards an Abridgment 55 of English History* (1757). A much more important undertaking than these histories was the *Annual Register*, a survey of the great events which were then transpiring in every quarter of the globe. The greater part of the first two volumes, which began to appear in 1759, was written by Burke, and for several years he contributed the his- 60 torical part of this compendium. *Observations on the Present State of the Nation* (1769): A reply to a pamphlet by George Grenville, in which the disappointed minister accused his successors of ruining the country. In this volume Burke showed a knowledge of commercial details equal to that of his opponent, and a deeper insight into general principles. *Thoughts 65*

on the *Present Discontents* (1770): The author deals with the scheme of policy which had brought about the then existing political troubles. It is an admirable argumentative exposition of the principles of his political party. Here for the first time Burke exhibited the strongest qualities of his understanding. *Speech on American Taxation* (1774), *Speech on Conciliation with America* (1775), and *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol on the Affairs of America* (1777): "It is no exaggeration to say that these three pieces on the momentous struggle compose the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for anyone who approaches the study of public affairs whether for knowledge or for practice. They are an example without fault of all the qualities which the critic, whether a theorist or an actor, of great political situations should strive by day and by night to possess." *Speech on Economical Reform* (1780): The Crown Ministers had at their disposal a large number of lucrative sinecures, posts in the royal household, etc. Of this patronage, which was used by the Government to bribe adherents, Burke proposed to make considerable curtailments. Only a small part, however, of his scheme was carried. *Speech on Fox's East India Bill* (1783): Burke assisted in preparing Fox's Bill, which proposed to abolish the East India Company and vest the government in seven commissioners appointed for life. *Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts* (1785). *Speech on the Impeachment of Warren Hastings* (1788): Macaulay's estimate has already been given (p. 251). *Reflections on the French Revolution* (1790): When the Revolution broke out, Burke, who foresaw only the evil consequences it would entail on France and the world, broke with the Whigs, his political associates, and in his speeches, and in this his most famous utterance on the subject, employed his eloquence in decrying the event with such effect that he has been called the leader of the reactionary movement in Europe. *Letter to a Member of the National Assembly* (1791). *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (1792): This was the last work of the author's on the Revolution, in which there was any pretence at calm judgment. *Observations on the Conduct of the Ministry and Remarks on the Policy of Alliances* (1793). *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1795): Burke's famous reply to an attack on him in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, on account of the apparent inconsistency in him, an economical reformer, accepting a pension from the Government. *Letters on a Regicidal Peace* (1796 and 1797): The full title of these letters, four in all, is self-explanatory. *Letters addressed to a Member of the present Parliament on the Proposals for Peace with the Regicidal Directory of France.*

CRITICAL.—Burke's age was the age of English eloquence, Many circumstances combined to make it so. It was an age of ardent thoughts, national exigencies, and new political principles, and of parliamentary oratory stimulated and purified by increased publicity. Among the great orators of the time—Chatham, Fox, Erskine, Grattan, and Sheridan—Burke stands preëminent. Nay, more, Burke is the greatest prose writer of his century; and, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's judgment, he is the greatest prose writer in our literature. His genius was comprehensive and versa-

tile: he owed much to the energy of his intellect and the creative richness of his imagination. No single speech gives a proper idea of the extent of his powers. His vocabulary is singularly rich: he delighted in varied presentations of his subject matter; but to the mechanism of his sentences 115 he devoted comparatively little attention. His wealth of figurative language has been the theme of universal admiration. With Carlyle he shares the praise of being the greatest master of metaphor that the world has ever seen. His knowledge was encyclopædic, and from its vast stores he drew the illustrations that enrich his thoughts. Although, considering 120 the character of his subjects, he cannot be considered an abstruse writer, he was too abstruse to be a popular orator. His style is generally dignified and lofty, because he deals with dignified and lofty subjects; but he sometimes descends in invective to a coarseness that offends against the dictates of good taste. Strength is the prominent quality of his style. Macaulay 125 he resembles in this, that the greatest element of his power is the boundless splendor of his imagery. Occasionally, however, his sentiments are extravagant and his diction swollen and bombastic. Every production of his, as Mr. Arnold says, is "saturated with ideas," and for this reason, speeches that wearied his hearers attract and reward the attention of 130 thoughtful readers. Pathos Burke possesses, but not pathos of the purest kind; it swells into fiery indignation oftener than it melts into tears. Of irony and ridicule and bitter invective he is the master, but the fervor of his feelings has sometimes overbalanced his judgment. Burke was a scientific statesman—he has left behind him a treasure of political wisdom. As 135 an orator he does not rank among the greatest, if mastery of the art includes the power to persuade; for his oratory often failed in its object. The length of his speeches, the profundity of his reasoning, and the excitability of his temperament, wearied and puzzled his audience. "Too deep for his hearers," he

140

"still went on refining,

And thought of convincing when they thought of dining."

But, though he soared over the heads of many of his hearers, Burke's speeches have secured the immortality "which is common to Cicero or to Bacon—that which can never be interrupted while there exists the beauty 145 of order or the love of virtue, and which can fear no death except what barbarity may impose on the state."

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## THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

From the Speech "On Conciliation with America."

INTRODUCTORY.—Burke had just given four reasons why force should not be employed against the discontented colonies: First, "The use of force alone is *temporary*: it may subdue for a moment; but it does not do away with the necessity of subduing again." Secondly, "Force is *uncertain*: an armament is not a victory; if you do not succeed you are without

resource." Thirdly, "You *impair the object* by your endeavors to preserve it." Lastly, "We have *no sort of experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies." Burke's idea of conciliation was "without considering whether we yield as a matter of right, or grant as a matter of favor, to admit the people of our colonies into an interest in the Constitution; and by recording that admission in the Journals of the House, to give them as strong an assurance as the nature of the thing will admit, that we mean for ever to adhere to that solemn declaration of systematic indulgence."

THESE, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce; I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole: and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your Colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of Liberty is stronger in the English Colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the Colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation, which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The Colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they

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LITERARY.—Give an account of the events that led to the war with the American Colonies, of the attitude of the English political parties towards the question, and of the condition of affairs when this speech was delivered. Develop and discuss the general statements, and explain the historical references. Criticise the construction of the sentences and paragraphs.

4-5. Name the three "considerations."

23-26. The Colonists — hands. Justify this statement.

parted from your hands. They are, therefore, not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some <sup>30</sup> favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on <sup>35</sup> the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits <sup>40</sup> have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove, <sup>45</sup> that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called an House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of an House of Commons, as an <sup>50</sup> immediate representative of the people; whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, <sup>55</sup> or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The Colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being <sup>60</sup>

29-32. **Liberty—happiness.** What application does the author make of this general statement?

34-37. Illustrate this statement.

38-39. **But—otherwise.** Account for this.

56. **or no shadow—subsist.** Discuss this statement.

much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy  
 65 indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in  
 70 these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and  
 75 this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the  
 80 form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most  
 85 adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as  
 90 in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England, too, was formed  
 95 from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposi-

tion to all the ordinary powers of the world; and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremit-  
 ted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most  
 cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most  
 prevalent in our Northern Colonies is a refinement on the  
 principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the  
 Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion; under  
 a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the  
 communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of  
 the Northern provinces; where the Church of England, not-  
 withstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort  
 of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the  
 people. The Colonists left England when this spirit was  
 high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even  
 that stream of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing  
 into these Colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed  
 of dissenters from the establishments of their several coun-  
 tries, and have brought with them a temper and character far  
 from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner, that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description; because in the Southern Colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is,  
 however, a circumstance attending these Colonies, which, in  
 my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes  
 the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those  
 to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas  
 they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case  
 in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the  
 most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to  
 them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege.  
 Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a  
 common blessing, and *as broad and general as the air*, may be  
 united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the  
 exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like some-  
 thing that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to  
 commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has  
 at least as much pride as virtue it; but I cannot alter the

nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern Colonies are much more strongly, and with an higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient common-  
140 wealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

145 Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our Colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country, perhaps, in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and  
150 in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the Deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read), endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller, that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular de-  
155 votion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The Colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition  
160 very particularly in a letter on your table. He states, that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say, that  
165 this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has  
170 heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious *Abeunt studia in mores* This study



renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, 175  
 ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the  
 people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an  
 ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here  
 they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the  
 grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur mis- 180  
 government at a distance; and snuff the approach of tyranny  
 in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the Colonies is  
 hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral,  
 but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three 185  
 thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No con-  
 trivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening  
 government. Seas roll, and months pass between the order  
 and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of  
 a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, 190  
 indeed, *winged messengers of vengeance*, who carry your bolts  
 in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there  
 a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions  
 and furious elements, and says, "*So far shalt thou go, and no*  
*farther.*" Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and 195  
 bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you  
 than does to all nations who have extensive Empire; and it  
 happens in all the forms into which Empire can be thrown.  
 In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous  
 at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot 200  
 govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Kurdistan, as he governs  
 Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers,  
 which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is  
 obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedi-  
 ence as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may 205  
 govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his  
 authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation  
 in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not  
 so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too; she  
 submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condi- 210  
 tion, the eternal Law, of extensive and detached Empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources; of Descent; of  
 Form of Government; of Religion in the Northern Provinces;

of Manners in the Southern; of Education; of the Remote-  
 215 ness of Situation from the first Mover of Government; from  
 all these causes a fierce Spirit of Liberty has grown up. It  
 has *grown with the growth* of the people in your Colonies,  
 and increased with the increase of their wealth—a spirit that  
 unhappily meeting with an accession of power in England,  
 220 which, however lawful, is not irreconcilable to my ideas of  
 liberty, much less with them, has kindled the flame that is  
 ready to consume us.

1. Justify the statement on p. 360, ll. 104-107.

2. Show that Burke is a master of Metaphor. Refer to Critical estimate, and show to what extent the selection illustrates the peculiarities of Burke's style, as stated therein.

3. Criticise the literary form of the following:—p. 363, ll. 30-32 and 42-52; p. 364, ll. 87 and 90.

#### COMPOSITION.

Summarize the selection, stating concisely Burke's arguments.

#### V I R T U E .

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the Earth and Sky,  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
 For thou must die.

5 Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

20 Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

25 Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives;  
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.

## CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are; 5  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Untied unto the worldly care  
 Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice; who never understood 10  
 How deepest wound are given by praise;  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend;— 20

This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

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## GOLDSMITH.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Oliver Goldsmith was born November 29th, 1728, at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland. His father was a clergyman, whose portrait the son is supposed to have given us in *The Deserted Village* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith's life is a marked exception to the usual even tenor of a literary career. He was sent to local schools, and in time to Trinity College, Dublin; but neither at school nor at the university was he an earnest student. Many a story is told of his idleness and want of thought, and, above all, of his tenderness of heart. On leaving college, his friends proposed various schemes for his future, but they were all frustrated by his constitutional carelessness. At last, in 1752, after being a tutor for a year, and making an attempt to study law in Dublin, he attended the Medical School at Edinburgh. Here it was the same story of idleness and good-natured carelessness as in Dublin. From Edinburgh, in less than two years he removed to Leyden to study anatomy and chemistry, but the gaming table had more attractions for him than the university. Then, in 1755, with only a guinea in his purse, and a very scanty wardrobe, he set out on a tour through Europe, dependent, part of the way at least, on what he could beg, or earn by his flute. In 1756 he returned to England, and reached London with only three halfpence in his pocket. Matters now went hard with him. At different times he was chemist, physician,

tutor. At Peckham he made the acquaintance of a London bookseller named Griffiths, who persuaded him to return to London and write for the *Monthly Review*. This employment was slavery for Goldsmith, and he abandoned it within a year. Then he tried to obtain a medical appointment at Coromandel, but was rejected by the College of Surgeons. After this he took up his abode in the dingiest part of London, and devoted himself to literature. His first publication of note was an *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe*. With the appearance of *The Traveller*, in 1764, began better times. Henceforth he rose steadily into fame, and took his place as one of the literary leaders of the period, becoming a conspicuous member of the Johnsonian circle. Though his works brought him large sums of money, he was always in distress on account of debt brought on by extravagance. He had the "knack of hoping," and lived in to-day without a thought of to-morrow, his good-nature exposing him continually to the wiles of impostors. In the spring of 1774 his difficulties reached a crisis, and mental distress aggravated an unusually severe attack of a disease to which he was subject. An attempt at self-treatment only made matters worse. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. No literary man of his time was more generally lamented, for with all his faults he was sincerely loved.

WORKS.—*Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe* (1759). *The Citizen of the World*: A reprint of his Chinese Letters, contributed to the *Public Ledger*, the property of bookseller Newbery, in whose employment he remained till 1764. *The Traveller, or A Prospect of Society* (1764): An attempt to unite the didactic with the descriptive poem Goldsmith represents himself as spending a pensive hour "where Alpine solitudes ascend," and looking downward "where an hundred realms appear." The varied scenes thus presented he views with delight, but sighs to see the hoard of human bliss so small, and wishes "to find some spot to real happiness consigned." Each thinks "his first, best country ever is at home." The poet concludes thus—

"Still shall wisdom find  
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;  
As different good, by art or nature given,  
To different nations makes their blessings even."

55

Charles Fox pronounced *The Traveller* one of the finest poems in the English language, and Dr. Johnson, now one of Goldsmith's friends, declared that its merit was so well established that Mr. Fox's praise could not augment it, nor his censure diminish it. In our literary history, the poem is remarkable as the first expression in English verse of an interest in foreign scenes and foreign people. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766): This exquisite work, "the first genuine novel of domestic life," abounds in improbabilities and in faults of construction; but the style is admirable for its ease and simplicity, its good humor and kindly feeling. With Sir Walter Scott, "we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." *The Good-natured Man* (1768): A comedy

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finished some time before; but though its merits were endorsed by Johnson, Burke, and others, it was not readily accepted by the managers of Covent Garden. The naturalness of Goldsmith's genius did not at first  
 70 suit the public taste. Sentimentalism was then the fashion; and the very parts which to the author seemed the best, were received with the most marked disapproval. *Roman History* (1769). *The Deserted Village* (1770): This poem was as popular as *The Traveller*, and ran through four editions in a year. *History of England* (1771). *She Stoops to Conquer* (1763): This  
 75 Comedy, produced at Covent Garden, proved remarkably successful. According to Prof. Masson, it is "the best thing of its kind in the English literature of the eighteenth century." *A History of the Earth and of Animated Nature*: This work the author did not live to complete, but, like his Histories, the part he finished is, to use Johnson's words, "as enter-  
 80 taining as a Persian tale." It displays, however, Goldsmith's ignorance of the facts of Natural History. Among other equally absurd blunders, he places the "insidious tiger" in the backwoods of Canada. Besides the preceding, Goldsmith wrote articles for *The Bee*, *The Busybody*, and other periodicals, as well as some works of minor importance. Two of his  
 85 shorter poems deserve especial notice. *The Haunch of Venison* is a poetical letter of thanks in which, while satirizing some of his literary friends, he good-naturedly includes himself. *Retaliation*—in the opinion of some, Goldsmith's best poem,—"is the most mischievous and the most playful, the friendliest and faithfulest of satires." It contains portraits of Burke,  
 90 Garrick, Reynolds, and others of his noted friends.

CRITICAL.—Goldsmith's age was an age of prose. Goldsmith himself was the one true poet of his time. In his high estimate of the didactic poem and pentameter couplet, as well as in the exquisite polish of his language and versification, he resembles the poets of the Artificial School;  
 95 but, lifted above them by the warmth and simplicity of his nature, he has eschewed their pompous epithets, forced constructions, and unnatural transpositions. His thoughts, too, are conceived in paragraphs, not in couplets, and the charms of his genius have dispelled the dulness of his philosophy. Goldsmith is the most versatile author of the eighteenth  
 100 century. Although now best known as a poet, he has made good his claim to rank high amongst novelists, historians, and moralists. In all he has written there is the charm of an easy, perspicuous style: with his humor and tenderness and his graceful delicacy of thought, he had this from the first. But poetry was his "solitary pride"; on it he bestowed a care and a  
 105 labor that were denied to his prose. The diction of his poems is singularly refined. His words are artless, but deftly chosen; his constructions simple, but studiously sought; and his style clear and luminous, though occasionally defaced by negligence and carelessness. No writer in our language has surpassed him in unaffected simplicity; subtle turns of  
 110 thought; "curious felicity" of expression; gentle grace of movement; and delicacy and purity of sentiment. Nor has he many equals in delightful humor, in amiable satire, and in idyllic tenderness. Geniality and good

nature, the characteristics of the man, are the never-failing characteristics of the author. Goldsmith's range of subjects is limited by his experience; but within this limit his mastery is supreme. The skill of the true artist <sup>115</sup> is seen in his use of his materials. But his limitations proved to be one source of his greatness; they secured that truth and nature one touch of which "makes the whole world kin." He drew at first hand for his works from his own experience of life; and his own sorrows had broadened his sympathies and chastened his humor. The defects of his imagination <sup>120</sup> were counterbalanced by his powers of observation. These gained for him a store of gentle wisdom and fond remembrance. From the memories of an eventful life he selected for his poems the gayest, the pleasantest, and the most pathetic; and, mingling with them natural thoughts and natural feelings, he united all into one delightful whole of vivid description, quaint <sup>125</sup> joy, pensive sadness, and tender images reflected from the calm depths of philosophic meditation—a result, too, as fresh and as charming as when first his readers hung over his pages.

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### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

INTRODUCTORY.—*The Deserted Village* displays its author's characteristics more fully than any other product of his genius. In particular it evidences the grace and truthfulness of his descriptions of Nature. Lissoy, where his brother had a living, is said to have been the original from which he drew the idyllic picture of "sweet Auburn." If so, it is Lissoy, seen through mists of memory, that lent "enchantment to the view." The village preacher has been identified with his father and his brother and even with his uncle; the village master, with Paddy Byrne, the teacher of his boyhood. The descriptions, however, are so life-like that we enjoy their beauty, regardless of the source of the poet's inspiration. But Goldsmith had in view a didactic as well as an artistic purpose. He wished to elaborate the thesis that the accumulation of wealth is the parent of national evils, including that of depopulation. The leading idea of the poem he had already thrown out in *The Traveller*. "Have we not seen," he says—

"opulence her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train;  
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main;—  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around.  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?"

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,

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LITERARY.—Observe throughout melody of the verse which harmonizes (13, III., 1 and 2) with the language and consummate ease and pensive mood in which the poem is mastered of style. Observe also the conceived. Describe the metre.

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;  
 5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 15 How often have I blest the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labor free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 20 The young contending as the old surveyed;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
 By holding out to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 30 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;  
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.  
 35 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;

1-50. What characteristics of the author are here displayed? See Critical estimate, pp. 372-373, ll. 105-111 and 118-128. Point out words and phrases employed in an unusual sense.



Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
 And desolation saddens all thy green:  
 One only master grasps the whole domain,  
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40  
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;  
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45  
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;  
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
 Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—  
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made—  
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55  
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
 Just gave what life required but gave no more: 60  
 His best companions, innocence and health;  
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train  
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:  
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, 65  
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
 And every want to opulence allied,  
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.

51-74. Discuss the truth of the statements in ll. 51-52 and ll. 57-74. Quote a parallel passage to ll. 53-54 from "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and comment on its significance in our literary history. See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 145 and 151-152. 59. Why "her wholesome store"?

70 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

75 Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tryant's power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruined grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 80 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
 85 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.  
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
 90 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 95 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest Retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine!  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 100 A youth of labor with an age of ease;

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75 *et seq.* Note that fortunately now | the grammatical relation of this  
 and then the author forgets his didac- | phrase?  
 tic purpose.

85. my latest—crown. What is | 92. Criticise this line.

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
 While Resignation gently slopes the way; 110  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His Heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
 There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow, 115  
 The mingling notes came softened from below;  
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school; 120  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;  
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; 130  
 She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;

113-136. Note the idyllic beauty of . . . 118. to meet—**young**. Express as this description, and the effective use of a clause. of Contrast.

135 She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
140 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:  
145 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
150 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
155 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
160 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;  
165 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;

136. Explain "sad historian" and "pensive plain." What is meant by the "Pathetic Fallacy"?

137-192. Name other writers who have produced descriptions similar to this one. Explain "the," l. 137; "disclose," l. 139; "passing," l. 142; "charity," l. 162. Comment on the author's use of the word "train" here and elsewhere in the poem.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay, •  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175  
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.  
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd, 185  
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;  
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:  
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195  
 The village master taught his little school.  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;

189-192. Note the sublimity of this famous Simile. Discuss the grammatical structure and relation of this sentence.

193-216. Observe that the demure humor of this description heightens the pleasurable effect of the prevailing tone of pensive sadness.

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
200 The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
205 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew,  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
210 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;  
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
215 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,  
220 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
225 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlor splendors of that festive place;  
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
230 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;  
235 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all  
 Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart; 240  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

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1. Classify "The Deserted Village," and name other poems of the same class.
  2. State and criticise Goldsmith's philosophical views.
  3. Refer to those passages in which the poet may be supposed to have given his own experiences.
  4. Make a list of the mannerisms, poetic licenses, and instances of carelessness in the poem.
  5. Point out the passages especially remarkable for their beauty, and show in what it consists.
  6. Give an account of the condition of English Literature when Goldsmith wrote, and of his chief literary contemporaries. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 125-146.)
  7. Apply the remarks in the Critical estimate, pp. 372-373, to "The Deserted Village."

#### COMPOSITION.

- I. Describe, after Goldsmith, the Village Preacher, Schoolmaster, and Inn.
  - II. Contrast Auburn in its decay with Auburn in its prosperity.
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## POPE.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Pope was born on the 21st of May, 1688, in the city of London. His father, who was engaged in the linen trade, having realized a competency, retired to the country, near Windsor Forest. There he and his family lived till 1716, when they removed to Chiswick. Pope was a sickly deformed boy, somewhat hunchbacked, but he had penetrating, dark-brown eyes, and a bright, intelligent face. When grown up, he was only four feet in height, with a short body and disproportionately long arms. After attending one or two Catholic seminaries—for he was a Roman Catholic—till he was not quite twelve years old, he left school, and took to reading by himself. “In a few years,” he says, “I had dipped into a very large number of English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek poets.” Pope was, therefore, a self-cultivated man. His poetical gift showed itself early: “he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.” His first long poem, the *Pastorals*, he wrote when he was only sixteen, though it was not published till 1709. From this year we may date the beginning of his fame. The *Essay on Criticism*, which followed in 1711, secured for him at once the first place amongst the poets of his time—a success attributable as much to his own abilities as to the literary chaos that surrounded him. In 1713 he made the acquaintance of Swift, and the intimacy then begun continued for about a quarter of a century. In the



same year he was introduced by Swift to Harley, Earl of Oxford, to Lord Bolingbroke, and to Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. He was also intimate with Prior, Arbuthnot, and Gay. Politically, Pope occupied an independent position. His closest friends, indeed, were Tories, but in the latter part of his life he showed a leaning towards the Whigs. Offers of a pension from Government he was able to refuse. "Thanks to Homer," he could say, after the remarkable pecuniary success that attended his translation of the *Iliad*

"I live and thrive,  
Indebted to no prince or peer alive."

30

On his father's death, in 1717, he bought a pretty villa at Twickenham, and resided there with his mother, whom he dearly loved, and for whom his affection is probably the noblest trait in his character. At Twickenham, he indulged his great passion for landscape gardening, converting into a grotto the little tunnel under the high road which divided his property. 35 There, he says, he could sit with his friends, undisturbed by the distant din of the world. There, too, were written the poems of his riper years. But his constitutional irritability kept him constantly on the move. Though little interested in politics, he liked to be near the vortex of political commotion. His visits to London were frequent, and the Twickenham villa, 40 besides being the favorite resort of his friends, was the centre of attraction for the interviewers of the time. From an early age Pope had been an invalid, and at a later period he required unremitting attention. He was peevish, resentful, and ill-tempered—so much so that he was called by a quondam friend "the wicked wasp of Twickenham"—a disposition largely 45 due, we may believe, to the "long disease" of his life. His irresistible propensity to satire may be attributed to the same cause, though the literary condition of the period was provocative of this style of composition. Worn out at last by a complication of diseases, he died on the 30th of May, 1744, and was buried by his own directions in a vault in Twickenham Church, 50 near the monument erected to his parents.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—Pope's works belong to three distinct periods. The first is chiefly one of experiment; the great work of the second is his Translation of Homer; and in his later years appeared his moral and satirical poems. His first production in print was the *Pastorals*, published in 1709. 55 remarkable mainly as evidencing, even at this period of his career, the melody of his versification. In 1711 was published the *Essay on Criticism*, a didactic poem embodying in terse and pointed couplets those maxims on poetical composition which had been the common property of all generations of writers. It displays his singular skill in clothing old sayings with 60 the appearance of novelty. To apply his own words, the work contains "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." *The Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Young Lady* and *The Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard* are really pathetic as well as exquisitely written; but there is a false ring in the morality of the latter. They are especially remarkable 65 as displaying Pope's sentimentalism, an element that is generally wanting in his poetry. *The Rape of the Lock* (1714) is a mock-heroic poem—according

to Addison "a delicious little thing," and in the opinion of Macaulay, his best poem. But the conspicuous position Pope occupied in Literature 70 during his life-time is due mainly to his translation of Homer. Although at first reduced almost to despair by the magnitude of the task, he succeeded in finishing the *Iliad* in 1720 and the *Odyssey* in 1726. Pecuniarily the work was a great success, and at the time was by most supposed to be an excellent rendering. Recent criticism has, however, reversed this judg- 75 ment. It is a curious commentary on Pope's "mechanic art," that the last twelve books of the *Odyssey* were translated, not by the ostensible author, but by two scholars named Fenton and Broome. In 1725 appeared his *Edition of Shakespeare*: The work shows some ingenuity; but Pope did not possess the knowledge necessary for the commentator of such an 80 author, nor could he fully appreciate a writer of the Elizabethan era. By this time Pope's great success, and the vanity, malignity, and superciliousness of his nature had raised round him a swarm of enemies. These he determined to attack in a body, "from slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds." For this purpose he wrote the *Dunciad*, or Epic of Dunces, 85 and Theobald, who had severely criticised his edition of Shakespeare, occupied at first the "bad eminence" of the throne of Dulness, a position he supposes to have been left vacant by the death of Shadwell. Afterwards, however, he inappropriately substituted Colley Cibber's name for Theobald's. The *Dunciad* is the bitterest and most powerful literary satire 90 in our language. But "it is disfigured by mere outbursts of personal spleen, and, in its later form, by attacks on men whose last fault was dulness." In the main the *Dunciad* was "a noble vindication of Literature from the herd of dullards and dunces that had usurped its name; a protest against the claims of the journalist or pamphleteer, of the compiler 95 of facts and dates, or the grubber among archives, to the rank of men of letters." But even before the *Dunciad* was completed, signs had appeared of the great literary revival that marked the close of the eighteenth century. The success of this satire had shown Pope that his true strength lay in combining personalities with moral reflections, 100 and for the next ten years, from 1730 to 1740, he devoted himself to this kind of composition, producing at various times during the period *Moral Essays*, *Essay on Man*, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, *Imitations of Horace*, and *Epilogue to the Satires*. The most famous of these is the *Essay on Man*: A didactic poem on the origin of evil—a subject then agitating men's 105 minds. For most of his ideas in the work Pope was indebted to his friend Bolingbroke. But the peculiarities of Pope's genius are shown in their highest state of development in the *Satires and Epistles of Horace Imitated*—in reality, however, the most original of his productions, for, as Warburton observes, "Our author uses the Roman Poet for little more than 110 his canvas."

CRITICAL.—In Pope, the Artificial School found its highest exponent. As Wordsworth marks the culmination of the reaction against the artificiality of Pope, so Pope marks the culmination of the reaction against the

extravagances of the later Elizabethans. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 109.) He is the typical representative of a style of composition which pervaded 115 English poetry from the Restoration till the French Revolution. During this period the great object of English literary effort was to attain perfection in form. Terseness, melody, and correctness of diction—these were the qualities the reading public required, and in these Pope excelled. His defects are simply the result of undivided attention to Art. Pope was not 120 a poet in the highest sense of the term. He did not possess the depth of thought, the broad sympathy, the divine tenderness, the lofty sentiment, the sublime invention of Milton or of Shakespeare. But as a literary artist he has few equals. Any thought satisfied him that recommended itself to his understanding; but each thought must be turned over till reduced to its 125 neatest and most epigrammatic expression. As has been well said, "Pope's business was not to make gems, but to set them." After the fashion of the time, he affected for poetry a peculiar vocabulary, which, in his followers, became more and more divorced from natural feeling. To use the words of Cowper, he 130

"Made poetry a mere mechanic art,  
And every warbler had his tune by heart."

Exquisite finish, pungent wit, strong common sense, brilliancy of description, epigrammatic and intellectual force, symmetry and balance, perfection and harmony of parts, smoothness and elegance of rhythm—these are 135 his merits. On the other hand, he shows little, if any, originality, and but few traces of natural emotion. His was not the art that conceals art. His verse wearies by the hard monotony of its cadence. He abounds in poetical epithets, technical phrases, and ready-made sentiment. Truth he often sacrifices to point an epigram or turn a couplet, and his satire is 140 often bitterly personal and vindictively unjust. In brief, Pope lacks earnestness and truthfulness of feeling, as well as directness and simplicity of expression. But his matter is valuable as a reflection of the moral and social condition of the eighteenth century. He was a poet of the city, and in his pages we find a record of the "varying vanities" of the fashionable 145 world. Belinda's ravished lock is for Pope a more fitting subject than some real loss that makes the heart "with voiceless sorrow ache." "Love" he had not found "in huts where poor men lie"; nor had his "daily teachers" been

"woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

It was reserved for Burns and for Wordsworth to show

"How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

But to Pope the English language owes a debt of gratitude. More than any one else, he discovered its power of melody and developed its capacity for concise and brilliant expression. The writer who now desires the respect of posterity must unite with genius, be it ever so great, the ability to

"File off the mortal part  
Of glowing thought with Attic art."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT; OR, PROLOGUE TO THE  
SATIRES.

INTRODUCTORY.—“The best way,” Mr. Leslie Stephen says, “of enjoying Pope is to get by heart the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*.” In it the author “has managed to compress more of his feelings and thoughts than would fill an ordinary autobiography.” Unfortunately, however, many parts tell us not what Pope really was, but what he wished others to think him; possibly, too, what he endeavored to persuade himself that he was. Parts of the poem, notably the famous description of Addison, had been published as fragments, and written many years before; but, although fragmentary in origin, the *Epistle* is one of the most finished of the author’s compositions. It may also be regarded in the light of a poetical apology for his life. In the “advertisement,” on its first publication, Pope himself says: “I had no thoughts of publishing it till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune to attack in a very extraordinary manner not only my writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge), but my person, morals, and family, whereof to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite.” The attacks which had especially roused Pope’s wrath were by Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lord Hervey, whose enmity he had provoked by his first *Imitations of Horace*; but, at the time of the publication of the *Epistle*, he had need of all the support the judgment of his friends and his own consciousness of right could bestow, for he had raised a tempest amongst the small fry of his literary enemies by the scathing strictures of the *Dunciad*. Although a good deal of the biographical interest of the *Epistle* does not exist, the poem possesses an ethical as well as a literary value. While we study it as an eminently characteristic specimen of the author’s style, in its exquisitely polished verse and occasional gleams of genuine poetry, we cannot but admire the high-toned morality of the sentiments, even if we suspect the sincerity of the author.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said  
Tie up the knocker, say I’m sick, I’m dead.  
The Dog-star rages! nay, ’tis past a doubt  
All Bedlam or Parnassus, is let out:

LITERARY. — Observe throughout the poem the author’s merits—his artistic correctness, exquisite finish, and smoothness of rhythm (13, III., 1); his satiric force (13, II., 3), pungent wit (13, II., 3), and epigrammatic power (12, IV., 38); his strong common sense, vivid and brilliant description, and the dramatic vivacity with which the whole scene is given. Observe also his defects—his artifice, technical vocabulary, elliptical and antithetical style (e.g., ll. 141-162 and 266-291), professional sentiments (e.g., ll. 215-236), unjust and too personal satire (e.g., ll. 237-

265), sacrifice of truth to point (e.g., ll. 141-162), and monotonous versification. Point out, as the literary analysis proceeds, the variations in the author’s mood, and especially distinguish those passages where the feeling seems to be unaffected. Explain the personal allusions, and criticise the truthfulness of the descriptions.

1-14. Make a tabular statement of the metrical structure of these lines, indicating and commenting upon the position of the Cæsural pause. Contrast Pope’s use of the Cæsura with that of Cowper and of Tennyson.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5  
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.  
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?  
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,  
 By land, by water, they renew the charge, 10  
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:  
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
 Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer, 15  
 A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
 A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,  
 Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?  
 Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls  
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls? 20  
 All fly to Twic'nam, and in humble strain  
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain. . . .

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,  
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king.)  
 His very minister who spied them first 25  
 (Some say his queen,) was forced to speak or burst.  
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,  
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

*A.* Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.  
 I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings; 30  
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,  
 'Tis nothing—" *P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?  
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,  
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass;  
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?) 35  
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,  
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.  
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,  
 Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack: 40

1-22. Is Pope's emotion here as-  
sumed?

39-42. What quality of style have  
we here?

Pit, box, and gallery in convulsions hurled,  
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.  
 Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,  
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:  
 45 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
 The creature's at his dirty work again,  
 Throned in the centre of his thin designs,  
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!  
 Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,  
 50 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?  
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?  
 Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?  
 Still Sappho— *A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend.  
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

55 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;  
 But foes like these— *P.* One flatterer's worse than all.  
 Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,  
 It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:  
 60 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,  
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:  
 One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,  
 And more abusive, calls himself my friend.  
 65 This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,  
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:  
 I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short,  
 Amnon's great son one shoulder had too high,  
 70 Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye"—  
 Go on, obliging creatures, make me see  
 All that disgraced my betters, met in me.  
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
 "Just so immortal Maro held his head:"  
 75 And when I die, be sure you let me know  
 Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown  
 Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?  
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
 80 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,  
 No duty broke, no father disobeyed.  
 The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,  
 To help me through this long disease, my life,  
 To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care, 85  
 And teach the being you preserved, to bear.

A. But why then publish? P. Granville the polite,  
 And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;  
 Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,  
 And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays; 90  
 The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,  
 Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,  
 And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before),  
 With open arms received one poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approved! 95  
 Happier their author, when by these beloved!  
 From these the world will judge of men and books,  
 Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence  
 While pure description held the place of sense? 100  
 Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,  
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.  
 Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;  
 I wished the man a dinner, and sate still.  
 Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;  
 I never answered, I was not in debt. 105

If want provoked, or madness made them print,  
 I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;  
 If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod. 110  
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,  
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense,  
 Commas and points they set exactly right,  
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds, 115  
 From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:  
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,  
 Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,  
 Even such small critics some regard may claim,  
 Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name. . . . 120

Were others angry, I excused them too;  
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.  
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;  
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,  
 125 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,  
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?  
 The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,  
 Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,  
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
 130 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;  
 He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:  
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,  
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:  
 135 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:  
 All these, my modest satire bade translate,  
 And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.  
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!  
 140 And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires  
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease;  
 145 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 150 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,  
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;  
 155 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,  
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;

141-162. Note that this famous description illustrates Pope's most characteristic merits. He is always at his best when attacking a real personage. Observe the technical image in l. 142.



Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sit attentive to his own applause;  
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise— 160  
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? . . . .

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,  
 Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill,  
 Fed with soft dedication all day long, 165  
 Horace and he went hand in hand with song.  
 His library (where busts of poets dead  
 And a true Pindar stood without a head.)  
 Received of wits an undistinguished race,  
 Who first his judgment asked, and then a place: 170  
 Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,  
 And flattered every day, and some days eat:  
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,  
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;  
 To some a dry rehearsal was assigned, 175  
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.  
 Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,  
 Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:  
 But still the great have kindness in reserve,  
 He helped to bury whom he helped to starve. 180

May some choice patron bless each gray goose-quill!  
 May every Bavius have his Bufo still!  
 So when a statesman wants a day's defence,  
 Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,  
 Or simple pride for flattery makes demands, 185  
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!  
 Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,  
 And those they left me—for they left me Gay;  
 Left me to see neglected genius bloom,  
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb: 190  
 Of all thy blameless life, the sole return  
 My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!  
 Oh let me live my own, and die so too!  
 (To live and die is all I have to do:)  
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease, 195  
 And see what friends, and read what books I please:

Above a patron, though I condescend  
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.  
 I was not born for courts or great affairs;  
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;  
 200 Can sleep without a poem in my head,  
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I asked what next shall see the light?  
 Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?  
 205 Has life no joys for me? or, (to be grave,)  
 Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?  
 "I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt"  
 (Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."  
 'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;

210 "No, such a genius never can lie still;"  
 And then for mine obligingly mistakes  
 The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.  
 Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,  
 When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

215 Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
 Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
 Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!  
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,  
 220 Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
 Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about  
 Who writes a libel, or who copies out:  
 That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
 Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;  
 225 Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
 And show the sense of it without the love;  
 Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
 Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend;  
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
 230 And, if he lie not, must at least betray:  
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
 And sees at Canons what was never there;

212-232. Discuss the question of | this passage. What characteristics  
 Pope's sincerity in connection with | of his style are here exemplified?

Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
 Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;  
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread, 233  
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble.— *A.* What? that thing of silk,  
 Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?  
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? 240

*P.* Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight 245  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks, 250  
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.  
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this, 255  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part.  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board, 260  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. 265

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool.  
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool.

237-241. Observe, as in ll. 141-162, he expresses his personal antipathies that every word is alive when the morality or his satire is pointed by some concrete and personal instance. or personal attachments.

266-291. Note the highly elliptical Pope's lines begin to glow as soon as structure of this passage.

Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,  
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:  
 270 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,  
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same:  
 That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
 But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:  
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,  
 275 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,  
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,  
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;  
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,  
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;  
 280 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,  
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;  
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,  
 The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;  
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,  
 285 The libelled person, and the pictured shape;  
 Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,  
 A friend in exile, or a father dead;  
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,  
 Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—  
 290 Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:  
 For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last! . . . .

O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!  
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:  
 Me, let the tender office long engage,  
 295 To rock the cradle of reposing age,  
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
 And keep awhile one parent from the sky!  
 300 On cares like these, if length of days attend,  
 May Heaven to bless those days, preserve my friend,  
 Preserve him, social, cheerful, and serene,  
 And just as rich as when he served a Queen.

A. Whether that blessing be denied or given  
 315 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven

1. Classify the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," and comment on Pope's predilection for this species of composition. Name and give an account of other celebrated poems of the same class. Show generally under what circumstances such productions are to be expected.

2. Make a list, with examples, of Pope's merits and defects.

3. Explain the following statement:—"English Literature for half a century after the Restoration showed the marks both of a moral and of an artistic vassalage to France."—*Lowell*. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, 108-114.)

4. Give an account of the other chief members of the Artificial School, not represented in this volume. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*)

## COMPOSITION.

From the internal evidence in "The Epistle to Arbuthnot," write an account of Pope's life and character, using also for the latter the external evidence afforded in the Introductory.

## SONG: TO CELIA.

From "The Forest."

DRINK to me, only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine:  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee 10  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe;  
 And sent'st it back to me:  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15  
 Not of itself, but thee.

—Ben Jonson.

## MILTON.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour!  
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 5 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;  
 10 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

—*William Wordsworth*, 1802.

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15 HE left the upland lawns and serene air  
 Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,  
 And reared his helm among the unquiet crew  
 Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare  
 Of his young brow amid the tumult there  
 20 Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;  
 Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew  
 The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.  
 But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,  
 And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,  
 25 He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,  
 Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,  
 And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,  
 In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

—*Ernest Myers*.



## MILTON.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—John Milton, the last of the Elizabethans and our greatest epic poet, was born in London, December 9th, 1608. His formal education lasted till he was thirty-one years of age. After a careful training under a tutor in a pious and cultured home, he went to St. Paul's school, and thence to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained till he graduated in 1632. The next five years he spent in close study and poetical meditation at Horton, where his father now lived. He then went abroad and travelled in France, Italy, and Switzerland. On his return, he settled in London, and, in addition to his literary pursuits, undertook the education of two nephews, also receiving a few more pupils, "the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends." From his early youth he was distinguished for his intellectual independence and the purity and dignity of his character. His lofty exclusiveness was felt even by his fellow-students, and throughout his whole career he "was like a star and dwelt apart." His father designed him for the Church, but he preferred a "blameless silence" to what he considered "servitude and forswearing." Hitherto he had attempted no great work. In 1639, it might seem that he was "endued with the inward ripeness" which he had longed for—that the time had come to begin the great poem "which posterity should not willingly let die." But at this juncture he was whirled into politics, and for

nearly twenty years, though "led by the genial power of nature to another task," he was tossed about in "a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." When the rupture took place between Charles and his Parliament, Milton wrote vigorously on the side of liberty, and, on the establishment  
25 of the Commonwealth, became Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State. During this period, he wrote no poetry except a few sonnets, but devoted himself to discussing the political and religious problems of the time. Under instructions from the Council, he set about preparing his first Defence of the People of England: this effort brought on blindness,  
30 owing to the natural weakness of his eyes, already increased by hard study. So great was the power of his will and so indomitable the spirit that animated him, "arguing not against Heaven's hand or will, but bearing up and steering right onward," that he still continued his close application to his duties, and dictated all the more important dispatches of the  
35 Commonwealth. There is good reason to believe that Cromwell possessed Milton's full sympathy during his career, and that the latter exercised no small influence in shaping the foreign policy of England during the Protectorate. For two years before Cromwell's death, Milton was almost silent as an author, but it has been established beyond doubt that towards the  
40 close of this period he had begun the composition of his immortal epic. When the crisis came, "when the whole multitude was mad with desire for a king," he made a final but unsuccessful effort in the cause of Liberty, by publishing a series of pamphlets; but the tone of these productions shows that he regarded Puritanism as a lost cause. After the fall of the  
45 Republic, he had to remain in hiding till his friends secured his pardon. Thenceforth he sunk the Politician in the Poet. The remaining years of his life were spent in sedulous literary labour, chiefly in the composition of his epics. Milton's domestic life was a troubled one. His first marriage, which took place in 1643, proved for a time unhappy, but he and  
50 his wife were reconciled in 1646. His second wife lived for little more than a year after her marriage, and until he married again, in 1662, he was alone with his three daughters, in whose undutiful conduct he found some of his sharpest sorrows. The sunset of his life was calm and peaceful. Dryden, the leader of the new generation of writers, used to visit him;  
55 and the merits of his great work were acknowledged by the nobler spirits of the time. At last, in 1674, he quietly passed away, a victim to the gout, from which he had long suffered.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.—Milton's works mark the three great stages in the history of Puritanism. The period of his early verse lasts from 1624 to  
60 1640. Puritanism, when Milton began to write, was still incompletely developed as a national force; and, though gradually gaining strength, it did not obtain preponderance till about the time of his return from Italy. Virtue is the ideal of his earlier poems. Towards the close of the period, the tone of his thoughts deepened as the prevailing influences strengthened  
65 their hold on him, but his works show the intellectual culture of the Elizabethan combined with the moral grandeur of the Puritan. The chief



works of this period are: *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, called by Hallam "the finest ode in our language," and by Landor "the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language;" *L'Allegro* (The Cheerful Man) and *Il Penseroso* (The Meditative Man), poetical delineations of two types of temperament, the cheerful and the pensive; *Arcades*, a masque; *Comus*, also a masque, a fashionable and often very costly form of entertainment among the aristocracy and at the English Court. In *Lycidas* we have the first unmistakable indication that Milton was alive to the signs of the time. It connects this period with the period of his Controversial Works—1640-1660. Puritanism had now obtained the ascendancy, and Puritan modes of thought shaped matters political, religious, and literary. Poetical composition almost wholly ceased in England; for the higher minds of the nation were drawn into the controversies of the day. Milton's course exemplifies the general tendency. In twenty years he rarely breathed "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Liberty is the cardinal idea of all his prose works, which, including the Pamphlets, are very numerous, and discuss the current religious and political questions—Episcopacy, the Restoration, and Individual Freedom and the Freedom of the Press. He took up also the subjects of Education and Divorce, the latter of which the misery of the early years of his first marriage had led him to consider. The greatest of his treatises are: *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy: The Arcopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*: the noblest of his prose works; *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, a Defence of the Cause of the English Army, and a severe criticism of the conduct and character of King Charles; *Eikonoclastes*, or The Image Breaker, written in answer to a book called *Eikon Basiliké* (The Royal Image), or The Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his solitude and sufferings, which, as it contains affecting descriptions of King Charles's religious feelings, mode of life, and last moments, had a powerful influence in favor of the Royalists. *Defence of the English People*: undertaken by command of the Council of State, in reply to The Royal Defence for Charles I. of Salmasius (Claude de Saumaise), a Leyden Professor and the most renowned European scholar of the time. The few sonnets he wrote indicate lyrically his feelings on personal and political subjects. The period of his later verse lasted from 1660 to 1674. Puritanism, now a fallen cause, was succeeded by the anti-Puritan reaction in Literature as well as in Morals and Politics. Amidst the authors of the Restoration, Milton stood alone a survival of the previous age. In the quiet and serenity of advanced years, after "long choosing and beginning late," he accomplished the purpose formed in early youth and never forgotten during his eventful career. The great works of this period—and they are the great works of his life—are his epics, *Paradise Lost* (1667) and *Paradise Regained* (1671). In the former of these, which is by far the finer, he is the Elizabethan and Puritan in their highest forms. *Samson Agonistes* is a "dramatic poem" on the Greek model, "according to ancient rule and best example." It is really autobiographical, and contains personal references, and allusions to the down-trodden state of the Republican

party. In addition to the works enumerated above, Milton left behind  
125 him treatises on Logic, Religion, and Grammar, and even a History of  
England.

CRITICAL.—Milton's English Prose is, "both body and soul Latin, only  
in an English dress." Owing to this and the severe and lofty character of  
his mind, his style, though rich and vigorous, is more deficient in simpli-  
120 city and fluency than that of other contemporary writers. Even when the  
thought is trivial, the language that embodies it is stiff and cumbrous. He  
has not the freedom and spontaneity of the Elizabethans. His works,  
however, contain many passages of fervid eloquence and brilliant imagery,  
"compared with which," according to Macaulay, "the finest declamations  
125 of Burke sink into insignificance." But in these and his devotional out-  
bursts, he soars into the realms of poetry. In pure prose, as he says him-  
self, he has "but the use of his left hand." Whether he writes in Latin or  
in English—for some of his prose works are written in the former language  
—we see the strength of his convictions and the vastness and abstruseness  
130 of his learning; but amongst many magnificent episodes relating to his  
own opinions and career, there are passages that show a personal bitter-  
ness for which it is difficult to find an excuse. Milton, on his own confes-  
sion, is "the poetical son of Spenser." His early poems are largely  
imitative, and show traces of the study of the other Elizabethans. He  
135 has not their humor and dramatic power; but, like them, he is graceful,  
natural, and imaginative; while the purity and loftiness of his character  
gave his compositions a force and dignity which theirs do not possess. The  
moral grandeur of his earlier poems proves that he was even then a  
Puritan, but a Puritan not averse to Art and Literature, to gaiety and  
140 innocent amusements. After the fall of the Commonwealth, and mainly  
owing to the disappointment of his hopes, his youthful grace and lightness  
were replaced by a solemnity and severity that border on harshness in  
*Samson Agonistes*; but the grave beauty, the sublimity and the majesty of  
his style; his depth of thought and strength of imagination; his command  
145 of language and artistic skill remained undiminished. Owing to his inti-  
mate acquaintance with classical models, he is free from the weakesses  
and affectations of Spenser's successors; while, throughout his poetical  
career, his taste is as severe, and his verse as polished, as those of the  
Artificial School. His genius is eminently subjective. He has stamped  
150 his moral and intellectual individuality on all his productions; but, as  
Coleridge says, "The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit."  
Milton's blank verse is perfection itself. He has complete control over  
the resources of our language and uses them at his will, harmonizing the  
"organ tones" of his cadences with the depth, or tenderness, or sublimity  
155 of his conceptions. Occasionally he indulges in too much learned illustra-  
tion, and, from the nature of the subject, the epics are deficient in human  
interest; but, notwithstanding these and a few other faults, *Paradise Lost*  
is probably the noblest monument of human genius.

## LYCIDAS.

INTRODUCTORY.—This "meed of a melodious tear" in memory of Edward King, Milton's fellow-student, was contributed in 1637 to a volume of memorial verse, printed at Cambridge. King, who was a Fellow of Christ's College and a young man of great promise, was drowned when crossing from Chester to Dublin. The elegy, even in form, shows the influence of Spenser, and is, by many, regarded as being unequalled in poetic beauty in the whole domain of English poetry.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas! He knew 10  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
 Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well 15  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring!  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:  
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse—  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favor my destined urn; 20  
 And, as he passes, turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud—

LITERARY.—What is meant by a "Pastoral"? Explain throughout the classical Idioms and Allusions, and the historical and personal references. Read carefully the notes in connection with the Text. Every word and expression should be closely scrutinized. Describe the metre.

1-5. **once more — year.** Explain fully.

4 and 6. Observe the author's favorite arrangement of adjectives.

8-10. Account for the repetition of the name.

19. **Muse.** What Figure?

21. Quote a parallel passage from Gray. Note throughout the resemblance between the phraseology of "Lycidas" and that of "The Elegy." Account for this.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
 Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
 We drove a-field; and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 30 Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,  
 Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Tempered to the oaten flute;  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 35 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,  
 40 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 45 As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,  
 When first the white-thorn blows;  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

50 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep,  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 55 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
 Ay me! I fondly dream!

23-36. Explain here and throughout the biographical references.

23-24. What is the grammatical relation of these lines?

25-36. Show that the poem is now in the pastoral form.

37-49. Cf. with ll. 8-10. See also (13, III., 2.)

38. Comment on this use of "must."

39. Cf. with ll. 8-10.

49. **Such.** Paraphrase.

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
 Whom universal Nature did lament, 60  
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore!

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade, 65  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Næara's hair!  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind),

To scorn delights and live laborious days:  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze, 75  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise."

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies; 80  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood, 85  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!

57. See (12, IV., 36.)

64-84. The pastoral scene now disappears, and the shepherd changes into the subjective poet. Show the appropriateness of this digression. The bucolic mood is recalled temporarily in l. 85, and reappears permanently in l. 132 *et seq.* In what line of this passage does Milton describe his own mode of life?

67. **as others use.** Illustrate this statement from the Literature of the period.

76. **And — praise.** Show that there is a Zeugma here.

79-81. Give different interpretations of this passage. Explain "by."

86. **crowned—reeds!** Cf. p. 129, l. 408.

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 90 That came in Neptune's plea.  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:  
 95 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
 100 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.  
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 105 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"  
 Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 110 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
 115 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 120 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least

87. See also l. 132. What is meant by calling these lines apologetic? Explain "higher mood."

108-109. Account for the introduction of St. Peter.

109. pilot. Is this in accordance with the Gospel account?

113-131. State the three grounds of complaint here urged. Discuss the ecclesiastical condition of England at this time.

That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125  
 But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:  
 But that two-handed engine at the door 130  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheüs, the dread voice is past,  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues. 135  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks;  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks:  
 Throw hither all your quaint-enamelled eyes  
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
 The glowing violet, 145  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.—  
 For so, to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas

136-151. Comment carefully on these lines. Illustrate by parallel passages. See "Pope," p. 385, ll. 113-127; and "Wordsworth," p. 255, ll. 104-127. Apply here Ruskin's distinction between "Fancy" and "Imagination."

152. Parse "For."

154-155. **whilst—away.** What is the grammatical relation of this clause?

155 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 160 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

165 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 170 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 175 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 180 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 185 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still Morn went out with sandals gray:  
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,

155. **far away.** Explain.

173. Why is reference made to this miracle?

174. Comment on the order of the words, and show clearly the force of "other—streams."

186. Cf. ll. 39-44. What evidence is there in the poem that Milton here means himself?

188. **various quills.** See footnote on ll. 64-84.



With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

190

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 SONNET.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide;  
 "Doth God enact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

5

10

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1. Give an account of the English Pastoral and Elegy.
  2. Explain the following statements:—

"The first lines of 'Lycidas' connected Milton's strain of love with his immediate past. Its last line glances on his immediate future."—*Morley*.

"In 'Lycidas' the event which gave occasion for the poem has the first place, and to it the various changes of theme are subordinate."—*Browne*.

"The conflict between the old cavalier world—the years of gaiety and festivity of a splendid and pleasure-loving court, and the new Puritan world, into which love and pleasure were not to enter—this conflict, which was commencing in the social life of England, is also begun in Milton's own breast, and is reflected in 'Lycidas.'"—*Pattison*.

3. Apply the Critical estimate, p. 10, to the selections from Milton.
4. Memorize at least the Sonnet and ll. 70-84 and 132-151 of "Lycidas."

## COMPOSITION.

"Milton's genius is eminently subjective."



## SHAKESPEARE.

5 BIOGRAPHICAL.—Although the glory of the new Literature had burst forth in the author of the *Faerie Queene*, the influences which were then arousing human intelligence did not culminate till towards the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, when dramatic composition and representation  
10 attracted all the poetical genius of England. Foremost among the writers of the period was William Shakespeare. The well-authenticated facts about his life are very few, and a good deal of what is told of him is conjectural or insufficiently proved. We know that he was born in Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564, but the exact date is uncertain. It is  
15 recorded that he was baptized on the 26th of the same month, and there is a tradition that he died on the anniversary of his birthday, which would, therefore, be the 23rd of April. His father, John Shakespeare, was a wool-dealer and glover. For a time his affairs prospered, and he became an alderman and afterwards high bailiff, or mayor, of the town;  
20 but from 1578, when his son, the future poet, was about thirteen, his fortunes declined. He had married Mary Arden, who possessed a good deal of property and was of an old Warwickshire family. William Shakespeare was the eldest of six children. Neither of his parents could write—a not unusual defect in the sixteenth century; but their son was probably sent  
25 to the Free Grammar School of Stratford, where he received his education, till his father's misfortunes led to his withdrawal. His knowledge of

classics was not profound: Ben Jonson, who was intimate with him, describes it as "small Latin and less Greek." It is probable that, when in London, Shakespeare picked up a little French and Italian. On leaving school he is supposed to have spent some time in a lawyer's office. By 25 some he is believed to have been a schoolmaster; by others, a printer. There are stories, too, told about him which, if true, would justify the inference that this portion of his life was somewhat wild and riotous. Before his nineteenth year he married Ann Hathaway, a yeoman's daughter, who was nearly eight years older than himself. Allusions to the unfit- 30 ness of disparity of age in marriage, together with his residence in London, while his wife and family remained in Stratford, lead us to suspect that after a time his married life became irksome. This state of matters, joined with his father's embarrassments, and the restless impulse of his genius, induced him in 1586 to leave Stratford and go to London alone. He seems 35 to have obtained immediate employment in the Globe Theatre, Blackfriars. Here he was soon employed in a two-fold capacity—as actor, and adapter of old plays for the stage. He thus acquired that knowledge and experience which afterwards gave him courage to produce his own conceptions. As an actor he did not hold a high rank; but he gradually prospered, chiefly 40 as an adapter and writer of plays, till he rose to be part proprietor of the Globe and Blackfriars Theatre. In 1597 he was rich enough to buy New Place, a dwelling-house in Stratford, which he afterwards rebuilt. He seems to have kept in view ultimate retirement to his native town, and, as he prospered, he invested money in real estate there. Throughout his 45 career he combined in a remarkable degree the highest development of imaginative genius with practical energy and worldly shrewdness. With wealth came also fame and social distinction. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Essex, and of William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. Queen Elizabeth patronized him, and he was on intimate terms 50 with the literary men of the day. Between 1610 and 1612 he left the stage and returned to Stratford, to spend there in peaceful retirement the last years of his life. He died on the 23rd of April, 1616, and was buried in the parish church of Stratford, where, within a few years of his death, a bust was erected to his memory. 55

WORKS.—Shakespeare's career as an author begins about 1590 and ends about 1612. Professor Dowden, whose classification of his works is adopted here, divides it into four periods, which gradually pass into one another, but are marked by productions that indicate the development of his genius and the influences that affected his life. (For a full account of this sub- 60 ject, see Dowden's *Primer of Shakespeare*.)

FIRST PERIOD.—Of dramatic experiment and apprenticeship—1590 to 1595 or 1596. The works of this period "are all marked by the presence of vivacity, cleverness, delight in beauty, and a quick enjoyment of existence," and show the immaturity of his genius—an unformed style with 65 traces of the influence of his predecessors; fantastic quibbles and conceits; little knowledge of human nature; and undeveloped imagination and

feeling. PRE-SHAKESPEARIAN GROUP—plays by other authors, touched up by Shakespeare, and representing the years of “crude and violent youth”  
 70 —*Titus Andronicus*; and *Henry VI., Part I.* EARLY COMEDIES—*Love’s Labor Lost*, the first of his original plays, and a caricature on the euphuism and some of the other absurdities of Elizabeth’s reign; *Comedy of Errors*; *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. EARLY HISTORY—  
 75 plays by some unknown author, recast by Shakespeare, and indicating the beginning of the patriotic impulse—*Henry VI., Parts II. and III.*; *Richard III.* EARLY TRAGEDY—*Romeo and Juliet*: The first evidence of real tragic power. MIDDLE HISTORY—*Richard II.* and *King John*.

SECOND PERIOD.—Of English historical plays and mirthful, joyous comedies—1595 to 1600 or 1601. During this period he became master of  
 80 his art. His imagination ripened; his creative powers developed; and he acquired a deeper knowledge of the world. Towards the close, we see traces of sadness mingling with a high tone of morality and of meditative philosophy. MIDDLE COMEDY—*The Merchant of Venice*. LATER HISTORY—  
 embracing history and comedy—*Henry IV., Parts I. and II.*, and *Henry*  
 85 *I.* LATER COMEDY—rough and boisterous—*Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*;—joyous, refined, and romantic—*Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*.

THIRD PERIOD.—Of the great tragedies and of grave or bitter comedies—1601 to 1608. During this period a gloom seems to have settled on his  
 90 mind. His father and his only son died; some friend, to whom he refers in the Sonnets, did him an injury; and misfortune overtook his patrons, Essex, Southampton, and Pembroke. It may be that these events cast the shadow that settled for a time on the natural joyousness of his spirits. LATER COMEDY—serious, dark, and ironical—*All’s Well that Ends Well*, a  
 95 connecting link between this and the preceding period; *Measure for Measure*, a tragic comedy; and *Troilus and Cressida*. MIDDLE TRAGEDY—*Julius Cæsar*; *Hamlet*, which especially indicates the influence of the philosophic cast of thought of the later years of Elizabeth’s reign, and may be taken as the dividing line between the first and the last half  
 100 of his dramas. LATER TRAGEDY—*Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, the last being only in part the work of Shakespeare.

FOURTH PERIOD.—Of the romantic plays, which are at once grave and glad, serene and beautiful poems—1608 to 1612 or 1613. Shakespeare’s  
 105 last works are full of the calm contentment of one who had retired from the world, and was seeking with the consciousness of victory the innocence and stillness of country life. Although during this period, the influences of the closing years of the sixteenth century had exhausted themselves, and artificiality, pedantry, and sensuality began to characterize the other writers,  
 110 Shakespeare’s latest works show all the natural feeling and the strength and the beauty of the early years of Elizabeth’s reign. ROMANCES—*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *Winter’s Tale*. FRAGMENTS—*Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*—incomplete plays, having the same characteristics as the Romances, and in part the work of another hand.

In addition to the dramas, he produced two narrative poems,—*Venus and Adonis*, published about 1592, and described by the author as “the first piece of my invention;” *Lucrece*, about 1593 or 1594, showing less immaturity than the preceding; and *Sonnets*, from 1595 to 1605. These dates, however, are merely conjectural. The *Sonnets* are of peculiar interest, as they probably indicate the poet’s personal emotions; but the allusions contained in them are so carefully concealed that we have no certain clew, either to the names of the persons to whom they are addressed, or to the painful events to which they refer. They may, however, be merely allegorical or ideal. As works of art they would have made Shakespeare famous, but his greater glory as a dramatist has thrown them into the shade.

CRITICAL.—Shakespeare is the greatest of English poets. According to many, he is the greatest of all poets. In creative power no one has approached him. The strength and wealth of his imagination are amazing. Coleridge fitly speaks of his “oceanic mind,” and describes him as “the thousand-souled Shakespeare.” This endowment, aided by his profound knowledge of the springs of human action and his sympathy with the various manifestations of humanity, enabled him to contribute to literature a wonderful variety of characters. He is emphatically a poet of nature. His works are “a faithful mirror of life and manners.” His characters are not drawn from models. They are real creations, developed by their surroundings and natural tendencies. Being natural, they are as full of interest for us as they were for the Elizabethans. Shakespeare is purely objective. No one has equalled him in the power of projecting himself into his characters. “He is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind.” Most authors have styles of their own. Shakespeare has a style for each of his great characters. The artist we never see. His mastery over language, both in the copiousness and in the power and felicity of his vocabulary, is marvellous. His phrases are “familiar in our mouths as household words.” His satire is caustic; his wit, keen and dazzling; his humor, rich and delicate; and yet no one has surpassed him in the portrayal of deep emotion. His judgment even in minor details is equal to his poetical genius. The practical turn of mind that characterized the man is seen in the author’s skilful grouping of characters, the arrangement of his scenes, and the general order and symmetry of his dramas. “His poetry has in itself the power and varied excellencies of all other poetry. While in grandeur, beauty, and passion, and sweetest music, and all the other higher gifts of song, he may be ranked with the greatest—with Spenser, and Chaucer, and Milton, and Dante—he is at the same time more nervous than Dryden, more sententious than Pope, and almost more sparkling and of more abounding conceit, when he chooses, than Donne, or Cowley, or Butler. In whose hands was language ever such a flame of fire as it is in his?” He has, however, his defects. The quibbles and fantastic conceits that crowd his earlier works, disfigure now and then the finest efforts of his imagination, and the

grossness of the age sometimes soils his pages. Occasionally, too, his meaning is obscure; his language stiff and turgid; and his plots badly constructed. But these are as nothing, when viewed in the dazzling light of his genius.

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THE TRIAL SCENE.

From the "Merchant of Venice."

INTRODUCTORY.—Bassanio, a merchant of Venice, is in immediate need of three thousand ducats, and applies for the loan of this sum to Shylock, the Jew, offering as security the name of his friend Antonio, "The Merchant of Venice." Shylock, to be revenged on the Christians for the indignities they had heaped upon him, agrees to advance the money on the condition proposed "in a merry sport," that, if it be not paid on a certain day, Antonio shall forfeit a pound of his "fair flesh," to be cut off from whatever part of his body the Jew may select. When the time comes, Antonio is unable to meet his obligation, and Shylock insists on having "the due and forfeit of his bond." The following extract is the famous trial scene in which Portia, the betrothed of Bassanio, disguised as a Doctor of Laws, pleads successfully the case of Antonio.

I.

*Scene*—A Court of Justice. *Present*—THE DUKE, the Magnificoes,  
ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Antonio.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
5 Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Antonio.* I have heard  
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
10 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am armed

---

LITERARY.—As the literary analysis proceeds, modernize the archaic expressions and constructions, point out the qualities of the poet's style, and develop the characteristics of the different speakers.

ELOCUTIONARY.—1. Dignified tone.

7. Commence with pure, unimpassioned tone. Note the increasing force in l. 11.

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Salerio.* He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord. 15

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange 20

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
But, touched with human gentleness and love, 25

Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enow to press a royal merchant down  
And pluck commiseration of his state 30

From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained  
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shylock.* I have possessed your grace of what I purpose, 35  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40  
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;  
But, say it is my humor; is it answered?

16. Tone of command.

17. Note the change of the Duke's tone when he addresses Shylock.

35. Shylock, to express his spite and revengeful feelings, uses Basilar quality. (I., 1, e.) See also (I., 5.)

What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 45 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?  
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
 Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,  
 50 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:  
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 55 Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force  
 Must yield to such inevitable shame  
 As to offend, himself being offended;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing  
 60 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bassanio.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shylock.* I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

65 *Bassanio.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shylock.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bassanio.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shylock.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee  
 twice?

*Antonio.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew:  
 70 You may as well go stand upon the beach  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 75 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
 You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—  
 His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,



Make no more offers, use no farther means, 80  
 But with all brief and plain conveniency  
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

*Bassanio.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shylock.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat, 85  
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

*Shylock.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchased slave, 90  
 Which like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them: shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates 95  
 Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer:

"The slaves are ours!" so do I answer you:  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law! 100

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this, 105  
 Come here to-day.

*Salerio.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

*Bassanio.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet! 110  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Antonio.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit

84-85. Utter these lines slowly and deliberately. 100. Contempt.

102. Surly tone. 107. *My lord*, *et seq.* High-pitched tone of announcement.

115 Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:  
 You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,  
 Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Nerissa.* From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[*Presenting a letter.*]

120 *Bassanio.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shylock.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

*Gratiano.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
 125 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shylock.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gratiano.* O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith

130 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit

Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

135 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,

Infused itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

*Shylock.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

140 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin, I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.

Where is he?

*Nerissa.* He attendeth here hard by,

145 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place. . . .

120. Low tone, as the speaker addresses Shylock only, who in turn addresses Bassanio only.

## . II.

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

*Portia.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

150

That holds this present question in the court?

*Portia.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Portia.* Is your name Shylock?

155

*Shylock.* Shylock is my name.

*Portia.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To Antonio.*]

*Antonio.* Ay, so he says.

160

*Portia.* Do you confess the bond?

*Antonio.* I do.

*Portia.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shylock.* On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

*Portia.* The quality of mercy is not strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest—

165

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The thronéd monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

170

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

175

148. Hearty tone of greeting.

163 *et seq.* Express clearly the difference between the tone of Portia and that of Shylock. The noble sentiments of the former require median stress, and purest quality, swelling into orotund.

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, ✓  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

180 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

185 *Shylock.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Portia.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bassanio.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;  
 Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,

190 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority:

195 To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Portia.* It must not be. There is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent,

200 And many an error by the same example  
 Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

*Shylock.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
 O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

*Portia.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

205 *Shylock.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Portia.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shylock.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.  
 Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*Portia.* Why, this bond is forfeit;

210 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

185. Passionate tone. 188. Earnest tone.

202. Tone of deep reverence. 209. Meditative, pure tone.

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shylock.* When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ; 215

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swea.

There is no power in the tongue of man 220

To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Antonio.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Portia.* Why, then, thus it is :  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shylock.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man ! 225

*Portia.* For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shylock.* 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks ! 230

*Portia.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shylock.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge ?—

“ Nearest his heart : ” those are the very words.

*Portia.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh ? 235

*Shylock.* I have them ready.

*Portia.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shylock.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Portia.* It is not so expressed ; but what of that ?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity. 240

*Shylock.* I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond.

212. **Be merciful.** Note the change of tone.

224, 226, *et seq.* Tone of one delivering judgment.

232. **Ay, his breast.** Quick, excited tone.

233. **Nearest his heart.** Utter slowly and with great emphasis.

238. Tone of surprise.

*Portia.* You, merchant, have you anything to say?

*Antonio.* But little: I armed and well prepared.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well!

245 Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
250 An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death  
255 And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
260 I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bassanio.* Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:  
265 I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you

*Portia.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gratiano.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love  
270 I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Nerissa.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house

*Shylock.* [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have  
a daughter;  
275 Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—  
[*Aloud*] We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence!

*Portia.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shylock.* Most rightful judge!

280

*Portia.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shylock.* Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

*Portia.* Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

285

The words expressly are "a pound of flesh":

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

290

Unto the State of Venice.

*Gratiano.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!

*Shylock.* Is that the law?

*Portia.* Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

295

*Gratiano.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge.

*Shylock.* I take this offer, then: pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

*Bassanio.* Here is the money.

*Portia.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft!—no haste:—

300

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gratiano.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Portia.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more

305

Or less than a just pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair—

310

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

283. **Come, prepare!** Loud, fierce tone.

292. Note the mocking, sarcastic tone of Gratiano.

293. Slow tone of surprise. Emphasize "that."

*Gratiano.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Portia.* Why doth the Jew pause?—Take thy forfeiture.

315 *Shylock.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bassanio.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Portia.* He hath refused it in the open court:  
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gratiano.* A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!  
320 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shylock.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Portia.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shylock.* Why, then the devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

325 *Portia.* Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

330 He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

335 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

340 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gratiano.* Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself.

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

345 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

312-313. Note the difference in the feelings of the speaker in these two lines. 321. What are Shylock's feelings?

325. **Tarry.** High-pitched tone. 336-342. Stern tone.



*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.  
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
 The other half comes to the general state, 350  
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

*Portia.* Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

*Shylock.* Nay, take my life and all ; pardon not that :  
 You take my house when you do take the prop  
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life 355  
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Portia.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gratiano.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Antonio.* So please my lord the duke and all the court  
 To quit the fine for one half of his goods, 360  
 I am content, so he will let me have  
 The other half in use, to render it,  
 Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
 That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more,—that, for this favor, 365  
 He presently become a Christian ;  
 The other, that he do record a gift,  
 Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,  
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant 370  
 The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Portia.* Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

*Shylock.* I am content.

*Portia.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shylock.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
 I am not well. Send the deed after me, 375  
 And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gratiano.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers.  
 Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [Exit Shylock.]

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner. 380

353. Broken voice, to express Shylock's feelings at his loss.

374. Humble, subdued tone.

*Portia.* I humbly do desire your grace of pardon :  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.  
385 Antonio, gratify this gentleman,  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*]

*Bassanio.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,  
390 Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Antonio.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Portia.* He is well paid that is well satisfied ;  
395 And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid :  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me when we meet again :  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

- 
1. Explain the terms Dramatic Poetry, Tragedy, and Comedy.
  2. Develop fully the statements in ll. 1-5, p. 409. (See Green's *Short History of the English People*, Chapter VII., Section VII.; Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, pp. 5-6; and *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 59-88.)
  3. Explain the statement in ll. 107-111, p. 410. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 88-93 and 94-101.)
  4. Give an account of the Rise of the English Drama (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 77-82); and of Dramatic composition since Shakespeare's time (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 88-93, 113-114, 125-126, 159, 162, and 167). Account for the comparative absence in recent times of Dramatic composition (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 166-167). What form of composition has taken its place? (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 128-131.)
  5. Apply the Critical estimate, pp. 411-412, to the above selection.
  6. Give a full account of Chaucer and of Spenser. (See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 33-40 and 68-72.) Account for the literary barrenness of the fifteenth century.

#### COMPOSITION.

Sketch the characters of Shylock, Antonio, and Bassanio, as portrayed in "The Trial Scene."

## EXPLANATORY NOTES.

WILSON.

### *General Wolfe and Old Quebec.*

INTRODUCTORY, LINE 12.—**Archæology**—The science that deals with antiquities, ancient implements, ornaments, dwellings, coins, etc.

**Prehistoric Annals**—The history of a country, before the existence of written records, deduced from the character of its antiquities.

54. **Caliban**—The name of the hideous slave of Prospero in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. "He has the dawns of understanding, without reason or the moral sense." He thus realizes the assumed "connecting link" between man and beast; no such link having been hitherto found either existing or in the fossil state.

54-55. **Darwinian . . . Evolution**—Charles Darwin, the eminent English naturalist, published, in 1859, a book with the title, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*. In this he argues that the different species of plants and animals were not each a special creation; but that each undergoes alterations in the course of time whereby it is adapted to different conditions of life; that those variations of species which are best fitted for the struggle of life survive, and that the others perish. This process, which is known as "the survival of the fittest," Mr. Darwin believes to have always prevailed; hence he concludes that all existing species have *developed*, or have been *evolved*, from a few low forms of life.

56. **Setebos**—*set'-c-bos*—The god worshipped by the hag-mother of Caliban.

TEXT, LINE 7.—**family—interest**—Pitt himself was disliked by the nobility because

he did not belong by birth to the aristocracy.

8. **James Wolfe** was born in Kent, January 2, 1727. He entered the army as ensign in 1742, and saw active service in the war that broke out with France in the following year, being present at the battles of Dettingen, Falkirk, and Culloden. After the battle of Lanfeldt he was publicly thanked for his gallantry by the Duke of Cumberland. In 1757, he took part in an unsuccessful attack on the west coast of France; but, his personal skill and daring advice on this occasion attracting the notice of Pitt, he was appointed the following year second in command to Amherst in the expedition against Louisbourg. In 1827, Lord Dalhousie caused a monument to be erected at Quebec in memory of Wolfe and his opponent, Montcalm.

9. **Jeffrey Amherst** (1717-1797)—A gallant soldier, whose reputation rests chiefly on his successes in America during the Colonial War (see *Primer of Canadian History*). He was subsequently knighted, made commander-in-chief of the British army, and created a peer under the title of Baron Amherst of Montreal.

9. **Lord Loudon**, Governor of the Dominion of Virginia, and Commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America.

13. **Edward Boscawen**—*Boscaw'en*—(1711-1760)—An English admiral who, on account of distinguished courage and skill shown in operations against the French, was appointed to the command of the fleet in the attack on Cape Breton (1758). In the following year he defeated the French in the Bay of Lagos, receiving in consequence a pension and the

thanks of the House of Commons. Pitt said of him that "he was always ready with suggestions and expedients, where other admirals saw only difficulties."

16 **Court of Versailles**—*vair-sah-ee'*—So also the "Court of St. James" is equivalent to "Great Britain" or the "British Government"—but only in its diplomatic relations with foreign powers.

18. **Kensington**—On the west side of Kensington Gardens, London. It was bought by William III.; but is no longer used exclusively as a royal residence. Queen Victoria was born there.

18. **City**—That part of London built originally by the Romans and surrounded by a wall. It is said to cover only 370 acres of ground.

20. **Horace Walpole** (1717-1797) — The third son of Sir Robert. He took no active part in politics, his tastes being literary and antiquarian. He wrote some works, including *The Castle of Otranto*; but his fame rests on his *Letters*, which are pictures of the fashionable society, and records of the gossip, of the time. Macaulay says of him, "Whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business."

24. **Goree** — *go-ray'*—A small, but important, island and town near Cape Verde.

32. **Louis Joseph** (Marquis de Montcalm) was born near Nismes (*ucem*), France, in 1712. Entering the army when only fourteen, he served in all the campaigns of the numerous wars waged by France during his lifetime. His ability having procured for him the command in Canada in 1756, he began at once active measures against the English, capturing Oswego in August of the same year. In 1757 he took Fort William Henry on Lake George, and in the following year repulsed an attack on Ticonderoga by the English with a force four times as great as his own. In the spring of 1759 he was compelled to abandon the fort owing to the approach of a larger force and to the danger threatening Quebec. (See note on l. 8, last sentence.)

33. **Beauport**—A village on the St. Lawrence, near Quebec.

59. See "Gray's Elegy," ll. 33-36.

75. **Horatio Nelson** (1758-1805) was from boyhood noted for his daring. Though his rapid advance in his profession was due to the influence of friends, yet he performed in the most admirable manner every duty entrusted to him. He always felt he should some day do great deeds. "One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself. . . . Wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps." His nature was most noble and humane; he cared for his sailors as no other commander cared for them, and he always shared their hardships. (For Nelson's great exploits, see Greene's or Thompson's *History of England* and Southey's *Life of Nelson*.)

83. The "affianced bride" was Miss Katherine Lowther, sister of Sir Jas. Lowther afterwards Earl of Lonsdale.

92-95. The remaining lines of this stanza are:

"But, ah, thy faithful soldier  
Can true to either prove,  
Fame fires my soul all over,  
While every pulse beats love."

98-99. The lines of this stanza preceding the quotation are:

"Then think where'er I wander  
The sport of seas and wind."

113. **Sir Horace Mann**—Famous chiefly as a letter writer. For some time British Ambassador at the court of Florence.

114-115. Observe that "have failed" refers to previous failures, while "we certainly shall" expresses the writer's anticipation of Wolfe's defeat. For English attacks on Quebec, see *Primer of Canadian History*, Chap. II., 13, and IV., 5.

118. **Cowper**—See Biographical notice, etc., of Cowper in the 4th Book. The quotation is from *The Task*, Book II., ll. 235-238.

128. **Benjamin West** (1738-1820), the celebrated painter, was an American by birth, but having in 1760 gone to Europe to study art, he was induced to remain in England. In his "Death of Wolfe," West, contrary to

the advice of his friends, represented the persons in the dress of the time; this produced a revolution in historic painting. The "Battle of La Hogue," "Christ healing the Sick," "Death on the Pale Horse," are other well-known pictures of his.

129. **Wilton**, a sculptor of some repute.

129. **Westminster Abbey**—See "Washington Irving," page 99.

138. **Marlborough . . . Wellington**—See Greene's or Thompson's History of England.

139. **Sir William Howe** (1729-1814) had served under Wolfe at Quebec, and on the breaking out of the war with the colonies, succeeded General Gage in the command of the British forces at Boston. He commanded at the battle of Bunker Hill, conducted the withdrawal of the British from Boston (1776), and in the following year took New York after the battle of Long Island, where he remained till superseded by Clinton in 1778. He was a brother of the celebrated admiral Howe.

**John Burgoyne** had obtained some distinction against the Spaniards before being appointed to the command of the army in Canada (1777). He was ordered to penetrate southward, by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson in order to cut off New England from the other colonies. Neglecting to keep open his communications with Canada, he was surrounded at Saratoga and captured. This event led to the alliance of France with the colonies. On returning to England he resigned all his appointments, entered Parliament and opposed the further prosecution of the war. He devoted the latter part of his life to literary pursuits.

151. Note the proper meaning of "the beast of heraldry."

151. **Found . . . wreaths**—Little interest was taken in Canada by the French King and his courtiers.

152-153—See note on l. 8, last clause.

155. **Louis XV.** (1710-1774)—The great-grandson and successor of Louis XIV. His reign was one of almost continual disaster for France; he was sunk in sensuality, selfishness and baseness, and cared nothing for

the interests or honor of his kingdom. His favorites disposed of revenue and offices alike; even in the most critical times the generals were appointed by them. During his reign the people were most cruelly oppressed, and, when he died "his funeral was a kind of popular festival."

156. **delighted to honor**—See Book of Esther, VI., 6.

163-165. **with all . . . England**—See Greene's History of England, Chap. X., sec. 1, "The Conquest of Canada."

166-167. **So . . . continent**—Montcalm, as an observing man, was fully aware of the spirit animating the English colonies; the spirit of liberty among them was such that they would not submit to the exactions imposed by the British government.

166-167. **that old vantage-ground** is simply a synonym for Quebec.

167-169. **And though . . . assumption**—When the rivalry ceased, owing to the triumph of the English, the colonies became in a short time independent: so long as France held the country north of the St. Lawrence, the English colonists had to rely on the mother country for protection or aid. England has now practically withdrawn; Canada alone, with her different form of government, is brought into rivalry with the United States.

170. **Has still a lesson for ourselves**—The conquest of Canada led to the disruption of the British Empire. The dream of the union of all the states of this continent under one flag is impossible of fulfilment. Should such a dream be partially realized, a disruption would inevitably soon take place, such as succeeded the conquest of Canada in 1759. All dreams, then, of a vast republic, coextensive with North America, should be laid aside as contrary to the experience of the past.

170-175. **The . . . England**—See 4th Book, "How Canada is Governed," with notes thereon, and compare with the constitution of the United States.

178-180. **Should . . . disunion**—Note further that the larger the nation and the more numerous and varied the elements that

form it, the greater is the risk of disruption. For an account of the causes of the disruption of the Roman Empire and of the Frankish Empire, see Schmitz's *Ancient History* and *Freeman's General History*.

181-184. **Our . . . future**—The history of most of the original States of the Union presents similar characteristics. Canada's past has been quite distinct from that of the States. Hence while these States might readily unite into one country, our history indicates that we should be a distinct nation; and no advocate of the Monroe doctrine could make it otherwise by any process of reasoning, or statement of so-called facts. (See ll. 185-196.) Jas. Monroe, fifth president of the United States (1816-1825), announced, in 1823, as the policy of the United States, that "as a principle, the American continents, by the free and independent position that they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power;" and that any attempt by the European powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere," would be regarded by the United States as "dangerous to our peace and safety," and consequently would be resisted. "The powers of the Old World are not to interfere in the affairs of the New." This is the famous "Monroe" doctrine. Mexico and the Spanish South American colonies had, shortly before, become independent. The phrase "chroniclings—*doctrinaire*"—refers especially to writers for the press of the United States.

185-192. **The . . . memories**—As a specimen of what is expected in answer to such questions as those on ll. 161-165, 181-184 and 185-196, the following paraphrase of ll. 185-192 is here inserted:—"The French-Canadian who cherishes pleasant memories of the past of his Province, has no reason to exclude from these the capture of Quebec by the British. A consideration of the state of France under Louis XV. and of the various revolutions that have since marked the history of that country, combined with the knowledge that a better form of government has been accorded the French-Canadian people, who have become an important part of a freedom-loving nation, with wise and free institutions, should cause any regrets

at the conquest of Quebec to disappear in a feeling of thankfulness."

189. **Nouvelle France** — *noo-vel'* — New France.

202-205. **For the . . . did**—See Greene's *History of England*. The passage refers especially to the "rights" won by the colonies. The success of Lord North and Geo. III. in the war of American Independence would have been a serious blow to the cause of liberty in the colonies, as well as in England. The right of self-government that we, in Canada, possess was, after a hard battle, fully conceded in 1841. Since then the policy of English Ministers has been to grant to colonies the fullest amount of control possible in the management of their local affairs. Further, a victory for freedom in one country helps the same cause in another; the successful resistance of tyranny by the American colonies taught the British government to respect the wishes and rights of other colonies.

216. **Reign of Terror**—A period of French history from 1793 and 1794, during the course of the Revolution. The government was in the hands of men who used their power most inhumanly. All, of whatever age or sex, who were suspected of sympathy with the royal family or the nobility; all who uttered a word against the authorities, were put to death. No man's life or property was safe; scarcely a single accused person escaped; arrest was nearly equivalent to sentence of death; trial was only a mockery. Nothing like this occurred during the revolutions in England and her American colonies, although the adherents of the royal cause had to suffer many hardships.

222. **Washington bureaucracy**—The members of the Executive of the United States are not responsible to Congress, as the Canadian Executive is to our Parliament; they are responsible to the President alone. Hence the management of the several departments, or bureaus, partakes of the nature of an autocracy.

241. **Rajah . . . Ocean**—The Rajah of Kolapore, a protected state 130 miles south of Poonah, gives a cup to be competed for on Wimbledon Common, Putney, England,

by marksmen from all parts of the British dominions.

243. **Macedonian Alexander**—Alexander, king of Macedon (B.C. 356-323), overran the whole of the vast Persian Empire and then entered India. His advance eastward was stopped at the Sutlej by the refusal of his troops to go farther. (See Schmitz's *Ancient History*.)

244. **Olympian Games**—At these games, which took place every fifth year, only

those of Greek nationality—whether living in Greece itself or in the colonies,—were allowed to take part. They were contests in all kinds of athletic sports—running, boxing, wrestling, etc. The victor was crowned with a garland, and his statue placed in the grove at Olympia, while his city and family felt themselves honored by the victory obtained. The scene of the games was at Olympia, in the country of Elis, in the western part of the Peloponnesus.

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## ROBERTS.

### *Brother Cuthbert.*

The measure is 4*ax* catalectic (= incomplete); the lines with double rhymes—such as 2 and 4—are acatalectic (= complete). The stanza consists of six lines, the first four rhyming alternately, the last two a couplet.

7. *it*—This is the expletive use of *it*. Cf. *L'Allegro*, l. 33—"Come, and trip it as ye go."

13. **Shrive me**—An ejaculation, not an oath; see also l. 31. The monk's ejaculations are derived from what he is familiar with.

14-16. **Monks . . . looks**—The belief in the appearance of ghosts on Christmas Eve was wide-spread. Innumerable holiday stories, both of the present and of former times, are founded upon this superstition.

38. The last syllable of this line is naturally unaccented; hence there is a break in the rhythm. Dwell in pronunciation on "ring-ings."

39. **The gray city**—Worcester is meant.

58. **Iron-mouthed**—Having the lips as firmly closed as if made of iron, in order that no expression of grief might escape.

65-66. **whose . . . brand**!—Zechariah iii. 2.

67-78. Notice that in these two stanzas the repetition of "now" indicates changes of expression on the face of the sleeping Cuthbert, which are interpreted by the monk.

82-84. **To restore . . . wide**—That is, "eternity may not restore your little world of happiness—it is too wide for you to find it there."

96. **Telling . . . woe**—"Thinking over your sorrows, as you would count over the rosary."

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### *The Maple.*

The measure is 4*xa* with frequent *xxa* feet, alternating with 3*xa*. In scansion the final rhyme of double-rhymed lines is often not counted.

The rhymes are peculiar; the even-numbered lines, with the exception of the two final ones, have double rhymes; in the others, with the exception of the first pair, the middle word rhymes with the final word: this is termed "Middle rhyme." The Cæsura is very noticeable in the lines with middle rhymes.

1. **tenderly deepen**—The deeper, softer gloom which the new leaves of spring-time produce.

3. **delicately**—In verse, any polysyllabic word may have more than one verse accent, provided an unaccented one intervenes.

11-12. **locust . . . comer**—The locust, a

species of acacia, is not a native of New Brunswick—where the author of the poem resides.

15-16. **towers . . . Winter's legions**—An allusion to the beacon fires of former times built on hill tops to give warning of an approaching enemy. See Macaulay's "The Armada."

## GOLDWIN SMITH.

### *The Battle of Lützen.*

**Lutzen**—The sound of *u* in this word, like the French *u*, is not recognized in English; but it may be heard in the prolonged sound of *ue* in "sweet." Lutzen is a town in Prussian Saxony. Here also, in 1813, Napoleon vanquished the combined Russians and Prussians.

1. **Gustavus [Adolphus]** (1594-1632), the grandson of the Swedish hero-king, Gustavus Vasa, succeeded to the throne of Sweden on the death of his father, Charles IX. He was an accomplished man, speaking and writing several languages, skilled in business, and excelling in all warlike and manly exercises. Troubles at home he met in a spirit of conciliation, winning the enthusiastic support of all orders. In times of peace Gustavus exerted himself to advance the prosperity of his country, by enacting beneficial laws, and by promoting commerce and manufactures. Not a little of Sweden's glory at that time was due to the influence that his high character and earnest piety exerted over all classes in his kingdom. Before taking part in the "Thirty Years' War," he had wrested southern Sweden from the Danes; settled, after a short struggle, an old dispute with Russia, thereby still further increasing his dominions; and finally, after a protracted war, concluded an advantageous peace with Poland.

5-6. **His . . . low**—Gustavus felt that the people were trusting in *him* instead of in a Higher Power; and, in the spirit of the Hebrews, he thought that such would not be suffered to continue. Compare Isaiah xlii. 8.

8. **Nuremberg**—*nur'-em-berg*—(For pronunciation of *u*, see "Lutzen," above; *er* as

in "there.") Another form is Nurnberg—a town in Prussian Saxony, on the Saale.

10. **Wellington**—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington (1769-1852) was born at Dangan Castle, Ireland. Entering the army in 1787, he saw active service against the French in Europe before setting out for India with his brother, who had been appointed governor-general. He took a leading part in the military operations in India, and first won renown by defeating, at Assaye, with 4,500 men, an army of 50,000 Mahrattas. He returned to England in 1805. (See Greene's or Thompson's History of England.) His career in home politics began in 1827, and closed after the passage of the bill repealing the Corn Laws (1846), which measure he supported. Honesty of purpose and devotion to duty were his most striking moral characteristics.

11. **Marmont** (1774-1852)—One of Napoleon's famous marshals. See Greene's History of England—"Salamanca and Moscow."

12. **Pappenheim**—*pap'-pen-hime*—(1594-1632)—A Bavarian nobleman distinguished in the "Thirty Years' War." He served under Count Tilly, and bore a principal part in the commission of the terrible excesses associated with that general's name. He urged Tilly to fight the disastrous battle of Breitenfeld, and on the death of his leader joined Wallenstein, and was killed at Lutzen.

14. **Halle**—*hal-lay*—A town in Prussian Saxony.

15. **Wallenstein**—*Val-len-stine*—(1583-1634) Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg,



belonged to a noble Bohemian family. With perhaps the exception of Gustavus, he was the most prominent figure in the "Thirty Years' War." In offering his services to the emperor, he stipulated for, and obtained, absolute control over the army, which he had raised and maintained himself. Gustavus being dead, Wallenstein's enemies at court again accused him of treason—of plotting with the Protestants; his army left him, and he was finally murdered by the emissaries of the emperor.

29. **Rippach**—*rip'-pach*—"ch" as in the Scotch loch.

31. **Isolani**—*ees-o-lah'-ne*—An Italian leader of a band of mercenaries.

43. The battle of Inkermann, in the Crimean War, was also fought during a fog.

44-45. **sympathy in things**—Compare Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto V., stanza 1.

50. **Luther's hymn**—Composed by Luther and sung by him when entering Worms, to appear before the emperor, Charles V., and his Diet.

51. **Marseillaise**—*mar-say-eel-yaze'*—The French national hymn, written in 1791 or 1793 by Rouget de Lisle, to cheer a body of conscripts at Strasburg. It was first heard in Paris in July, 1792, when a company of young patriots from Marseilles entered the city singing it; hence the name. The inspiring words and music of this song aroused Frenchmen to fight for their country, as Luther's hymn inspired the Protestants to take up arms for their religion.

51. **militant Reformation**—The fighting period of the Reformation.

51. **Breitenfeld**—*brite'-cu-feld*—A village near Leipsic, where three notable battles took place; one in September, 1631, when Gustavus defeated the Imperialist general, Tilly; another in 1642, when the Swedes again defeated the Imperialists; and a third in 1813, when part of the great battle of Leipsic, in which Napoleon was defeated, took place.

56-59. **His . . . day**—See Green's *History of England*. The student of the Bible will know that the Hebrews were impressed

with the idea of the constant presence of God, and of His active interest in their affairs.

61. **order of battle**—The paper containing the plan of battle.

77. **Villeneuve**—*veel-nue'* (1763-1806)—He was present at the battle of the Nile, and commanded the fleet designed to support Napoleon's invasion of England; failing to carry out Napoleon's orders, he was superseded, but wishing to redeem his character before his successor arrived at Cadiz, he engaged Nelson at Trafalgar: here he was taken prisoner. On returning to France the following year, he killed himself on learning that an unfavorable reception awaited him at Paris.

77-79. **Villeneuve . . . down**—Notice the introduction and effect of this parallel,—i. not only supports a previous statement, but adds to the graphic effect of the narrative by bringing a well-known fact vividly before the mind.

82. **most . . . ruffians**—They were, as Prof. Smith elsewhere says, "outcasts of every land, bearing the devil's stamp on faces of every complexion, blaspheming in all European and some non-European tongues. Their only country was the camp; their cause, booty; their king, the bandit general who contracted for their blood. . . . They changed sides without scruple, and the comrade of yesterday was the foe of to-day, and again the comrade of to-morrow. The only moral salt that kept the carcass of their villany from rotting was a military code of honor."

85. **The Walloons** are of the old Celtic race, speaking a French dialect, and inhabiting the south-western part of Belgium and the neighboring districts of France.

86. **The Croats** came from Croatia, a southern province of Austria.

87. **Magdeburg**—*mag'-de-burg*—A very important city of Prussian Saxony. Early in 1631 it was captured by the Imperialists under Tilly, and given over to the soldiers to be sacked. The most horrible excesses were committed; neither age nor sex was spared. Thirty thousand of the inhabitants were slaughtered, and great numbers threw

themselves into the Elbe. Only about 150 houses were left standing.

92. **broken**—A species of punishment formerly employed in France and Germany. The criminal was bound to a wheel, with his arms and legs stretched along the spokes. The executioner then broke his limbs with a club; this was repeated till death ensued. Sometimes there was but one breaking, and the criminal was left to die a lingering death.

104-5. **Emperor . . . plains**—See note on "Lutzen" above.

106. **conscription**—During the latter part of the Napoleonic wars the armies were filled by levies made on the towns and villages.

130. **Saxe-Lauenberg**—*sax-e-lou'-en-bairg*.

139. **Bernard of Saxe-Weimar**—*vi'-mar*—(1604-1639)—Took a distinguished part in the "Thirty Years' War," hastening to join Gustavus as soon as the latter entered Germany. He is said to have died by poison.

146-147. **his . . . hung**—The charge of treason has never been proved. He wished peace for the empire, with amnesty and toleration. This policy certainly crossed that of the Jesuits and Spain, which was now dominant in the Imperial councils.

171-172. **Providence . . . right**—The principle on which trial by combat was founded was that God would not suffer the right to be overcome, and would interfere in favor of the weak if the cause was a just one. Without doubt a bad cause weakens its defender, while a good cause adds strength to its champion.

172-173. **The stars . . . cause**—See Judges v. 20.

180. **Te Deum**—*te-de'-um*—The name of a Latin hymn used by the Roman Catholic Church; an English translation is in the Episcopalian Church Service—"We praise Thee, O God."

181-182. **Vienna . . . victory**—Austria and Spain were the supporters of the Catholic League.

182-184. **For . . . defeat**—After the death of Gustavus "every part of Germany was repeatedly laid under heavy war contributions, and swept through by pillage, mur-

der, and arson. . . . When the war began, Germany was rich and prosperous. . . . At its close, she was a material and moral wilderness. In a district selected as a fair average specimen of the effects of the war, it was found that of the inhabitants three-fourths, of the cattle four-fifths, had perished. . . . The villages through whole provinces were burnt, or pulled down to supply material for the huts of the soldiery."

202. **Gustavus Vasa** (1496-1560), or Gustavus Erickson, the hero-king of Sweden, belonged to a noble Swedish family distinguished for its opposition to the union of Sweden with Denmark. He was sent as a captive to Denmark, but escaping, succeeded after many dangers and hardships in arousing the peasants of Dalecarlia against the Danes. The revolt was successful, and the Swedes gave the crown to Gustavus. During his reign Sweden adopted the Lutheran doctrines, and rose to a high place among the powers of Europe.

203. **Christina** (1626-1689)—The only child of Gustavus Adolphus. Having succeeded her father, she was crowned in 1644, and ruled with vigor. She was eccentric, but clever and highly educated. In 1654, tired of "splendid slavery," she abdicated, became a Catholic, and went to Rome. Her extravagancies have left the impression that she was at times insane.

204 **Charles XII.** (1682-1718)—King of Sweden, was a descendant of the sister of Gustavus Adolphus. On becoming king in 1697 he was at once opposed by Denmark, Russia, and Poland; but a sudden attack on Copenhagen forced the Danes to make peace; the Russians were overthrown at Narva, and by a succession of victories he succeeded in dethroning the king of Poland (1706). A subsequent invasion of Russia, his great antagonist, resulted in the destruction of his army at Pultowa (1709). Fleeing to Turkey, he remained there five years, and when Sweden was attacked by Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Austria, he returned and agreed to peace. His last exploit was an attack on Norway, where he was killed at the siege of Fredericksald. His abilities were great; but his obstinacy, bordering on insanity, gained for him the name of "Madman of the North."

## Character of Cromwell.

6-9. Others . . . come—In the church, in the army, in the civil service, office was conferred from fitness, not by purchase or influence; institutions and practices were tried by their merits, and abolished if found wanting, no matter of how long standing they were; the spirit of the constitution was adhered to, while common-sense and justice ruled instead of custom.

12. Clarendon—Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon (1608-1674), was the son of a private gentleman. He accompanied Prince Charles in his exile on the continent. During his exile he wrote the *History of the Great Rebellion*. See Green's *History of England*.

17-18. let . . . revolution—The opening sentence of this lecture.

21-23. It was . . . law—See Green's *History of England*, Chap. VIII., sec. 10.

23-30. but there . . . arms—See Green's *History of England*, Chap. IX., sec. 3.

36. Ludlow—An English gentleman who joined the Parliamentary army in the Civil War, ultimately becoming a general. In principle he was republican, and as such was opposed to Cromwell. On the death of the latter, Ludlow tried to restore the Commonwealth, and on the Restoration fled to the continent. He died in Switzerland, 1693, leaving three volumes of "Memoirs."

36. Whitelocke (1605-1676)—An English gentleman, prominent from 1640 to 1660, as a member of the Long Parliament. He was chairman of the committee on Strafford's impeachment. Though he took no part in military affairs, he served in other capacities, under both the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. Cromwell, he thought, did not reward him according to his merits. On his death he left an account of the important matters in which he had taken part.

38-40. Through . . . truth!—See Milton's Sonnet to Cromwell, beginning:

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through  
a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
ploughed."

43. Fairfax (1611-1671)—The son of Ferdinand, Lord Fairfax, had served as a volunteer in Holland before joining the army of the Parliament in the Civil War. As cavalry general under his father, who commanded in the North, he highly distinguished himself, so that on the retirement of Essex he was made lieutenant-general of the Parliamentary forces. Cromwell's influence over him was very great. Having refused, in 1650, to march against his fellow-Presbyterians, the Scotch, he resigned his command, and retired into private life. He warmly cooperated with Monk in bringing about the restoration of Charles II. after the deposition of Richard Cromwell.

43. Mrs. Hutchinson—(1620-1659)—Wife of Col. Hutchinson, a soldier in the service of the Parliament, wrote "Memoirs" of her husband. It was published in 1806, and is said to be one of the finest biographies in the language.

62-64. not like . . . statecraft—As Napoleon lay unconscious, on his death-bed, the words "head of the army" escaped his lips.

66. The . . . ways—See Epistle of James, i. 8.

67-68. his course . . . nature—Cromwell's whole career shows his earnest wish to have the "state of the country settled." It was this desire to have a state of confusion reduced to settled order, that led him into so many unconstitutional acts; when Parliament refused, or was unable, he took it upon himself to carry out his wishes. See Green's *History of England*, and Carlyle's *Life and Letters of Cromwell*.

102. Of . . . devotee—The reference is to *Heroes and Hero Worship*, a book by Carlyle. See "Carlyle."

106. Timour, or Tamarlane (1336-1405)—The great Tartar conqueror, who extended his conquests west to Moscow, south to the Tigris, east to the Ganges, and then over all western Asia, including Asia Minor. He was on his way to the conquest of China when he died. His empire fell to pieces shortly after his death.

106. **Attila**—In A.D. 434 Attila became king of the Huns, a race allied to the Turks. His domain was the region to the north of Asia and Europe. In a short time his conquests extended from China to Gaul (France), and the Roman emperor was compelled to pay him tribute; but his defeat at Chalons in Gaul (451) saved western Europe. He died in 453. His followers were remarkable for their barbarity; they spared neither age nor sex, and destroyed all the cities they captured. Attila himself was called the "Scourge of God."

107-108. The author refers to the American War of Secession.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD.

### *Isolation.*

Compare with this poem Jean Ingelow's "After-Thought":—

Man dwells apart, though not alone,  
He walks among his peers unread;  
The best of thoughts which he hath known,  
For lack of listeners are not said.

\* Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles  
He saith, "They dwell not lone like men,"  
Forgetful that their sun-flecked smiles  
Flash far beyond each other's ken.

He looks on God's eternal suns,  
That sprinkle the celestial blue,  
And saith, "Ah! happy shining ones,  
I would that men were grouped like you!"

Yet this is sure: the loveliest star  
That clustered with its peers we see,  
Only because from us so far  
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

Compare with both Arnold's "Self-de-

pendence," in which, speaking of the stars and the sea, he says:—

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful  
In what state God's other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see.

24. **The unplumbed . . . sea**—"That last line is inexhaustible in beauty and force. Without any false emphasis or prolix dwelling on the matter, it shadows out to you the plunging deep-sea lead and the eerie cry of 'no soundings,' recalls that saltness of the sea which takes from water every refreshing association, every quality that helps to slake thirst or supply sap, and then concentrates all these dividing attributes, which strike a sort of lonely terror into the soul, into the one word 'estranging.' It is a line full of intensity, simplicity, and grandeur—a line to possess and haunt the imagination."—*R. H. Hutton.*

## HALIBURTON.

### *Metaphysics.*

This selection satirizes in a mild and humorous fashion metaphysicians and metaphysical studies, and at the same time exhibits, by an apt and truthful illustration, the difficulty experienced by philosophers in endeavoring to explain their theories to untrained minds. Metaphysical themes are proverbially difficult to grasp, even by minds accustomed to close and accurate thinking: what then could be expected of Uncle Tim and his friends? From beginning to end, Doctor Sobersides fails to cast even a gleam of light upon his train of thought; and nothing could be more natural than the persistent obtuseness of his hearers. Whilst a semblance of truth and reality characterizes the Doctor's teaching, his representation and explanation of the views of metaphysicians partake strongly of caricature. This however but adds to the humor of the dialogue.

1. **whatever is, is right**—That is, whatever exists is right. This formula briefly expresses the views of a class of thinkers called "Optimists." An Optimist contends that whatever exists or occurs is the best possible—that at any given time the state of the world cannot be improved. Those who take the opposite view are called "Pessimists." There is also a play upon the word *is*, which, in the language of metaphysicians, expresses actual, independent, and objective existence—that is, an existence apart from our sensations and thoughts.

5. **Master Parson is really Master Parson**—Here Haliburton insinuates that metaphysicians deny the objective independent existence of material things. (See preceding note.) He would represent a metaphysician as saying that *apparently* Master Parson exists, but *really* he does not.

9. **sheer nobodies**—A pun on the word "no-body." As metaphysicians deny the existence of matter, they must necessarily deny that they enjoy a bodily existence. Haliburton here, as throughout the selection, endeavors to burlesque and turn into ridicule the views of metaphysicians like Berkeley and Hume, who held that material objects, such as horses, houses, etc., have no independent existence apart from the mind perceiving them; that what we call color, figure, etc., are not in bodies, but are sensations in our minds. But Berkeley did not deny the existence of so-called material objects—he simply denied that they exist apart from our sensations.

11-12. **some folks were really some folks**—A play again upon the technical meaning of the word *really*, as well as an allusion to the supposed dogmatism and conceitedness of metaphysicians.

16-17. **entities and quiddities, nominalism and realism, free-will and necessity**—"Entities" are things which have an independent existence, such as the soul of man, which is believed to exist independent of the body. A "quiddity" is that which makes a thing what it is, as distinguished from other things. "Nominalism and Realism" are names expressive of views held by what are called Scholastic Philosophers,

who flourished during the Middle Ages. A Nominalist held that general ideas, notions, or conceptions have no separate existence apart from individual objects. A Realist held that such conceptions have a separate existence, and are not mere products of the mind. "Free-will and Necessity" are terms used in connection with discussions on the nature of the Will. The controversy has found its way into the theological arena, the ground of contention being man's accountability for his actions.

29. **could not syllogize**—That is, could not reason according to the rules of logic.

38. **Metaphysics is the science of abstraction**—Rather the science of the first principles of all knowledge. "Abstraction" is a logical term denoting that operation of the mind by which we separate the qualities common to all individuals of a group from those peculiar to each individual. For instance, the notion of a "circle" is the result of abstraction, as we can reason about circles without regard to any particular circle.

80. **stands upon nothing, etc.**—Notice the play upon the word "stands."

99. **principle of whirligigs**—Descartes theory of vortices is here referred to. A "vortex," in the Cartesian system of philosophy, is a mass of subtle particles—fluid or ether—revolving rapidly round an axis. On the hypothesis of such vortices he explained to his own satisfaction the formation of the universe and the motion of planetary bodies. It is scarcely correct to say that Descartes explained perception of external objects on the "principle of whirligigs."

115. **Doubt is the beginning of wisdom**—Descartes laid the foundation of modern metaphysics, and began with doubting everything that could admit of a doubt until he arrived at something that it was not possible to doubt—this he took for granted. What Descartes could not doubt was his own conscious existence—hence his famous principle, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," which may be rendered, "I think, therefore I exist."

137-138. **spirituality and corporeality**—Some systems of metaphysics strongly emphasize the distinction between mind and

body—between the spiritual, or thinking part of a man, and the material body, by means of which the spirit acts. Recent metaphysicians incline towards an obliteration of the distinction between mind and matter.

144. Notice the play upon "spiritual" and "corporeal" in Malachi's remarks.

159. an **abstraction**—As an abstraction is but a conception of a bundle of qualities common to a group of things, it cannot have any of the characteristics of individual objects actually existing, such as smell, taste, color, etc. The Doctor's explanations and illustrations of abstractions are sufficiently grotesque; and it is no wonder that Uncle

Tim and Aunt Judy felt rather disgusted with the uselessness and out-of-the-way nature of the abstraction.

188. **eidolon**—*eid-o'-lon*—An image, a resemblance

189. **fantastical**—Belonging to the fancy, but here used in the sense of a production of the imagination.

192. **positive** qualities are those which a thing *has*; "Negative" qualities are those which a thing *has not*. "Accidental" properties are the qualities peculiar to individuals of a group, as distinguished from those qualities which are *common* to the group.

## HEAVYSEGE.

### *The Dark Huntsman.*

The *Dark Huntsman* is an ingenious adaptation of the German legend of the Wild Huntsman, who, on account of his impiety and reckless cruelty in the pursuit of game, was condemned to be hunted forever by dogs of Hell—in the daytime, underground; in the night, through the air. The Wild Huntsman's presence was heralded by storm and uproar, and woe to the man who saw and hailed him! Sir Walter Scott has given a spirited English rendering of a German poem embodying the legend of the Wild Huntsman. The *Dark Huntsman* is Death; the "hunger hounds" are his ministers.

The measure in the long lines is generally *xa*, followed by *3xxa*; in the short ones it is *xa*, followed by *xxa* and a hypermetric syllable, except where there is no double rhyme; some of the short lines, such as 21 and 22, may be taken as *2xax*. If, however, we scan continuously two short lines and the following long one, no irregularity will occur. Each stanza, with one exception, opens with a rhyming couplet; elsewhere the author indulges his fancy. For onomatopoeic purposes there are but two rhymes in the second stanza; and in the third, all the long lines have the same rhyme.

11. **sphere**—According to an ancient belief the earth was the centre of the universe, and the moon, sun, and other planets were set in hollow spheres, each of which in revolving carried the planet with it; the stars were all in one separate sphere.

12. Symbolical of the swift movement and certainty of death.

13. Fire burns most brightly in frosty weather.

36. **wonder . . . fill**—This is a mere conceit—a reiteration of the word with a partial personification, to emphasize the idea.

44. **numbers**—Verse: because of the numbering of the feet in a line

50. **miserere**—*miz-er-e'-re*—The Latin version of the 51st Psalm begins with the word *miserere* (have mercy). It is one of the "penitential" psalms.

54. **Hades**—*ha'-dees*—In Greek Mythology, the abode of disembodied spirits.

63. **crescent**—According to old stories the powers of evil were most active during the wane of the moon.

"A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was  
haunted  
By woman waiting for her demon-lover."

COLERIDGE, *Kubla Khan*.

67. **tired twilight**—"Tired" by anticipation. (See 12, IV., 34.) The echoes were so continuous that they tired the twilight.

68-138. The whole of this passage is a highly wrought version of the old belief that storms, especially of a terrible and destructive character, were the work of demons of the air. This is, probably, a remnant of the pagan English worship of the god Thor or Thunder, whose hammer during thunder storms was heard smiting the foes of gods and men. See Burns' *Tam O'Shanter* for the same idea.

82. **maelstrom**—Literally, mul-race, or mill-stream; an expanse of water between two of the Loffoden Islands, rendered dangerous to vessels during high tides or storms by the numerous and rapid cross currents then existing; at other times it is perfectly safe even for open boats. The stories about the existence of a terrible

whirlpool and the horrors connected therewith are mere fabrications.

90 **margin**—The same as "margin", rarely used.

97. **nightmare**—The latter part of this word is the Anglo-Saxon *mara*, a night-horror, or nightmare; it is quite a different word from *mere*, the feminine of *meorh*, a horse.

124. **Cerberus**—In Greek Mythology, the three-headed dog guarding the entrance to Hades.

127. **Gehenna**—"The place of burning."

128. **Scylla**—In Greek Mythology a sea-monster, half woman, half fish, begirt with howling dogs, and dwelling under a rock on the Italian side of the Straits of Messina. She devoured all sailors that came within her reach.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.—Underwood's "American Authors"; Richardson's "Primer of American Literature"; Nichol's "American Literature."

## LONGFELLOW.

### *The Fasting.*

INTRODUCTORY.—**Edda**—A name given to two collections of Scandinavian compositions, one consisting of mythological and heroic songs, the other of prose narratives dealing with mythology and with the language of the old bards and their modes of composition.

The measure employed in "Hiawatha" is 4a, blank verse.

13. **Moon of Leaves**—The month of May. 95-102. The earnest endeavor after an object always gives new strength and hope.

62-67. Evening is the best time for meditation.

### *The Sound of the Sea.*

The invention of the Sonnet is attributed to Friar Guittone, of Arezzo, in 1024; but Petrarch (1304-1374) was the first poet to use it largely. It has always been a favorite form with Italian poets. The Earl of Surrey, or, according to some, the poet Wyatt, introduced it into England. Shakespeare also wrote sonnets, but the only point in which they resemble the Italian is their consisting of fourteen lines. Milton's are in strict accordance with the Italian model. The Sonnet consists of two parts, an *octave* and a *sestette*, each line being 5*va*, the octave (or eight lines) consisting of two quatrains (four lines); and the sestette (or six lines) of two tercets (three lines). The subject is supposed to be stated in the first quatrain, illustrated in the second, applied in the first tercet, and the whole summed up in the second. In the octave there should be but two rhymes; in the sestette there may be two or three.

## PARKMAN.

*The Discovery of Lake Champlain.*

CRITICAL.—62. **Historical Proportion**—The due observance of the relative importance of events in historical narrative.

1. **September**—In 1608.

1. **Pontgrave**—*pon-gra-va'y*—He had been given the command of one ship by De Monts, the colonizer of Acadie, to go in company with Champlain, who commanded another; the former was to collect furs while the latter was to go exploring and colonizing. See *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. II., 5.

2. **Champlain**—See *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. II., 6-14.

6. **Tupelo**—*tu'-pe-lo*—A tree of the dog-wood species.

29. **shad bush**—Other names are June-berry, mountain whortleberry, service-berry. It is a shrub having a profusion of white flowers, and bearing a sweet purple berry, which usually ripens in June.

36. **Marais**—*mar-a'y*.

37. **Tadoussac**—*tad-oo-sac'*—A village at the mouth of the Saguenay.

43. **La Salle**—*lah-sal'*—(1643-1687). See *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. III., 12.

44. See *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. II., 7.

58. **Iroquois**—*Ir-a-kwah*—See the account given of this nation in the *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. II., 9.

61. **Romans**—The ancient Romans were renowned for the extent of their conquests, and for the organization of their armies; in these respects the Iroquois were supposed to resemble them.

62-67. "The tribes east of the Mississippi, between the latitudes of Lake Superior and the Ohio, were divided into two groups or families, distinguished by a radical difference of language. One of these families of tribes is called Algonquin, from the name of a small Indian community on the Ottawa. The other is called the Huron-Iroquois,

from the names of its two principal members." (Parkman.)

71-72. **Montagnais**—*mon-tan-ya'y*—A tribe of Algonquins on the Lower St. Lawrence.

101. **La Route**—*lah-root'*.

110. **Riviere des Iroquois**—*riv-e-air'-days Ir-a-kwah*—The River of the Iroquois.

120. **Belœil**—*bel-uh-e'*.

170. **sheets of bark**—From the white birch.

184. **medicine-man**—He is both doctor and prophet to the Indians, and exercises great influence over them.

257. **Ticonderoga**—A fort at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, built by the French in 1755; in 1758 the English were repulsed in an attack on it, but in the following year it was abandoned by the French. In 1775 it was taken by the revolted colonists, recaptured in 1777 by Burgoyne, dismantled on his surrender, but re-occupied in 1780 by the British. On the close of the war it was abandoned finally.

259. **George, Como**—These lakes are each about thirty miles long and three broad, and renowned for their picturesque beauty and transparent waters.

262. **Fort William Henry**—A fortification at the south end of Lake George, the channel of communication between Canada and the Hudson. In 1757, the fort was besieged by Montcalm at the head of 10,000 men, and its garrison, after a gallant defence, capitulated, and were massacred by the Indian allies of the French.

271 **Crown Point**, on the west shore of Lake Champlain, about ninety miles north of Albany. It joins the town of Ticonderoga, and is noted as the site of Fort Frederick, now in ruins, erected by the French in 1731. The fort came into the hands of the British in 1759, and with its garrison of twelve men was taken in May, 1775, by a detachment of Americans under Seth Warner, forming part



of the force with which Ethan Allen surprised Fort Ticonderoga.

309. *cuissees* — *kweeses* — Armor for the thighs.

314. *landing*—In December, 1620.

315. *King Philip*—Philip, king or sachem of Pokanoket, in Massachusetts, was for some time friendly to the settlers of Plymouth and Boston; but in 1675 a war broke out which cost the lives of 600 colonists. The

following year Philip was defeated and killed at the battle of Mount Hope.

362. *Place de la Greve*—*plas-de-lah-grave*.

363. *Ravalliac* — *rah-vah-e-yac'* — A Jesuit who assassinated Henry IV. of France, and was put to death by torture.

375. *paladin*—Knight.

392. See *Prim. of Can. History*, Chap. III., 5-6, 9-11; IV., 1, 3.

## WHITTIER.

### *My Psalm.*

7. *The windows . . . sun*—The poet allows himself to feel the full influence of surrounding nature.

13 *et seq.* Note throughout the Scriptural references and metaphors. A religious tone pervades many of Whittier's poems.

19-20. The language of these lines has probably been suggested by *Genesis*, chap. xviii.

25-26. *blue-eyed . . . heaven*—Cf. the following stanzas from Bryant's lines to "The Fringed Gentian":—

"Thou waitest late and comest alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall."

25-32. The thought is: I cannot now feel the joys of youth; but the autumn of my life has its own delights.

33-40. The author is, no doubt, thinking of some of his poems, probably "Voices of Freedom." In many of his poems Whittier is, according to Underwood, a fiery apostle of human brotherhood, and has chanted anathemas against war, and every form of cruelty and superstition. His early religious education among the Quakers has given him his peculiar bias.

## BRYANT.

### *To A Waterfowl.*

The poet gazing up into the evening sky, marks the flight of the bird, and muses upon its destination. He feels that an unseen power is guiding its course through the pathless air, and takes comfort in the thought that *his* steps are similarly guided through the mazes of the wilderness of life, to the final resting place.

The poem is marked by its fidelity to nature in its descriptions, by the natural character of the thoughts, and by chasteness of language which is almost severe in its simplicity, but full of poetic beauty.

"To A Waterfowl" is a lyric with a didactic purpose.

The measure is *3x2* in ll. 1 and 4; *5x2* in ll. 2 and 3. See remarks on measure of "Skipper Ireson's Ride." The stanza is a quatrain with alternate rhymes.

11. Any one who has stood on the seashore and watched the motion of the water—not the dashing of the waves against the

rocks—will recognize the perfect accuracy of this description.

*Thanatopsis.*

This name "Thanatopsis" is a compound of two Greek words "thanatos," death, and "opsis," view—a view of death.

The poem—a meditation on the thoughts associated with death—belongs to the lyric class; it first appeared in the *North American Review* in 1817; since then it has been extended and repeatedly revised by the author.

The measure is 5 $\bar{v}$ a, blank verse.

17. Comes . . . voice—Cf. 1 Kings, xix. 11-12; Psalms xix. 1-3.

42-43. poured . . . waste—Amongst the early Greeks it was believed that the earth was a plane, the Mediterranean being in the centre, and the river Oceanus "poured round all."

50-51. Take . . . morning—Cf. Psalms

cxxxix. 9. Wings are symbolical of swiftness.

53. Oregon—Now the Columbia River. Two kinds of wilderness are referred to by the poet.

75. caravan—A caravan does not move forward in one mass, nor with an extended front, but in a long file.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

*Westminster Abbey.*

5. Westminster—"Minster" and "monastery" are derived from the same Latin word *monasterium*; but the former came into the English language at an earlier period than the latter.

10. Westminster School—One of the great schools of England; the buildings formerly belonged to the Abbey.

40. in relief—That is, raised above the surface of the surrounding stone. This elevation, when slight, is termed bas-relief, low relief, or *basso rilievo*; when very marked it is termed *alto-relievo*, or high relief.

44-45. Vitalis—Abbot: Gislebert: Laurentius—Lawrence.

50. exact . . . ashes—See Gray, ll. 91-92.

66. handiwork—The "i" of this word was originally "ge," an Anglo-Saxon prefix denoting completion.

86. Poets' Corner—A section of the Abbey where authors of note are buried. It is said that it derives its name from the fact that the poet Chaucer was the first literary man buried there. The busts of some poets find a place in the Abbey, while their bodies lie elsewhere.

128-129. See *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, Sixty-fifth night, where we find: "On the last day of that year, at four o'clock in the morning, all the inhabitants were changed in an instant into stone, every one in the condition and posture he happened to be in."

135. crusader—"Soldier of the cross;" each wore a cross on his right breast. The first crusade took place in 1096; the last, or sixth, in 1270.

136-139. The crusades, being undertaken from sentiment and not for gain, resemble the deeds of romance, of fiction, or of fairyland, rather than the deliberate actions of rational men.

141. Gothic sculpture—"Gothic" was first used as a term of contempt applied in mediæval times to architecture differing from that of Greece or Rome, its chief characteristic being the predominance of the pointed arch.

144-146. This is especially true of the *Jerusalem Liberated* (Girusalemma Liberata), a poem by the Italian poet Tasso, celebrating the capture of Jerusalem by the

Christians. The supernatural element pervades the whole book.

168. **Roubillac**—*roo-be-e-yac'*—(1695-1762). A sculptor, born in France and educated at Paris. He executed a statue of Shakespeare, now in the British Museum; one of Newton, now in Cambridge, and monuments to other celebrated personages. The monument spoken of in the text was erected in 1758, to commemorate the premature death of the wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale.

175. **gibbering**: (akin to *gabble* and *jabber*)—An onomatopoeic word, indicating rapid but senseless talk. The *g* is hard.

198. **Henry the Seventh's Chapel**—In reality a continuation of the choir of the Abbey.

214. **Knights of the Bath**—In early times sovereigns, at the ceremony of coronation, were accustomed to create a number of knights, who, on the eve of their receiving knighthood, took a bath in token of the purity which was to characterize their lives. The name appears first in the time of Henry IV. Since 1839 no banners have been added to those already hung in the chapel.

221. **mausoleum**—*mau-so-le'-um*—The word is said to be derived from Mausolus, a king of ancient Caria, in Asia Minor, in whose memory a magnificent tomb was erected by his widow, at Halicarnassus.

266-267. 1 . . . rest—See "Piers' Plowman." "I was wery forewarded, and went me to reste." This poem is Alliterative.

280-300. Besides the harmonious effect of the passage the author has a higher aim, moral as well as artistic. He seeks to call the mind away, but not too abruptly, from the objects he has hitherto been con-

templating,—the triumph of death over everything human, and the vanity and pettiness of human pursuits. The bursting forth of the music was like the song of the immortal soul exulting in its victory over death. See also (13, II., 1, 9.)

308. Edward the Confessor founded the Abbey.

317. **chair of coronation**—A chair made by order of Edward I. In it all the English sovereigns since Edward's time have been crowned. It encloses the famous coronation stone of Scone, brought from Scotland by Edward. Legend says that this is the stone used as a pillow by Jacob at Bethel. See Genesis xxviii. 11.

338-339. **effigy . . . headless**—The head was of silver.

374. **Sir Thomas Browne**—(1605-1682)—Noted for the wide extent of his knowledge, and the thoughtful character of his writings. *Religio Medici* (Religion of a Physician), is his most important production.

382. **Alexander the Great**—See note on l. 243, "General Wolfe and Old Quebec."

384. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries pieces of a mummy enclosed in a little sack were worn round the neck as amulets; and mummy powder was esteemed a cure for many diseases.

385. **Cambyzes**—*cam-by'-ses*—A king of Ancient Persia, who conquered Egypt in 525 B.C., and treated the people with great severity. He showed his contempt for their religion by slaying the sacred bull and profaning whatever they regarded as holy.

386. **Mizraim**—A son of Ham. See Genesis x. 6. His descendants are said to have settled in Egypt.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Morley's "A First Sketch of English Literature"; Craik's "Literature and Learning in England"; Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature"; Hallam's "Literature of Europe"; Taine's "History of English Literature"; and Adams' "Dictionary of English Literature."

### TENNYSON.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Stedman's "Victorian Poets"; Hutton's "Essays"; Roscoe's "Essays"; Tainsh's "Studies in Tennyson"; Forman's "Living Poets"; Austin's "Poetry of the Period"; W. C. Roscoe's, and Bayne's "Essays"; Kingsley's "Miscellanies."

#### *The Passing of Arthur.*

Tennyson has founded his idylls on the "Morte Darthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, but he seldom follows him closely. Malory lived in the reign of Edward IV. and drew the material for his book from the mediæval, chiefly French, romances. The first edition was published by Caxton in 1485 (see *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 45-46); a cheap modern one is published by Macmillan & Co. On the question of the Arthurian Romances, consult Green's *Short History of England*, Chap. III., sec. 1, "Geoffrey of Monmouth;" *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 24-25, and Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature*, Book I, Chap. IV.

TENNYSON'S ADAPTATION OF THE ARTHURIAN ROMANCES.—In "The Coming of Arthur," the first of the idylls, King Arthur is a suitor for the hand of Guinevere, daughter of Leodogran, King of Cameliard, whom he helps against a heathen horde that have reddened the sun with smoke and the earth with blood. Victorious over them, Arthur sends from the field of battle three of his new-made knights to King Leodogran, saying, "If I in aught have served thee well, give me thy daughter, Guinevere, to wife." One of them, Sir Bedivere—for "bold in heart and act and word was he, whenever slander breathed against the King"—indignant at a doubt cast upon the royalty of his master's birth, tells Leodogran that "all before his time was Arthur born; that, when born, he had been delivered at a secret postern gate to Merlin "to be holden far apart until his time was come"; and that in due season Merlin brought him forth and set him in the hall, proclaiming to Uther's Knights, "Here is Uther's heir, your King." Bellicent throws more light on the mystery that enshrouds the King. While the King debated with himself, she came to Cameliard, and told Leodogran, that she had been near Arthur when he sat crowned upon the dais, and bound his warriors to him by so strict vows that when they rose knighted from kneeling, "some were pale as at the passing of a ghost, some flushed, and others dazed, as

one who wakes half-blinded at the coming of a light. When he spake and cheered his Table Round "with large, divine, and comfortable words" she beheld, "from eye to eye thro' all their Order flash a momentary likeness of the King." Thereat Leodogran rejoiced; but, to sift his doubts, asks still further, and Bellicent further tells that Merlin, the magician, and Bleys, his master, on the night that King Uther died, had gone forth by the sea side and beheld high on the dreary deeps a ship, the shape thereof a dragon winged "and all from stem to stern bright with a shining people on the decks, and gone as soon as seen." They watched the great sea fall wave after wave, each mightier than the last,

"Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep,

And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame:  
And down the wave and in the flame was borne

A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, 'The King!

Here is an heir for Uther!' . . . .  
And all at once all round him rose in fire,  
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.

And presently there followed calm,  
Free sky and stars: 'And this same child,'  
he said,

Is he who reigns.'"

After much musing, "Shall I answer yea or nay?" Leodogran had a dream in which "the King stood out in heaven crowned," and

when he awoke, he sent back Arthur's ambassadors, answering yea.

The succeeding idylls show the gradual corruption of the Table Round till the loathsome opposite of all the King's heart had destined did obtain, and all through Guinevere's shameful sin with Lancelot.

In "Garreth and Lynette," the "noble-natured" Garreth, full of lofty aspirations, is eager in spite of maternal affection and other obstacles "to sweep in ever highering circles up to the Great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop down on all things base and dash them dead—a Knight of Arthur's working out his will to cleanse the world." Loyal he submits to the hard conditions imposed upon him by his mother, and, supported by the nobler spirits of Arthur's Court, meekly endures the disdainful treatment he receives from others, and answers graciously the revilings of the damsel whose sister's wrongs he is redressing. In this, his first kingly service, he overcomes Sir Morning Star, Sir Noonday Sun, Sir Star of Evening, and Sir Death, (or Night, for "he names himself the Night and oftener Death") out of whose skull "issues the bright face of a blooming boy, fresh as a flower new born."

In "Enid" the third idyll, Enid, the wife of the brave Geraint, "a Knight of Arthur's Court, a tributary prince of Devon," does not tell him "how men slur him, saying all his force is melted into mere effeminacy." In her meekness and self reproach she deems herself all unworthy of her noble husband's love, and is by him overheard, exclaiming "O me! I fear I am no true wife." Rumors are abroad of Guinevere's guilty love for Sir Lancelot: the taint of suspicion has infected the Table Round, and Geraint fears that Enid, the Queen's favorite, also loves another. Then follows a severe trial of the obedience, truth and loveliness of the gentle wife; till, overcome at last, Geraint remorsefully cries out "Henceforward I will rather die than doubt." Good influences still predominate in Arthur's Kingdom, and Geraint, no longer forgetful of his knightly duties or "molten down in mere uxoriousness,"

"rested in her fealty, till he crowned  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell  
Against the heathen of the Northern Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless King."

But, "the time is hard at hand:" "the dolorous day" draws near.

In "Vivien," the wily, lustful Vivien, who loved to tarnish the fame of others, stole from Arthur's Court to avoid the laughter at her failure when she "would fain have wrought upon his cloudy mood with dark sweet hints of some who prized him more than who should prize him most." Afterwards she set herself to gain the secrets of Merlin, "the most famous man of all these times." Her wiles and protestations of love are only too successful; for Merlin, overtalked and over-worn, yields and tells her all his charms and sleeps. Then crying "I have made his glory mine," and shrieking out "O fool!" the harlot leapt adown the forest.

"Elaine" follows. In it we have further evidence of the bitter fruit of Guinevere's lawless love. While owning half-disdainfully the worth of Arthur, she tells Lancelot, "I am yours, not Arthur's, as ye know, save by the bond." As for Lancelot, "some sort of knighthood and pure nobleness" grew round his sin.

"The great and guilty love he bore the Queen  
In battle with the love he bore his lord,  
Had marred his face, and marked it ere its  
time.

His mood was often as a fiend, and rose  
And drove him into wastes and solitudes  
For agony, who was yet a living soul."

Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gives him her virgin love. "Him or death," she mutters, "Death or him;" and innocently extending her white arms, "Your love," she said, "Your love—to be your wife." But this, Lancelot cannot grant, and Elaine, the fair, dies broken-hearted.

"The Holy Grail" is the title of the sixth idyll. (See Introductory, p. 131). King Arthur disapproves of this quest on the part of his Knights; for they are not Galahads, pure men, but "men with strength and will to right the wronged, of power to lay the sudden hands of violence flat." Yet kinglike he bids them go, since they have taken the oath, telling them that "the chance of noble deeds will come and go," while they "follow wandering fires," and that many of them, yea, most, will return no more. Arthur himself, obeys the dictates of duty, not of impulse, and so does not go on this Quest of the Holy Thing. On some of the Knights

come madness and phantasies; to all come misadventure: Sir Bors, Sir Lancelot, Sir Percivale, see, or think they have seen, The Holy Grail; but to Sir Galahad—to the maiden Knight alone—is granted the sight in all its glory.

"Pelleas and Etarre," the seventh idyll, relates the story of a youthful Knight who at a tournament wins the prize for his lady, but who afterwards receives from her nothing but cold and insulting treatment, and most foul dishonor, in which Gawaine, one of Arthur's best loved Knights, bears a shameful and treacherous part: so deadly is the blighting influence of Guinevere's foul example.

The deceit and treachery, and faithlessness, and the mockery of the holiest ties in "The Last Tournament," show that the storm of corruption has culminated, and that the glory of the Table Round has departed forever.

In "Guinevere," the ninth idyll, "the subtle beast," Sir Modred, discovers and discloses the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere. The latter flies to the Convent at Almesbury. After waging war on Lancelot, who has withdrawn to Brittany, Arthur seeks his Queen to take a last farewell before he sets out against the traitor Modred, who has proclaimed himself King, and made a league with the heathen and the Knights of the White House. The finest passages in the idylls—probably in any of Tennyson's works—are to be found in "Guinevere." The strain rises to sublimity in the interview between Arthur and his remorseful wife. There is nothing loftier than the passage beginning:—

"Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the  
rest.

But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
O golden hair, with which I used to play  
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as never woman wore—  
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—  
I cannot touch thy lips; they are not mine,  
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the  
King's!"

The last idyll, "The Passing of Arthur," portrays the failure of the King's hope, the final disruption of the Table Round, and the closing scenes of his life on earth.

MALORY'S ACCOUNT OF THE PASSING.—On the discovery of the guilt of Queen Guine-

vere, Lancelot retired to his own land, and Arthur, persuaded by Sir Gawain, his nephew, made war on him, and "burned and wasted through the vengeance of Sir Gawain, all that they might overrun." Lancelot believing that "better is peace than always war," sent a messenger to Arthur to negotiate a treaty; but he, though willing to come to terms, still followed the advice of Gawain and refused the "fair proffers." King Arthur then besieged Benwick, where Lancelot had shut himself up. "So thus they endured for half a year, and much slaughter was of people on both parties." During this time Sir Gawain slew many knights, and in the end provoked to battle by his insulting language Sir Lancelot, who on his side was loath to engage. In the struggle Sir Gawain was overthrown and hurt, but Sir Lancelot "withdrew him from him." During the King's absence in France, Sir Modred, whom he had appointed chief ruler and the custodian of the Queen, "presumed and took on him to be King of England," and, having spread a report of Arthur's death, wished to marry Guinevere against her will. When Arthur had tidings of this, he returned to Britain and fought a battle at Dover with Modred, who attempted to prevent his landing. In this engagement Gawain was mortally wounded, and for him the King "made sorrow out of measure." Amongst the people the common voice was that with Arthur was none other life but war and strife, and with Sir Modred was great joy and bliss, "and many there were that King Arthur had made up of naught and given them lands, might not then say of him a good word." So that, though beaten at Dover, Sir Modred had a large following, and after the burial of Sir Gawain there was another great battle in which Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Modred and his party fled to Canterbury. "And there was a day assigned between King Arthur and Sir Modred, and they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury and not far from the sea-side, whereof King Arthur was passing glad, that he might be avenged on Sir Modred." The night before the day appointed, King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream. It seemed he fell into a hideous black water in which were all manner of serpents, and worms and wild

beasts, foul and horrible; and every beast took him by a limb. And then the King cried Help; as he lay in his bed and slept. And his knights and squires and yeomen awaked him, and he was so amazed he wist not where he was. Then he fell a slumbering again, and Gawain appeared to him with a number of fair ladies. "All these are those that I did battle for in righteous quarrel. And God has given them that grace at their great prayer that they should bring me hither unto you for to warn you of your death." He then warned the King not to fight again, but "make a treaty for a month and a day" till Lancelot came from Brittany to his aid; for before his death Gawain had repented of calling Lancelot a false traitor, and had written humbly to him, begging him "to see his tomb and to say some prayer more or less for his soul," and urging him to come with all haste to rescue that noble King that made him knight from the false traitor Modred. On consultation with his noble lords and wise bishops, Arthur followed his advice and sent two bishops and two of his knights to Sir Modred, who, on being entreated a long time, at last agreed to have Cornwall and Kent during King Arthur's days—but, all England, after the days of King Arthur. King Arthur and Sir Modred, with fourteen persons each, met between their hosts and agreed and accorded thoroughly, but an accident led to a battle. "And never was there seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land. For there was but rushing and riding, foining and striking, and many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke. And ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle of Sir Modred many times, and did full nobly as a noble King should; and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Modred that day put him in devoir and in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted, till the noble knights were laid to the cold ground, and even they fought still till it was near night, and by that time was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was Arthur wroth out of measure, when he saw his people so slain for him. Then the King looked about him, and then was he ware of all his host and of all his good knights were no man alive but two knights, that was Sir Lucan

de Butlere, and his brother, Sir Bedivere. and they fell even sore wounded. . . . Then was Arthur ware where Sir Modred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. 'Now give me my spear,' said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, 'for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought.'" Sir Lucan tried to dissuade him, on the ground that Modred was unhappy, and that if the King passed this unhappy day he should be right well revenged on him. He reminded him also of his dream, and showed him that he had won the field, as Modred was now the only one left of the opposing hosts; but the King was not to be dissuaded, and gat his sword and ran toward Sir Modred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death day come." Modred was run through the body, but before he fell he smote the King so that the sworo pierced the helmet and the brain pan. "And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oftimes; and Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere oftimes heaved him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the sea side. And when the King was there he thought himself well eased." Becoming aware of the noise of robbers who had come to pillage the corpses, the knights determined to bring the King to some town, but in the effort to lift him up Sir Lucan died. Now knowing that his time was at hand, the King told Sir Bedivere to take Excalibur and go to the waterside and throw it into the water, and tell him what he then saw. Tennyson's account of what followed is almost precisely the same as that given by Malory . . . "And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and in the morning was ware betwixt two holts hoar of a chapel and an hermitage." Sir Bedivere found that at midnight King Arthur had been buried in the chapel by the hermit at the prayer of a number of ladies who had brought thither the corpse. Here he resolved to spend all the days of his life in fasting and in prayer for his lord Arthur, "and then Sir Bedivere put upon him poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly." Malory states that the hermit "knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur: for this tale Sir Bedivere, Knight

of the Round Table, made it to be written." He goes on to state also that men say he shall come again and win the holy cross. His own opinion, however, is that King Arthur "changed his life."

The differences between Malory's account and Tennyson's adaptation should be carefully noted. Nothing will show more clearly the poet's artistic power.

THE ALLEGORY.—Of the *Faerie Queene*, Hazlitt says, that, "if the readers do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them." This criticism is also applicable to the *Idylls*, but the thoughtful reader will find an additional source of pleasure in the interpretation of the poet's hidden meaning. It must be carefully remembered that King Arthur represents a pure conscience—the divine voice of the soul (see Introductory, p. 115). Each knight may be regarded as representing loosely that peculiar faculty or quality which is his most marked characteristic. As, however, the work is above all a poem, it will not do to press the allegory too closely; and as Tennyson has not forced the realistic narrative, and has given us only the hint contained in the lines quoted on p. 199, different interpretations of some passages may suggest themselves to different readers. In his poems generally Tennyson dwells on the elevating influence of pure wedded love and happy domestic life: to Guinevere's sin all the evils that came upon Arthur's kingdom are directly traceable. After stating that the body and its passions gain continually greater sway over the soul in spite of the Divine voice, a writer in the *Spectator* of January, 1870, thus poetically develops the author's meaning:—"From the sweet spring breezes of 'Gareth' and the story of 'Geraint and Enid,' when the first gush of poisoning passion burns for a time, and yet passes, we are led through 'Merlin and Vivien,' where, early in the storm, we see great wit and genius succumb; and through 'Lancelot and Elaine,' when the piteous early death of innocence and hope results from it; to the Holy Grail, where we find religion itself under the stress of it, and, despite the earnest efforts of the soul, blown into mere fantastic shapes of superstition. In 'Pellican and Etarre' the storm of corruption culminates,

whirling the sweet waters of young love out of their proper channels, sweeping them into mist, and casting them in hail upon the land. Then comes the dismal autumn-dripping gloom of the 'Last Tournament,' with its awful and portentous close. And then in 'Guinevere' the final lightning stroke, and all the fabric of the earthly life falls smitten into dust, leaving to the Soul a broken heart for company, and a conviction that, if in this world only it had hope, it were of all things most miserable. Thus ends the Round Table and the life-long labor of the Soul."

1-5. **Sir Bedivere**, the "first made and latest left of all the knights," may be taken to represent the "Will," which as "influence" survives the owner. Note particularly the adaptation of l. 3.

6. The battle symbolizes the awfulness and confusion of death. The words "weird" and "west" harmonize with the idea of the soul's departure, the "west" representing the close of life, as the sun sets in the west at the close of day.

7. **Gawain** is a man of the world—a "man about town"—light-hearted, fickle, volatile, pleasure-loving, flashing into transient fits of nobleness, and tumbling into pits of selfishness.

8. **Poetic truth**—Truth is adherence to fact or reality. Poetic truth is adherence to unity of representation in poetry or imaginative writing. The author must observe the consistent interdependence of events that might be expected if the occurrences were actual, and the actions of the persons represented must harmonize with their character as delineated in the composition.]

27-55. Apply here the Allegorical significance of Sir Bedivere.

29. **glamour**—A charm on the eyes which makes things seem different to them from what they really are.

30-32. See Introductory, p. 115, ll. 13-16. Such as "Arthur's Seat" at Edinburgh, and "Arthur's oven" near Falkirk.

36-41. **Modred**—The legend makes Modred sometimes the son and sometimes the nephew of Arthur. He symbolizes the mean-



nesses of human nature. "A subtle beast," he "lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne, ready to spring, waiting for a chance"; he "dulled the popular praises of the king with silent smiles of slow disparagement"; he "tampered with the lords of the White-horse, a heathen brood"; he "sought to make disruption of the Table Round"; "all his aims were sharpened by strong hate for Lancelot"—and he had "a narrow, foxy face, a heart-hiding smile, and a gray, persistent eye."

45-48. According to the Romances, King Arthur, who is supposed to have flourished in the sixth century, defeated the Romans in Gaul, subdued all Britain, Ireland, and even Norway and Russia. The Romances paid little attention to time or place: their heroes and heroines, no matter of what age or country, were always represented as mediæval knights and ladies.

50-51. The Anacoluthon here emphasizes the leading idea. The Allegorical meaning is evident.

58-60. *Lyonesse*—Said to be a tract of country between Land's End and the Scilly Isles, now submerged. Probably it really is St. Pol de Leon, in Brittany.

61-62. Conquered races take refuge in remote or inaccessible places: the Celts, conquered by the Germans, occupy the extreme west of Europe; the Basques defended themselves in the Pyrenees against the Celts; Cornwall might in its turn be the place of refuge also for a race conquered by the invading Celts. It is said that the skeleton remains found in some tombs in Britain belong to a race older than the Celts. See Morley's *First Sketch of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 1-4.

64. It must be remembered that ll. 1-146 were written in 1870, many years after the rest of the idyll (1842), and after Tennyson had left Lincolnshire; but unity of treatment requires the same character of scenery as that described in the earlier portion of the poem.

70-146. The thoughtful reader will see that this battle-piece has subtle meanings, and admirably portrays the struggle between the soul and death.

94. *voices of the dead*—Ghost-like sounds heard on the battle-field.

145. *Excalibur*—In the Romances, each hero has a sword, bearing a particular name and possessing magical properties. In "The Coming of Arthur" we are told that the Lady of the Lake gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword, whereby to drive the heathen out. She is described as being "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," and as knowing a magic subtler than that of mage Merlin. As Arthur sat crowned on the dais,

"a mist  
Of incense curled about her, and her face  
Was well nigh hidden in the minster gloom;  
But there was heard among the holy hymns  
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells  
Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms  
May shake the world, and when the surface  
rolls,  
With power to walk the waters like our  
Lord."

Excalibur is described in the same idyll as having risen from out the bosom of the lake:—

"And Arthur rowed across and took it—rich  
With jewels, Elin Urim, on the hilt,  
Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so  
bright  
That men are blinded by it—on one side,  
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this  
world,  
'Take me,' but turn the blade and you  
shall see,  
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,  
'Cast me away!' And sad was Arthur's  
face,  
Taking it, but old Merlin counselled him,  
'Take thou and strike! The time to cast  
away  
Is yet far off.'"

In the Allegory Excalibur represents Justice, the Lady of the Lake symbolizing the Church, which gives the soul its sharpest and most splendid earthly weapon.

149. *King Arthur's Table*—"The Table Round," according to the legend, was constructed in imitation of the one which Joseph of Arimathea himself established in imitation of that used at the Last Supper. There were thirteen seats round it, and one was always vacant, in allusion to the treachery of Judas Iscariot. Other accounts put the number at fifty, sixty, or more, and, according to some, the vacant seat, "the siege perilous" (see Introductory, p. 131), was intended for the Holy Grail. The Round Table came into the possession of Arthur as the marriage portion of his wife, whose father got it from Uther Pendragon, for whom it had been made by Merlin. The

Knights of the Round Table that appear in the Idylls are Lancelot, Bohort (or Bors), Gawain, Kay, Modred, Percivale, Gareth, Galahad, Pelleas, Bedivere, and Tristram.

153-154. The Britons were Christians at the time of the English invasion.

166. **Camelot** — Arthur's capital on the Eske, in Wales.

168. **Merlin** is the prophet and magician of Arthur's court—

" whose vast wit  
And hundred winters are but as the hands  
Of loyal vassals toiling for the King."

He represents allegorically human wisdom, which, before it falls beneath the power of lust (Vivien), is a "loyal vassal" of the soul. For centuries the people of Brittany and Wales believed that Arthur would return to rule again. When asked as to the truth of the story of "the shining dragon and the naked cloud descending in the glory of the sea," Merlin answered in "riddling triplets of old time," the last of which runs thus:—

"Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom  
blows:  
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who  
knows?  
From the great deep to the great deep he  
goes."

This phase of the Arthurian legend may have been suggested by the idea of the millenium and of Christ's second coming. The allegorical reference is evidently to the immortality of the soul.

169-183. As death draws near, the soul inspired by the divine voice, desires to cast away every earthly attribute; but the Will is weak. Not till Excalibur is thrown away do the three queens appear.

185. A king as well as a noble had to be created a knight.

284. **Aurora Borealis** literally means the "Northern morn."

43. Bellicent in her account of Leodogran

of Arthur's coronation tells how, ere "the momentary likeness of the King" left the faces of his knights,

" thro' the cross  
And those around it and the crucified,  
Down from the casement over Arthur,  
smote  
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays,  
One falling upon each of three fair queens,  
Who stood in silence near his throne, the  
friends  
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright,  
Sweet faces, who will help him at his  
need."

In the Allegory the Queens represent Faith, Hope, and Charity—"and the greatest of these is Charity." See 1 Corinthians xiii. 13. Observe how admirably in this description the poet carries out the conception of the Christian virtues.

399-400. In Book II. of "Paradise Lost," Milton describes the empyrean Heaven as

"extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire . . . .  
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain  
This pendant world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon."

And in another passage in the same book, when describing the creation of the earth, the Anarch addressing Satan, says:—

"Now lately Heaven and Earth, another  
world  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden  
chain  
To that wide Heaven from whence your  
legions fell."

The thought is adapted from Homer's "Iliad," Book VIII., where Jupiter defies the gods to hang a golden chain from Heaven, and drag him down, whereas he can with it raise earth and sea. Tennyson employs the myth to symbolize prayer; Milton, God's relation to Creation.

413. Referring to the old belief that swans sing melodiously just before death.

433. See 1 Corinthians xv. 54, *et seq.*

### Sir Galahad.

According to the legend, Sir Galahad was the son of Sir Lancelot. In the idylls he is a "wild, unearthly, cometary knight; the monk in armor; slave of his own illusions; deaf and blind to everything besides; as ignorant of the world as Gawain of the soul; a pseudo-

Curtius, who makes the gulf he leaps into, and draws down after him those who might else have 'fulfilled the boundless purpose of the king,' and served and saved the commonweal with 'crowning common sense.'"

15-16. The oath of knighthood required the knight to defend the weak and helpless, especially women and children.

42. Sir Percivale describes the Grail as

"The cup, the cup itself from which our Lord Drank at the last sad supper with his own. This from the blessed land of Aromat— After the day of darkness, when the dead Went wandering over Moriah—the good saint Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord. And there a while it abode; and, if a man Could touch or see it, he was healed at once By faith of all his ills. But then the times Grew to such evil that the holy cup Was caught away to heaven, and disappeared."

By some it was said to have caught the blood of our Saviour as He hung on the cross; and by others to have been brought down from heaven by angels and committed to the charge of knights who guarded it on the summit of a lofty mountain. If approached by any but a pure and holy person, it vanished from sight. This led to the quest of the Holy Grail, which was to be sought on every side by a knight who was chaste in thought, word and deed. The full form of the name is *Sangreal*, which is supposed to be a corruption for *Sanguis realis* (real blood); but the word *grail* or *greal* in the Languo Romance means a dish. Allegorically this Quest seems to represent monk-like or nun-like devotion to religion.

## HUXLEY.

### *The Scientific Spirit in Modern Thought.*

8. the plague—The imperfect sanitary regulations of olden times, and in many cases their entire absence, rendered the plague a chronic source of trouble. In Elizabeth's time it was very severe, and before the great Plague there never had been a time when the large cities were entirely free from it. Only favorable conditions were needed to make it destructive.

13. Defoe—Daniel Defoe (1661-1731) was a Dissenter, and, as a pamphleteer, took an active part in the political and religious questions of his time. His *Journal of the Plague* was for a long time regarded as a true history, so vivid are its descriptions and so truth-like its general character. His best known work, however, is *Robinson Crusoe*. While in prison for a bitterly ironical attack on the enemies of the Dissenters in another of his works, he planned *The Review* (1704-1713), which may be regarded as the predecessor of *The Tatler* and *Spectator*.

18. mad prayers of fanatics—There were also, Defoe tells us, the prayers of those,

who, while recognizing the plague as the result of natural causes, believed in the existence of a sovereign ruler of the universe, whom in the calm confidence of faith amid evils which they could not control, they besought to avert the dread calamity.

19. madder . . . profligates—One of the most terrible sights of the time was the carousing of the profligate class. They carried out faithfully the sinner's injunction, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

34. within the city walls—See note on l. 18, "Wolfe and Old Quebec."

40. Papists—A commemorative column was erected on the place where the fire broke out. That part of the inscription which states that the city had been burned by the Papists has since been removed

91. Royal Society—See Green's *Short Hist. of the Eng. People*, Chap. IX., Sec. I., "The Royal Society."

94. An event depends for its importance in history on the number of people it in-

fluences: it may influence a large number for a short time, or a comparatively small number for a long time.

103. **spinning-jenny**—This machine for spinning cotton was invented in 1764, by James Hargreaves, a cotton spinner of Lincolnshire. Before then only one or two threads could be spun at a time; the jenny spins a very large number

110. **possessing . . . value**—Useful only for a special purpose; useless otherwise.

114-128. Throughout this lecture Huxley applies the principles of Evolution, a doctrine which has influenced every department of thought during the present century. According to it, all phenomena of the mind as well as of matter are but manifestations of continually active, indestructible energy which have been evolved according to law from previous conditions, traceable through successive steps to the simpler forms from which they originated. Further, it obliterates the distinction between matter and spirit: matter and force have produced and can produce everything that exists or may exist. All our knowledge is derived from experience, which includes not only the direct impressions on our senses, but such results from these as may be verified by science. And further, our habits, our morals, our instincts, our language, and even the faculties of our mind, are simply transmitted experience. The statements in the text proceed entirely upon the doctrine of Evolution in culture. It must be remembered, however, that this is merely a theory, and is as yet unproved by any scientific comparison of archaeology with history. The Hebrew Scriptures, our oldest historical record, indicate that man was not left altogether unaided in the development of his faculties and knowledge by contact with nature, but that he received special instruction from nature's Divine Author. Such is still the belief of the great mass of Christendom.

128-149. The Jewish Theology, which as far as it goes, is identical with the Christian, and is thus entitled to rank, at least, amongst "the highest theologies," had no such origin. It was from the beginning a system not natural, but miraculously revealed. Man's sense of insufficiency with its attendant sad-

ness, is made by Huxley the origin of the conception of Divinity instead of a feeling, an instinct divinely implanted for the purpose of leading man to cast himself upon the care of a really existing God. Neither Homer nor any other ancient exponent of religion, favors the subjective origin which Huxley advocates. They all assert revelation as its source. The passage quoted in the text is an extract from a "Specimen of a translation of the Iliad," by Tennyson.

164-173. The only revelation of Deity possible is one comprehensible by man, the highest being of whom man has any continuous knowledge; hence theology must contain anthropomorphic elements: in other words, man must understand the nature of God by means of illustrations borrowed from the nature of man. Yet our conception of divine causality is distinct from that of the so-called "Laws of Nature," which are *forces* operating blindly. Divine causality is *power* such as man freely exercises over natural *forces*, making them obedient to his will, but as infinitely transcending human power as the Divine transcends the human. It is now generally allowed by the students of ancient religions that the earlier creeds were more monotheistic than the later, thus pointing to an original worship of one supreme being pervading the universe.

192. **beliefs of their fathers**—As that the earth is the centre of the universe, that it is a plain, etc.

207-208. **But . . . ideas**—The original study of the phenomena of the seasons and of the heavens was at first solely for the purpose of promoting man's welfare—"bread;" but this study led to the science, of Astronomy—to "ideas"—to the theory of the formation and government of the universe. See Matthew vii. 10.

211. **Nature's . . . vacuum**—Before the discovery of atmospheric pressure it was supposed that water rushed up of its own accord into the vacuum created by the motion of the piston in a pump.

226. **Count Rumford** (1753-1814)—Benjamin Thompson, was a native of Massachusetts, U. S., who before the outbreak of the Revolution, studied medicine and physics

while earning his own livelihood. Having joined the royal army, he did good service for the King in various capacities. At the close of the war he went to Bavaria, and soon rose high in royal favor, exerting himself to bring about reforms in many directions, but continuing his investigations in physics. In the meantime he was created a count, choosing his title from Rumford, near Concord, New Hampshire, where his successes had begun. In 1795 he visited England, where he was well received. Various economical appliances of heat engaged his attention; but he is especially remarkable for the experiments on which he founded the modern theory that heat is a mode of motion. Having observed the heat produced in the metal of a cannon while it was being bored, he found that, by rotating rapidly a metal cylinder in water, sufficient heat was produced to boil the water. From the conditions of this experiment he inferred that heat is not matter but motion. (For details, see Appendix to Chap. II. of Tyndall's *Heat as a Mode of Motion*.) This conclusion paved the way for one of the greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century—"The conservation of energy." Count Rumford founded a professorship at Harvard, and died near Paris in 1814.

233. "Physick"—See Green's *Short History of England*, Chap. IX., Sec. I., "Beginnings of English Science."

240-243. **practical eternity**—By this Huxley means that the origin of the universe lies so far back in the past that we can assert no date for its commencement. Through faith, however, we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God.

249 and 269. **man no centre of the living world . . . man one of innumerable forms of life**—By this Huxley means that man was not created by God to be the centre, or as he is more generally called, the head, of the

animal world; but that in the natural and general evolution of living forms, proceeding from the lowest organisms up to the highest, he has been at last produced. This doctrine of the descent of man from the brute has been combatted by many even in evolutionist ranks; it has no sufficient scientific evidence; it is directly opposed to the Scriptures and all tradition; and utterly fails to account for man's intellectual, moral, and spiritual nature.

255 *et seq.* It is true that animal and vegetable life, the only life whose manifestation is patent to our senses, depends for this manifestation on molecular arrangements. But the school which Huxley represents would make life a mere arrangement of molecules, or assert that the means of manifestation are the same as the thing manifested. The peculiar form of the boiler, with its attendant engine, may be necessary to the manifestation of steam and its power, but they are not the steam. The wire or other condition of the manifestation of invisible electricity is not the same thing as the electricity.

276. **loosen men's belief in spontaneity**—Spontaneity, freedom of thought or will, is the highest attribute of humanity. Physical science may have caused some men to doubt it theoretically. Practically, the whole world of individuals and communities invariably acts upon a belief in human freedom. What is highest in himself, man naturally attributes in a higher degree to Divinity, as the absolutely free and spontaneous in act. The uniformity of nature, therefore, is no matter of necessity, but a benevolent order imposed upon it by its Creator, for the sake of rational creatures who depend upon the constant recurrence of its phenomena for their plans of action. While belief in free will remains, belief in spontaneity, extending to miraculous interference with the ordinary course of nature must accompany it.

## BROWNING.

*My Last Duchess.*

"My Last Duchess" illustrates Browning's habit of taking his subject from a foreign, especially an Italian, source.

3. **Fra Pandolf**—*frah Pandulf*.

54. **Neptune**—In Greek mythology, the god of the sea.

55. **Claus of Innsbruck**—*Clows of Innsbrook*.

*Hervé Riel.*

**Hervé Riel**—*air-va' re-yell'*, sometimes in the poem, *veel*—The measure is *xxa* in lines of varying length; *xa* feet occur, and occasionally syllables must be slurred. The following is the scansion of the first stanza:—1st l., *4xxa*; 2nd l., *3xxa*; 3rd l., *4xxa*; 4th l., *4xxa*; 5th l., *xa*, followed by *3xxa*; 6th l., *2xxa*. The stanzas vary in length. The rhymes are irregular, but in most stanzas there will be found at least three lines with the same rhyme; in some, as ll. 54, 55, there are no rhymes.

1. **Hogue**—See Green's and Thomson's *Histories of England*.

8. **Damfreville**—*dahm-fre-veel'*.

12-14. Notice here and elsewhere the ballad style—the use of what purports to be the very words of a speaker, suddenly breaking out in the midst of a narrative, and giving vividness to the story.

18. **Formidable**—*for-me-dah'bl*.

22. **slackest**—It is "slack tide" when the water has reached its highest or lowest point—a quarter of an hour or so before it begins to turn.

43. **Tourville**—*toor-veel'*—(1642-1741)—A famous French admiral who, before the war with England in 1688, had distinguished himself in the Mediterranean and against the Dutch. In 1690 he defeated the Dutch and English fleet off Beechy Head. The

fight ending at La Hogue lasted five days. His final exploit was a successful attack, in 1693, on an English merchant fleet, occasioning great loss to the English merchants, and perplexity to William III.

44. **Croisickese**—*crwah'-zic-ee-se*—Natives of Croisic.

46. **Malouins**—*mal-oo-an'*—The people of Malo.

49. **Greve**—*grave*.

129-130. Referring to the figure-heads on the bows of vessels.

132. **bore the bell**—Probably referring to the practice of putting a bell on the neck of the best cow or sheep, making it the leader.

135. **Louvre**—*loovr*—A palace in Paris, now used as a picture gallery.

## CARLYLE.

*Friedrich Then and Friedrich Now.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Brimley's "Essays," Morley's "Critical Miscellanies," Minto's "Prose Authors," and Lowell's "My Study Windows."

2. **Sans Souci**—*sah(u) soo-se*—A country palace near Potsdam, belonging to the Kings of Prussia.

6. **amphibious Potsdam**—Potsdam, a fine city, is built on an island at the junction of the Neuthe and Havel rivers. The neighboring district is low.

10. **Vater**—*fah'-ter*.

13-14. **Spartan simplicity**—The Spartans of ancient Greece, especially before the fourth century B.C., were noted for the simplicity of their manners.

16. **Agamemnon**—Greek legendary history says that Agamemnon was king of Mycenæ, in the Peloponnesus, and leader of the united Greeks in their expedition against Troy (about B.C. 1200). In primitive times the staff (Greek, *skeptron*) was the sign of office.

30. **Olympian**—In Greek mythology the residence of the Gods was on Mount Olympus, in north-eastern Greece, between Thessaly and Macedonia. The gods were supposed to resemble men, but to surpass them in stature, and majesty and form of feature, as well as in power.

45. **Mirabeau**—*meer-ah-bo'*—(1749-1791)—Though belonging to the nobility, Mirabeau, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, espoused the popular cause, and was elected a representative in the National Assembly, where he soon acquired great influence by his ability and eloquence. He desired a constitutional monarchy, and thus had to oppose both the advocates of despotism and the extreme revolutionists.

60. **Dr. Moore**—The author of "Views of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany," published in London, 1779.

65. **Just . . . ago**—Friedrich died August 17, 1786; the "Life" appeared in 1856.

79-106. See Green's *History of England*, "Seven Years' War."

82-91. See Freeman's *General History*, last edition.

112. **Samson Agonistes**—*ag-on-is'-tees*—Samson, the wrestler, the title of Milton's

drama. See the story of Samson, Book of Judges, Chap. XIII. *et seq.*

113. **Samuel Johnson** (1709-1784) was born at Lichfield. After a life of great hardships, which he bore with sturdy independence, he became literary dictator of his time. His principal works are *Lives of the Poets*, London, a poem, *Rasselas*, and a series of weekly essays entitled *The Rambler*. But his most famous work is his Dictionary. His *Life* by James Boswell is the best biography in our language. See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 137.

116-118. **The rather . . . wheel**—That is, not dispirited and overcome by his difficulties.

128. **meteoric . . . coruscations**—Electrical phenomena frequently precede the shocks of an earthquake or the eruptions of a volcano. (For historical references, see Green's *Short Hist. of the Eng. People*, "The French Revolution.")

130. **Gabriel Honore Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau**—*gab-b-re-yell' on-or-a' re-kt-te' coante de*—See note on l. 45.

132-133. **the last . . . Ossa**—In Greek mythology the old gods Ouranos and Ge (Heaven and Earth) were dethroned by their offspring the Titans, the chief of whom, Chronos (Time), became supreme ruler; he in his turn was deposed by Zeus (Jupiter), his son Zeus afterwards had to sustain a struggle with the Titans (or Giants) who, in order to scale heaven and reach their enemy, piled Mount Pelion on Mount Ossa. Carlyle's meaning seems to be, that the old heroic kings had passed away, and that their place had been taken by able commoners before the fierce struggles originated by the French Revolution.

149-150. **real . . . indispensable**—This is, in reality, the leading idea in Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship."

165. **shilling gallery**—This has reference to that part of the theatre, admission to which costs a shilling. Carlyle means the common people at large, not the thinking class.

165-170. This passage is a humorous comparison of the character and conduct of the leaders in the French Revolution, with those of a burlesque hero in a farce.

167. **strength of windpipe**—The generals and government used to issue bombastic bulletins and proclamations.

169. **Jove**—The same as Jupiter, the chief god in the Roman and Greek mythology; he alone hurled the thunderbolts.

170. **Drawcansir**—"A boaster and a bully in the Duke of Buckingham's burlesque of *The Rehearsal* (1671) . . . a great hero who frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to number, good sense, or justice."

176. **Friedrich**—See Green's *Short History*, and Freeman's *General History*.

**Gustavus**—See note on l. 1, "The Great Duel."

**Cromwell**—See "Character of Cromwell," pp. 49-53, and Green's *History of England*.

**William the Conqueror**—See Green's *Short History of England*.

**Alexander the Great**—See note on l. 243 of "General Wolfe and Old Quebec."

184. **Austerlitz**—*ous-ter-lits*—A small town in Moravia, near which, in 1805, Napoleon with 80,000 men defeated the combined Rus-

sian and Austrian forces of 84,000; the former lost 12,000 and the latter 30,000.

**Wagram**—A village near Vienna where, in 1809, Napoleon with an army of about 180,000, fought a drawn battle with the Austrians.

187. **Rosbach** = *ch* as in *loch*—A village in Prussian Savoy, near which, on November 5, 1757, Frederick with an army of 22,000 men routed the French and Austrians with 60,000; only about half of Frederick's troops were in action. Of the Prussians 165 were killed, 376 wounded; the French and Austrians lost 3,000 killed and wounded, and 5,000 were taken prisoners.

189. **Leuthen**—*loi-ten*—A village in Silesia, Prussia. At this place, on December 5, 1757, Frederick with 33,000 men defeated an Austrian army of 92,000, inflicting a loss of 7,000 killed and wounded, and 21,500 prisoners. The Prussian loss was about 3,000.

198-200. **defended . . . manage**—See Green's *Short History*.

205. **Dick-Turpinism**—That is, robbery. Dick Turpin was a celebrated highwayman in the early part of the eighteenth century.

### The Taking of the Bastille.

For a concise account of the French Revolution, see *Prim. of French History*, pp. 102-115.

1-2. **thought . . . history**—The siege was the first effort of the French when armed in the cause of freedom. See note on l. 94 of "The Scientific Spirit in Modern Thought."

5. **Rue Saint Antoine**—*sant antwahn'*—St. Anthony Street.

6. **Louis Tournay**—*loo-ce' toor-nay'*.

13-14. **Pygmies and Cranes**—In Greek legend the pygmies were a race of diminutive people that carried on almost incessant war with the cranes.

14. **Elie**—*a-le'*—An officer in the army, who did his best to save the prisoners at the Bastille. He left the French Guards in the attack on the Bastille.

16. **Hulin**—*oo-lah'(n)*—A Genevese clock-maker, who headed the citizens in the attack on the Bastille; he tried to save De Launay, but was unsuccessful.

16. **Gardes Francais**—*gard frahn-sai'z'*—French Guards.

17. **Place de Greve**—*plass de grave'*—Square of Grave.

19. **Hotel de Ville**—*o-tel' de veel'*—Town Hall.

19. **Paris . . . burnt**—Words supposed to be uttered to the rulers of Paris at the Hotel de Ville, on the conclusion drawn by the mob from the state of the shot.

20. **Flesselles**—*fles-sel'*—The provost or mayor of Paris at the outbreak of the Revo-



lution; he was shot in the crowd after the capture of the Bastille.

24. The Parisians are very fond, in cases of tumult, of erecting barricades in the city.

26. **Maelstrom**—See note on "The Dark Huntsman."

27. **Cholat**—*sho-lah'*.

28. **Georget**—*zhor-zhay* (*g* like *z* in "azure.")

39. **Invalides**—Old soldiers, pensioners and inmates of the Invalides Hospital—a building erected in the reign of Louis XIV., for the worn-out servants of nobles, but the privilege of residence was afterwards extended to old soldiers.

51. **De Launay**—*de lo-nay*—The governor of the Bastille. On its capture he was killed by the crowd, notwithstanding the efforts of Hulin to save him.

53. **Aubin Bonnemere**—*o-bah(n) bon-mair'*.

57. **Raole**—*ra-ole'*.

61. **Rue Cerisaie**—*ser-ess-ai'*—Cerisaie Street.

65. **Abbe Fauchet**—*ab-bay fo-sha'*—A liberal-minded priest, who took an active part in the Revolution, exerting himself on the side of mercy.

74-75. **individuals . . . catapults**—The catapult was a machine used by the ancient Romans for throwing heavy stones.

75. **Santerre**—*sa(n)-tare'*.

83. **Maillard**—*mah-e-yay'*—A leader of the populace in some of its worst acts.

93. **Brogie**—*brole-ye'*—Occupied several important positions in the government and army. He escaped from France.

**Besenal**—*bez-en-val'*—Commander in Paris for a time, at the breaking out of the Revolution.

95. **Quais**—*kay*.

**Pont Neuf**—*po(n) nuf'*—New bridge.

102. **Marat**—*mar-ah'*—A native of Switzerland, who led an unsettled life in various countries. On the breaking out of the French Revolution he gained great influence over the lower orders, and incited them to hideous massacres. His newspaper demanded the death of hundreds of thousands. Robespierre, Danton, and Marat formed the terrible triumvirate whose rule was called the Reign of Terror. In April, 1793, Marat was killed by Charlotte Corday, an event that caused wholesale bloodshed.

103. **Avis au Peuple**—*a-vees o' p'upl'*—"The passionate printed *advice* (to the people) of M. Marat, to abstain, of all things, from violence."

110. **like . . . Senator**—When the Gauls captured Rome about B.C. 400, they found no one in the city but some old senators sitting quietly in their usual seats in the Forum.

111. **Thuriot**—*tu-ri-ot'*—A man of the Marat stamp, exceedingly cruel, who took an active part in the Revolution and the Reign of Terror.

117. **canaille**—*can-ah-e'*—Riff-raff, basest of the people.

120. **Basoché**—*Baz-osh'*.

120. **Cure**—*cu-ray*—A curate.

130. **Kaiser**—*ki'-zar*—German for *emperor*.

143. **Chimera**—*kim-e'-ra*—In Greek mythology, a fabulous monster that breathed fire.

146. **chamade**—*shah-mahd'*—A parley.

147. **Swiss**—Swiss mercenary soldiers were in the pay of the French king.

152. **Dove . . . Ark**—See Genesis viii. 11. The dove is the emblem of peace.

## GEORGE ELIOT.

*The Key to Human Happiness.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Hutton's "Essays"; Tuckerman's "English Prose Fiction."

15-17. **she . . . nature**—Maggie, with her impulsive disposition, could not endure the ordinary matter-of-fact life and the unsympathetic people she saw around her.

18. **hammered . . . Fetish**—"This was the trunk of a large wooden doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes above the reddest of cheeks; but was now entirely defaced by a long career of vicarious suffering. These nails driven into the head commemorated as many crises in Maggie's nine years of earthly struggle; that luxury of vengeance may have been suggested to her by the picture of Jael destroying Sisera in the old Bible."

35-36. **with their . . . spirits**—Compare "The music yearning like a god in pain."—Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, Stanza VII.

44. **Telemaque**—*tay-lay-mahk'*—The name of a book written by the celebrated Fenelon for the instruction of the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., King of France.

72. **Smithfield**—The place, now included in London, where those condemned for heresy were burnt.

77. **Eutropius**—A Roman historian, who lived in the fourth century.

78. **Virgil**—(B.C. 70-19)—The celebrated Roman poet. His chief works are the "Georgics," a series of poems relating to husbandry; and the "Æneid" (*e-ne'-id*), an epic commemorating the capture of Troy by the Greeks, the escape and wanderings of Æneas the hero, and his achievements and final settlement in Italy.

156. **Spectator**—See "Addison."

157. **Rasselas**—See note on l. 113, "Friedrich Then and Friedrich Now."

159. **Christian Year**—Or, "Thoughts in verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year," by John Keble, published in 1827. A deep and tender religious feeling pervades the poems, and an intense love for all that pertains to home.

160. **Thomas a Kempis**—(1380-1471)—A monk in an Augustine convent in the diocese of Utrecht. He is the supposed author of a work called "On the Imitation of Christ."

262-263. **not written . . . stones**—Thomas a Kempis *felt* what he wrote: he was a fellow-sufferer, not one who, at ease himself, counselled patience to those who were in sorrow.

271-310. The satiric tendency here manifested has been attributed to the influence exercised over the author by Thackeray's works. George Eliot expresses her scorn of those people who think it vulgar to hold and express deep convictions.

282. **Faraday**—(1791-1867)—Michael Faraday from the humblest position in life rose to be one of the foremost chemists and natural philosophers of the century. His discoveries were many and important, and his works on scientific subjects are of the highest value. His lectures, attended by all classes of society, were singularly clear, even when dealing with the most abstruse matters.

296-311. The life of toil and hardship and suffering needs some offset, some relief; one finds it in the excitement attending the use of intoxicating liquors; another, in enthusiasm for doing good.

## DICKENS.

*The Last of the Spirits.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Brimley's "Essays"; Tuckerman's "English Prose Fiction"; Masson's "Novelists and their Styles"; Buchanan's "Master Spirits"; "Monograph" in "English Men of Letters Series."

4. **gloom and mystery**—These, together with the absolute silence preserved by the Phantom on all occasions, are typical of the future it tells us nothing, but leaves us to imagine what *may* be; the past may speak, but is beyond recall; the future is in our own hands, we can shape it as we will, as far as depends on ourselves.

37 *et seq.* Dickens is a perfect master in his control over our emotions; by the enumeration of these loathsome sights our disgust is gradually aroused till it reaches its height in the hideous scene in the shop, where the almost diabolical talk and laughter of the woman who brought the shirt and curtains are partially excused by her reference to the character of the plundered, dead man. The same skill is shown in each of the transitions to other scenes: the startled cry of Scrooge (ll. 183-184) on finding himself in the dim, deserted room of the dead man, prepares us for the horror of the scene with the appallingly suggestive sounds made by the cat at the door and the rats beneath the hearth; the first word of introduction to Bob Cratchit's house puts us in a mood for the full appreciation of the exquisite tenderness of the scene in that bereaved home.

221-225. The reference is to the not well founded belief that cats and rats readily discover the presence of a dead body, and are eager to get at it.

241. See Mark ix. 36. Tiny Tim's supposed death is intended to be a contrast to that of Scrooge.

274-275. **They . . . wife**—The reference is, no doubt, to the burial of Tiny Tim on Sunday—the father had been to order the digging of the grave.

284-290. Tiny Tim's body was lying in the room.

291-335. Dickens was a keen observer of life; he knew well how closely merriment borders on grief.

388. **Laocoon**—*la-o'-co-on*—The Greek legend of the sacking of Troy, relates that Laocoon, a priest of Neptune, was killed with his two sons by being crushed to death in the folds of two huge serpents.

466. **Walker**—A slang word expressing utter incredulity.

476. **Joe Miller**—An actor of low comedy in the early part of last century, noted for his wit off the stage as well as on it. A collection of jokes attributed to him was published in 1739.

491. **Camden Town**—One of the numerous "suburbs" forming a part of London.

514-521. The benevolent man can find a source of pleasure in anything; it is but a reflex of his own wish to give pleasure to others.

## THACKERAY.

*Charity and Humor.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Roscoe's "Essays"; Senior's "Essays on Fiction"; Tuckerman's "English Prose Fiction"; "Monograph" in "English Men of Letters Series"; Leslie Stephens The Writings of W. M. Thackeray."

43. **Rev. Laurence Sterne**—(1713-1768)—Was settled as a clergyman in Yorkshire, but never obtained any distinction in this capacity. In 1759 appeared the first two volumes of his first book—*Tristram Shandy*—which was completed in 1767. It attained great popularity. Some volumes of sermons followed, and then his other work, *The Sentimental Journey*. Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy* is one of the finest compliments ever paid to the human race; he is the most unoffending of God's creatures; he is "the quintessence of the milk of human kindness." The story of Lefevre, another character in the same book, is told with extreme pathos. See *Literature Primer*, Chap. VII., pp. 123-124.

56. **Rennes**—*ran*.

61. **Swift**—Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was born in Dublin, but of English parents. The dependent position of his youth exerted a baneful influence on his naturally proud disposition. On leaving college he became secretary to Sir William Temple,—another position of dependence. Dissatisfied with his treatment by the Whigs, he joined the Tories in 1710, and took an active part in the political war of the day. He was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. See *Literature Primer*, Chap. VI., Secs. 115, 116, 117.

64. he chisels . . . tombstone — Swift composed an inscription for his own tombstone, the first sentence of which runs:—"Here is placed the body of Jonathan Swift, Dean of this Cathedral church, where fierce indignation can no more rend his heart."

76. **Stella**—The pet name given by Swift to Miss Esther Johnson, whom he married privately in 1716.

77. **Lady Masham**—See Green's or Thompson's *History of England*.

90-91. **Addison** . . . spoken—See "Addison." Thackeray had delivered a lecture on Addison previous to delivering the present one.

96. use . . . gentleman—"What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin; to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens and the love of your friends; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy;

and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute a gentleman, whatever his rank may be."—Thackeray, *George IV.*

107. **Broadway**—Then the fashionable street of New York.

108. **Pall-Mall**—*pell-mell*—A fashionable street in London, the home of the clubs.

112. **Sir Roger de Coverley**—See "Addison."

115-127. The scene of Thackeray's novel, *Henry Esmond*, is laid in the times of Queen Anne.

128. **Steele**—Richard Steele (1671-1729) was born in Dublin. His father was of an English family, his mother of an Irish one. Steele's disposition was impulsive, tender, and hearty; his fancy was bright; his humor most genial; and his wit had no bitterness in it: he loved all mankind. Unfortunately for himself, his reckless improvidence brought on him much misery, and more than once he was in a debtor's prison or in hiding from the bailiff. His wife preserved his letters, and it is in these that his true character may be seen. He was at various times in the army, in the civil service, and in parliament; but he was always a writer. His defence of the House of Hanover and the Protestant Succession led to his expulsion from the Commons by the Tory majority; but he was again a member after the accession of George I., by whom he was knighted. He wrote *The Christian Hero*; the comedies *Grief a la Mode*, *The Tender Husband*, *The Conscious Lovers*, and *The Lying Lover*. See *Primer of Literature*, Chap. VII., Secs. 115, 116, 121.

133. **Captain Coram**—Thomas Coram (1668-1751), an English philanthropist, who began life as a seaman, rising to be captain of a merchantman. After living for a time in America, he returned to England, and succeeded in establishing an hospital for foundlings (1740). On this and other similar charitable institutions he spent all his fortune.

137-159. **Before** . . . **Nature**—See *Literature Primer*, Chap. VI., Sec. 109.

142. **cothurnus**—The cothurnus, or buskin, was a kind of half boot lacing tight to the leg, often with thick soles for the purpose of increasing the height of the wearer. It was also worn by ancient tragedians, and hence "cothurnus" is often used for "tragedy," as the "soccus," or low-heeled light shoe, is for "comedy."

161. **motley . . . disguise**—In the old dramatic representations the "Vice" or clown was a character that made sport for the audience, often by satirical remarks on persons and things. The clown of the modern circus, in dress, at least, is the successor of the "vice." See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 78.

162-166. **mingling . . . increased**—By means of ordinary literature, the humorist would have a wider audience and be more generally understood than if he expressed himself in plays, or in disguised satire.

167. **Don Quixote**—The famous work of the Spanish author Cervantes (1547-1616), one of whose intentions in writing it was to put an end to the taste for romances of chivalry then regarded as true pictures of a former age.

168. **Gulliver**—See "Swift," above.

169. **Jonathan Wyld**—A novel by Fielding, published in 1743, and founded on the life of a notorious highwayman. "In that strange apologue the author takes for his hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite, that his experience in this matter could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life, with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect, and does not leave him till he is dangling at the gallows. . . . A satire like this strips off the spurious ornaments of hypocrisy and shows the beauty of the moral character."—*Thackeray*.

177. **Allworthy**—A country squire of amiable and benevolent character in *Tom Jones*, the most famous of Fielding's novels (1749).

**Dr. Harrison**—A character in Fielding's *Amelia* (1751). "Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth: Amelia pleads for her reckless, kindly old father, Harry Fielding; it is from his own wife that he (Fielding) drew this most charming character in English fiction."—*Thackeray*.

178. **Parson Adams**—A curate in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* "The worthy parson's learning, his simplicity, his evangelical purity of heart and benevolence of disposition, are so admirably mingled with pedantry, absence of mind, and the habit of gymnastic and athletic exercise, that he may be safely termed one of the richest productions of the Muse of Fiction."—*Scott*.

184. **Blifil**—A hypocritical character in Fielding's *Tom Jones*.

187. **Sophia**—Sophia Weston, the lovely and charming heroine in *Tom Jones*.

188. **Fielding**—(1707-1754)—Harry Fielding, though connected with the aristocracy of England, had to win his own way in life. He first tried writing for the stage, but abandoned it for the law. This failing, he wrote political pamphlets, till the appearance of Richardson's "Pamela" turned his attention to novel-writing. *Joseph Andrews*, his first book, was intended to ridicule Richardson. His position as Justice of the Peace, as well as the scenes and associates of his own wild life, furnished him with many of the characters he so vividly describes. See works, etc., mentioned above; also *Primer of English Literature*, pp. 128-129.

196. **Olivia**—The eldest daughter of the vicar in the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

198. **Moses**—The second son of the vicar in *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

213-214. **while each . . . neighbor's**—While singing *Auld Lang Syne*.

236. **fons lachrymarum**—*lack-re-ma'r-um*—"The fountain of tears."

236-237. **strikes . . . sparkle**—An allusion to the striking of the rock by Moses in the wilderness.

239-240. **pompous old urn**—The urn, used in ancient times to hold the ashes of the dead, is the emblem of mourning or death. In tragedy, the issue is generally fatal; and such themes are more earnest than those of other varieties of the drama. Hence the epithet applied by Thackeray to Tragedy.

264-266. **As for . . . monstrous**—Referring to the statement of phrenologists that the inequalities on the surface of the skull indicate certain features of character—the

"bump" at the back of the head indicating "philoprogenitiveness," or love of children.

269. **Nicholas Nickleby**—See p. 204. Squeers is the Yorkshire schoolmaster; Crummles is the theatrical manager; and the Phenomenon is the young son of Crummles.

306. **The Marchioness and Swiveller** are characters in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. See p. 278.

307. **Oliver Twist**—See p. 204.

310. **Sairey Gamp**—See p. 205, "She is coarse, greedy, inhuman, jovial—prowling around young wives with a leer, and old men with a look, that would fain lay them out." She makes continual reference to her mysterious friend, Mrs. Harris. "There are not many things of their kind so living in fiction as this nightmare."

314. **Micawber**—A character in Dickens's *David Copperfield*, who has firm faith in "something turning up." See p. 205.

## MACAULAY.

### *The Impeachment of Warren Hastings.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Monograph in "English Men of Letters Series"; Minto's "English Prose Writers"; Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay."

19. The Semitic nations write from right to left; the Chinese and Japanese in columns from top to bottom; the ancient Mexicans, from bottom to top.

20-24. **according . . . Oude**—See Green's *Short History*, Chap. X., Sec. 11., "Warren Hastings," and "India in the American War"; Sec. 111., "Trial of Hastings."

28. **Bacon**—See Green's *Short History*, Chap. IX., Sec. 1, "Lord Bacon."

29. **Somers**—John, Lord Somers (1651-1716), a celebrated English statesman, prominent in the exciting times in which he lived. He was counsel for the seven bishops in 1688, and subsequently filled several of the highest offices in the state, becoming lord chancellor and a peer in 1697. In 1700 he was removed from the chancellorship, and arraigned before the House of Lords for his share in the Partition Treaty, but the charge was withdrawn. He afterwards recovered his influence at court.

29. **Stafford**—See Green's *Short History*, Chap. VIII., Sec. III., IV., V.

32. **High Court of Justice**—See Green's *Short History*, Chap. VIII, Sec. IX—"The King's Death."

37. **king-at-arms**—The principal heraldic officer; he regulates the arms of peers and

the Knights of the Bath. The garter king-at-arms attends upon the knights of the garter at their solemnities, marshals their funerals and those of royal personages, and performs other duties of a ceremonial character.

41-42. **earl-marshal . . .** The office of earl-marshal, in feudal times, was one of great importance. At present its duties are confined to matters relating to pedigrees, coats of arms, etc. The office is hereditary in the family of the dukes of Norfolk.

43-44. **Prince of Wales**—Afterwards George IV.

55. **Siddons**—(1755-1831)—Mrs. Sarah Siddons, the renowned actress, was the daughter of an actor named Kemble, who took her on the stage when she was a mere child. Previous to 1782 she had been only one season on the London stage. In that year she returned, and henceforth was regarded as the greatest actress of her time. In tragedy she has never been equalled in Great Britain. Her great impersonation was Lady Macbeth.

57. **historian . . . Empire**—Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) passed his early life partly in England and partly in Switzerland. He was a very close student and his retentive memory enabled him to store up an almost

incredible amount of knowledge. His great work is the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which appeared in 1776, and was completed in 1787.

58. **Cicero**—The celebrated Roman orator (B.C. 106-43).

59. **Verres**—*ver'-rees*—The infamous Roman governor of Sicily (B.C. 73-71). It is said that his extortions and plundering did more harm than two wars. On the expiration of his office he was accused by the Sicilians, who employed Cicero to conduct the prosecution. Verres was condemned and spent the rest of his life in exile.

59-60. **before . . . freedom**—For the position of the Roman Senate after the establishment of the Empire, see Schmitz' *Ancient History*.

60-61. **Tacitus . . . Africa**—Tacitus was appointed one of the prosecutors of Marius, Roman governor of Africa (A.D. 99). See note on "Tacitus" under "Agricola," p. 57.

63. **Reynolds**—Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) early manifested a decided taste for painting, and was put by his father under the best portrait painter of the time. He spent three years studying the masterpieces in various cities of Italy. In 1752 he returned to London, and his reputation was soon established. When the Royal Academy was founded (1767) he was elected president. He lived on intimate terms with the leading men of the time.

66. **Parr**—Samuel Parr, LL.D. (1747-1825) was a noted scholar in his day, though he has left but little trace of his influence. His conversational powers were great, and his reputation is said to be largely owing to this gift.

70-72. **There . . . faith**—The allusion is to Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom the Prince of Wales (Geo. IV.) was devotedly attached. Had the prince been permitted to marry her, his private and public life might have been vastly better.

77. **Mrs. Montague** (1720-1800)—. . . wealthy lady of literary tastes who became a leader in London society, and made her home the resort of literary men. She is best known by her volumes of "correspondence."

77-80. **And there . . . Devonshire**—The reference is to the celebrated election canvass, when the Duchess of Devonshire and other ladies bribed with a kiss some of the electors to vote for Fox.

78. **Fox**—See Green's *Short History*, Chap. X., Sec. III.

112. **Pitt**—See Green's *Short History*.

118. **Lord North**—See Green's *Short History*.

124. **Great . . . eloquence**—This age may be said to have begun with Pericles about B.C. 450, and reached its highest development with Demosthenes (died B.C. 322). See Schmitz' *Ancient History*.

125. **Sheridan**—Richard Brindley Sheridan (1751-1816), one of the greatest orators of his day, began his literary life with the comedy *The Rivals*, which after a time established its author's reputation. *The School for Scandal* (1777) is his chief work, and still keeps its hold on the stage. Of his other dramatic works, *The Critic* (1779), a clever farce, is the best. In 1780 Sheridan, through the influence of Fox, entered parliament, and did good service for the Whig party and its great leader.

125. **Demosthenes**—*de-mos'-then-es*—(B.C. 385-322.) An Athenian, the greatest of the ancient orators. His life was passed in constant endeavors for the good of his country. The history of his life is the history of Athens at that period; so intimately was he associated with public affairs. His character is worthy of all praise; he was able, brave, pure, and disinterested.

125. **Hyperides**—*hi-per-i'-des*—A renowned Athenian orator, contemporary of Demosthenes. Like the latter, he exerted himself in the cause of Greek freedom, exciting the Athenians, both by his eloquence and by his example, to oppose the designs of the Macedonians. His masterpiece is the funeral oration he delivered over his countrymen who fell in the "Samian" war. He was killed by Macedonian emissaries.

126-128. **ignorant . . . hearers**—Burke was termed the "dinner-bell" of the House, owing to the departure of so many members when he rose to speak. See "Burke."

134. **Windham**—The Right Honorable William Windham (1750-1810), on entering political life, opposed the administration of Lord North, but became a member of the famous "coalition government." Afterwards, he joined Burke and Pitt in opposing the French Revolution. At a later time, when a member of Pitt's government, he brought forward a measure of radical reform in the army, which was passed after a severe struggle. Windham was an excellent speaker, "his eloquence was the most insinuating that was ever heard in the House of Commons." All parties held him in high esteem.

150. **Charles, Earl Grey**—(1764-1845)—En-

tered parliament in his twenty-second year, and from that time forward took an active part in all political, and in many social, movements. His exertions on behalf of reform, good government, and liberty, can hardly be over-estimated. The Reform bill of 1831-2, and the great measures following its adoption, were largely due to his far-seeing statesmanship and his philanthropic character. "A more honorable man never existed. A moral dignity stamped his every action, and over his truthfulness no cloud ever passed."

172. **hostile Chancellor**—Lord Thurlow.

172-173. **for . . . defendant**—This was the confession of Hastings himself.

## WORDSWORTH.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry," "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy," and "On Poetic Interpretation of Nature"; Monograph in "English Men of Letters Series"; Hutton's "Essays"; Brimley's and Masson's "Essays"; Main's "Treatury of English Sonnets."

### *The Ode.*

The metre is irregular, and varies in character according to the poet's mind. By observing the accents, each line may be easily scanned. Thus with the first stanza:—The 1st line is 5*x*a; the 2nd, 4*x*a; the 3rd, 2*x*a; the 4th, 4*x*a; the 5th, 5*x*a; the 6th, 5*x*a; the 7th, 3*x*a; the 8th, 2*x*a; and the 9th, 6*x*a.

4-5. In regard to this ode Wordsworth says:—"Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the idea of death as applicable to my own being. I have said elsewhere:

'A simple child  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death?'

But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came, as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to read over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as being external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something set apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature.

Many times while going to school have I grasped a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of mere processes. In later periods of life, I have deplored, as we have all reasons to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as expressed in the lines 'Obstinate Questionings, etc.' To that dreamlike vividness and splendor, which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here." Referring to the Platonic doctrine of prenatal existence, he adds, "'Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whercon to rest his machine.' Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was compelled to write this poem on 'The Immortality of the Soul,' I took hold



of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make the best use of it I could as a poet."

25. Even the "cataracts" share in this general joyousness.

28. **fields of sleep**—The sleeping country that surrounds him.

36. The "shepherd boy" feels his kinship to the Spirit that pervades Nature.

41. **coronal**—(Lat. *coro'na*)—At feasts among the Greeks and Romans the guests were often crowned with garlands.

59. An interval of nearly two years intervened between the writing of what follows and the preceding stanzas. **Our birth . . . forgetting**—Since we have no recollection of our prenatal existence. Observe that in l. 63 we are told that there is not "entire forgetfulness."

61. **Setting**—The end of the prenatal phase of existence.

72. **the east**—The metaphor is taken from the sun's course.

73. **Nature's Priest**—The boy has a closer connection and more direct communication than the man with the Spirit that pervades Nature.

86-108. The poet now describes the conduct of a child which anticipates in its play some scene from what it expects its future life to be. In the next stanza he asks why it should thus "provoke the years to bring the inevitable yoke," when its childhood is attended by the "vision splendid."

104. **"humorous stage"**—The stage in which are exhibited the "humors," or odd fancies and caprices of mankind.

105. **Persons**—(Lat. *perso'na*)—The character in a play. The poet refers to the fact that children often imitate in play the conduct of their elders.

111. **best Philosopher**—Cf. ll. 116-117. **The blind** are those who, when grown up, do not see the "celestial light." The child is the "eye," for he can see it; but the sense employed is sight alone; nor do his feelings find vent in words.

114. **haunted** qualifies "that"—cf. p. 257. ll. 35-39.

115. **Mighty Prophet!**—Observe that "prophet" means here simply one "inspired."

123. **thy being's height**—The child's condition is the highest phase of its spiritual existence.

130. The glow of the celestial fire has departed; its "embers" only are left.

142-148. See quotation in note on ll. 4-5—The "fallings from us, vanishings" occur in those conditions of mind in which everything seems unreal, when life seems but "a dream within a dream."

162-168. Man's life is compared to a journey from the sea-coast into the interior. The ocean is the other world which the child has left. At the outset he sports upon the shore. He still recognizes, but without realizing its value, his kinship to the spiritual world. When in earnest moods, the man has glimpses of this higher world—he is transported, as it were, to the shore of the ocean, where he sees "the children sport upon the shore," that is, he experiences the same feeling as children to whom every common sight is "apparelled" in "celestial light."

187. The reflections in ll. 176-187 show "the philosophic mind."

191-200. The "one delight" he has relinquished is that childhood's "heaven that lies about our infancy" and makes all nature lovely. But instead of that, he now lives under the habitual sway of Nature, not in reality inanimate to him (ll. 78-85). Hence, he says, that while he can still enjoy the "innocent brightness of the new-born Day," yet also has he learned by experience to read the lesson of mortality which the close of day with its setting sun seems to teach. According to some, l. 200 is to be interpreted thus: "We have thus been preceded by an elder generation, or by a previous stage of existence, and it has won its own triumphs." Better paraphrase it thus: "After my first joyous experiences of childhood, with all its heaven-born triumphs; other palms are won also in this later stage of life, in which I exchange the lessons of the bright dawn for the soberer teachings of the dying day."

## COLERIDGE.

*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Swinburne's "Essays and Studies"; Shairp's "Studies in Poetry"; Hazlitt's "English Poets"; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History."

The stanza is usually a quatrain (four lines), rhyming only in the second and fourth lines; middle rhyme (see note on "The Maple") is, however, very common, especially in the third line of the stanzas. It adds much to the melody of the verse, and is often used with startling effect, as in l. 61.

8. **May'st**—In this case the "st" is really the second personal pronoun, though its force as such is unfelt.

36. **Minstrelsy**—This is the old meaning of the word—a number of musicians.

55. **clifts** = clefts; but it may mean cliffs.

57. **ken**—See or perceive; now usually employed in English as a noun.

62. **Like . . . . swound!**—Persons in a swoon are said to hear loud and even terrible noises. The form "swound" is common in Norfolk and Suffolk.

76. **vespers**—By Meton. = evenings.

91. Sailors are even yet very superstitious regarding the killing of an albatross or a stormy-petrel.

98. **uprist**—"This is a weak preterite form—up-rised." Chaucer uses *upriste* as a noun—"the sonne upriste" = the sunrise. "A common provincial [English] form of the preterite of the simple verb is *ris*, shortened from *rist*." In America housekeepers sometimes talk about "riz bread."

103-107. **The fair . . . down**—The weird, mysterious character is kept up by these lines, representing a rapid advance and a sudden breaking into a charmed region where all motion at once ceases.

109. **break**—A provincial pronunciation is *breck*.

111-112. **All . . . noon**—The peculiar haze of a hot atmosphere gives to the sun and sky the appearance here described.

123-126. **The very . . . sea**—Allowance must be made for poetical exaggeration in this horrible description, but it is a well-known fact that winds and storms are important agents in keeping the ocean pure; in the hot latitudes a long period of dead

calm gives opportunity for the development of innumerable gelatinous marine animals, many of which are phosphorescent; their frail substance cannot resist the force of the waves, but is broken to pieces. See note on ll. 273-281.

127-130. **About . . . white**—See note on ll. 273-281.

128. **death-fires**—Among the superstitious, this name, as also "corpse-candles," was given to certain phosphorescent lights that appeared to issue from houses or rise from the ground. It was believed that they foretold death, and that the course they took marked out the road that the dead body was to be carried for burial.

152. **I wist**—The pres. inf. is *to wite*, obsolete except in the sense of "namely"; the pres. indic., I wot; past, I wist (older form, wiste).

164. **Gramercy!** = "Thanks"; a compound of the two French words *grand* = "great," and *merci* = "thanks."

184. **gossameres**—Said to be a corruption of "goose summer," from the downy appearance of the threads—possibly a shortened form of "goose summer thread."—*Skeat*. "A legend says that the gossamer is the remnant of the Virgin Mary's shroud that fell away in fragments as she was taken up to heaven. It is this divine origin which is indicated by the first syllable, *i.e.*, *Godsummer*."—*H'edgwood*.

185 *et seq.* Following this stanza in the original edition was the following ghastly description of Death, subsequently omitted by Coleridge:—

"His bones were black with many a crack,  
Are black and bare, I ween;  
Jet black and bare, save where with rust  
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust,  
They're patched with purple and green."

200. Within the tropics the twilight is very short.

226-227. This comparison was suggested by Wordsworth.

234. This reference to the guardianship of saints is an element in the weirdness of the poem, as it carries us back to a remoter time whose customs are indistinct to us now.

245. **or ever**—"Or is the Anglo-Saxon *œr*, = *ere*"—before. It is probable that *or ere* arose as a reduplicated expression, in which *ere* repeats and explains *or*; later, *ere* was confused with *or e'er*; whence, *or ever*."—*Skeat*. "Or = before, and *ere* stands for *ever*; hence *or ere* = before ever; and is almost always found at the beginning of a clause."—*Hales*. See Daniel vi. 24; Psalm xc. 2; also, Hamlet I., iii., 147.

257-258. **An . . . high**—In the Bible, oppression of "the fatherless and the widow" is denounced as one of the greatest of sins.

273-281. **water-snakes**—"Captain Kingman, in lat. 8 deg. 46 min. S. long., 103 deg. 30 min. E., passed through a tract of water 23 miles in breadth and of unknown length, so full of minute (and some not very minute) phosphorescent organisms, as to present the aspect (at night) of a boundless plain covered with snow. Some of these animals were "serpents" of six inches in length, of transparent, gelatinous consistency, and *very luminous*. . . . The phosphorescence of the ocean prevails largely through the whole extent of the tropical seas, and proceeds from a great variety of marine organisms—some soft and gelatinous, some minute crustacea, etc. They shine mostly when excited by a blow, or by agitation of the water, or when a fish darts along, or oar dashes, or in the wake of a ship when the water closes on the track. In the latter case are often seen what appear to be large lumps of light rising from under the keel, and floating out to the surface, apparently of many inches in diameter. . . . One of the most remarkable of the luminous creatures is a tough, cartilaginous bag or muff-shaped body, of more than an inch in length, which, when thrown down on the deck, bursts into a glow so strong as to appear like a lump of white hot iron. One of the most curious phases of phosphores-

cence . . . is the appearance on the surface of calm or but little agitated water of luminous spaces of several square feet in area, *shining fitfully, and bounded by rectilinear, or nearly rectilinear, outlines*, presenting angular forms, across which the light flashes as if propagated rapidly along the surface."—Herschel's *Physical Geography*.

282 *et seq.* The calamities that befell the Mariner were caused by his indifference to animal life, and by his wanton cruelty; the punishment continues till he takes pleasure in the animals and loves them.

290-291. **The albatross . . . sea**—The falling of the bird from the Mariner's neck, and its sinking "like lead into the sea" are emblematic of the forgiveness granted to him. Henceforth his language changes; it is joyous often, or in the solemn tones of one giving advice from dear-bought experience—there is no longer anything horrible in it.

297. **silly**—Originally this word meant "happy," the meaning here. It is one of those words—such as *coy*, *simple*, *innocent*—that have suffered degradation. See Abbott and Seeley's *Eng. Lessons for Eng. People*, pp. 48-53.

320-321. **And the . . . edge**—The contrast between the one black thunder-cloud and the bright moon beside it produces a most striking effect.

339-335. The idea of navigating the ship by dead men was suggested by Wordsworth.

337. **'gan**—In the old ballads and other writings this abbreviated form is followed by the infinitive, as here, without the sign *to*.

359. Spirits usually do their work in the dark.

394. **I . . . declare**—I do not know.

397. **Two voices**—Possibly intended to represent justice and mercy; the one speaking angrily; the other soothingly.

419. **For . . . grim**—Referring to the influence of the moon's attraction on the ocean, causing tides. A tidal wave follows the course of the moon over the ocean.

424-425. **The air . . . behind**—A vacuum being thus created in front.

455. **in shade**—The apparent shade, produced by the minute ripples caused by a slight breeze passing over the water.

501. **cheer** — Hail, to ask if a pilot was wanted.

552-553. **Like . . . afloat**—It is said that

the bodies of the drowned rise to the surface of the water after seven or nine days.

582, *et seq*—The wandering of the Mariner is doubtless imitated from that of the "Wandering Jew," who, legend says, on account of refusing to allow Christ, when on His way to Crucifixion, to rest on a seat belonging to him, was doomed to perpetual wandering on earth. He often tells his story, and preaches Christianity to the nations through which he passes.

## LAMB.

### *Dissertation on Roast Pig.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Monograph in "English Men of Letters Series"; Alexander Smith's "Last Leaves"; Hazlitt's "Table Talk," "Plain Speaker," and "Spirit of the Age"; Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography"; Talfourd's "Life and Letters"; "Dublin Afternoon Lectures on Literature and Art"; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Literature of the Nineteenth Century."

6. **Confucius**—(551-479 B.C.)—A celebrated Chinese philosopher and reformer, who strove to direct the attention of men to the social and political duties of life. He taught universal charity, impartial justice, rectitude of heart and mind, and conformity to ceremonies and established usages. Universal education he inculcated as a necessity; sacrifices to the genii and spirits he recommended as an old established custom; but he taught nothing regarding them. Obedience to the emperor was enforced by his system. The ruling and literary classes of China are still followers of Confucius.

7. **Golden age**—The age of Saturn, when peace and happiness reigned on earth.

126. **Locke**—John Locke (1632-1704) the English philosopher whose great work, the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, is said to be the most influential in modern philosophic literature. (See Green's *History of England*, Chap. IX., Sec. I., "Hobbes.")

140. **mundus edibilis**—*mun'-dus edib'-il-is* "The edible world" = "everything eatable."

141. **princeps obsoniorum**—*prin'-ceps obson-i-or'-um* = "Prince, or chief of viands."

145. **amor immunditie**—*am'-or im-mun-dil'-i-te*—Love of uncleanness.

148. **præliudium** — *præ-lu'-di-um* = "Prelude."

176-177. Lines from an epitaph by Coleridge.

180-182. **he hath . . . die**—A reference to Milton's Sonnet on Shakespeare.

208-209. **few . . . kind**—Lamb's salary was at first only a hundred pounds a year; when he retired it was about seven hundred, but he had been in the service thirty-three years.

217. **Lear**—In Shakespeare's play of *King Lear*, the old king divides his dominions between two of his daughters, reserving nothing for himself.

265. **per flagellationem extremam**—*pur flag-gel-la-ti-o'-nem ex-tre'-mam* — "By extreme whipping"—whipping to death.

NOTE ON QUESTIONS.—An **Essay** is a prose composition treating of any subject. It is usually shorter and less methodical than a formal treatise. Essay originally meant an attempt. Another form of the word is *Assay*, which is now used in the sense of a trial of the composition of a metal. "The character of the essay has been various in various hands—with Swift, political and bitterly

satirical; with Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith, a composition of pathos, humor, and polish; with Johnson, a solemn sermon; with Coleridge, a metaphysical treatise. In our day it has become the vehicle of personal experiences and mild egotism." See *Prim. of Eng. Lit.*, pp. 123-125.

**Montaigne**—A French writer (1533-1592). His *Essays* were published in England in 1685, by Charles Cotton. They are of a gossipy nature, the thoughts being expressed with engaging confidence. "He was the first to give the word *Essay* its modern meaning, though he dealt with his subjects in a spirit of audacious shallowness, which many of his successors have endeavored

to imitate, but which few have imitated successfully. Abundant citation from the classics is one of his chief characteristics; but the two main points which differentiate him are (1) the audacious egotism and quaintness with which he discourses of his private affairs and exhibits himself in undress; (2) the flavor of scepticism which diffuses over his whole work."—Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature*.

Most so-called American humor is really burlesque, characterized by extravagant language, maudlin sentiment, and, in many cases, grotesque spelling. Some of it, however, is of a higher cast, resembling that of its British prototypes.

## SCOTT.

*The Tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Jeffrey's "Essays"; Carlyle's "Essays"; Senior's "Essays on Fiction"; Masson's "Novelists and their Styles"; Stephen's "Hours in a Library"; and Tuckerman's "History of English Prose Fiction."

7. **burgesses**—Inhabitants of the cities. **yeomen**—The word *yeoman* was used in two senses—one "a servant of the next degree above a groom; the other, people in middle rank, not in service; in more modern times it came to signify a small landholder." Some etymologists derive *yeoman* from the Anglo-Saxon *geonge man*, "young man," a term often applied to servants; others connect it with the Germanic word *ga*, or *go*, a village, etc.; hence a "village man."

**merry**—This word in olden times meant "brave, or valiant."

24. **cap-a-pie**—*cap-a-pee*—Literally "head to foot."

43. **a contemporary**—Coleridge.

49-50. **the place . . . more**—See Job VII., 17.

62-63. **It was . . . Land**—The crusades had introduced into Europe very many of the customs and practices of the East.

74. **arms of courtesy**—That is, to a trial of mere skill.

81-82. **Brian de Bois-Guilbert**—*Bwan Gilber*—One of the leading characters in *Ivanhoe*. He belonged to the Knights Templars, a military and religious order founded at Jerusalem in the early part of the twelfth century, for the purpose of protecting that city and the pilgrims coming thither. At first the Knights affected great poverty, but ultimately they became very wealthy; this, together with their arrogance and luxury, aroused the hostility of the French kings, one of whom, Philip IV., induced Pope Clement V. to join in a plan for suppressing the order. This took place throughout Europe in 1312.

88. **Reginald Front-de-Bœuf**—*buff*—This character holds a subordinate place in *Ivanhoe*; the others mentioned seldom appear again in the story.

98. **Knights of St. John**—Afterwards of Malta. A famous military and religious order that originated A.D. 1042 in connection with an hospital dedicated to St. John the Baptist for the relief of pilgrims visiting the Holy Sepulchre. Hence known as Hospi-

tallers. They were afterwards established in various parts of Europe, especially in maritime towns.

126. **attaint** — *at-ta(n)*, "aim" — Literally "reaching."

137. **Cedric**—A Saxon noble, father of the hero of the novel; he is supposed to represent the character and aspirations of the English at that time.

143. **Athelstane**—In *Ivanhoe*, the representative of the Saxon claims to the crown of England.

155. **melee**—*may-lay*—The second day of the tournament, in which the combatants fought in two opposing bands, not man opposed to man, as in the first day.

160. **Wamba**—The jester of Cedric.

175. **clowns**—The lower class of people.

184. **Saracenic**—The name Saracen was given by mediæval writers to various Mohammedan peoples of Palestine, and also to the Arabians generally.

196. **Desdichado**—*des-de-chah'-do*—Literally "torn up."

203-204. **Hospitaller** — See note on "Knights of St. John" above.

224. **Gramercy**—See note on l. 164 of "The Ancient Mariner."

250. **Gare le Corbeau**—*gahre le cor-bo'*—"Beware the crow."

330-331. **Cave, adsum**—*ca'-ve, ad'-sum*—"Beware, I'm here!"

396. **Lady Rowena** — Ward of Cedric, connected with the old Saxon royal family, and beloved by *Ivanhoe*.

### Rosabelle.

The poem is a pure ballad in form, and shows how deeply Scott had imbibed the spirit of the old popular poetry, which he had studied so long and so carefully.

1. The opening of the poem is characteristic of the old minstrelsy. See "Coleridge," p. 274.

5. The direct address to others by an unknown speaker is very characteristic of old ballads.

7. **Ravensheuch** signifies "raven's crag"; *hcuch* being the same as "Haughs" in *Leader Haughs*.

10. **inch**—An island.

11. **Water-sprite**—Old superstition peopled every stream and lake, grove and hill with spirits, many of which were ill disposed towards mankind.

18. **Roslin**—A ruined castle situated on the banks of the Esk, and the ancient seat of the St. Clairs or Sinclairs.

21. **ring they ride**—A ring, lightly fastened, was suspended from a beam between two upright posts; the tilters dashed full speed at the ring and endeavored to carry it off on the point of their spears as they passed beneath.

25. The vividly-descriptive powers of

Scott are nowhere seen with greater effect than here; though the elaborate character of the description is foreign to the natural simplicity of the old ballad.

32. **Hawthornden** — A mansion-house beautifully situated on the banks of the Esk, near Roslin. The poet Drummond (1585-1649) lived there.

34. The barons of Roslin were buried in their armor in a vault beneath the chapel floor.

38. **sacristy**—now called a *vestry*—An apartment in a church in which the sacred utensils, vestments, etc., were kept.

39. **pillar . . . bound**—The pillars in Roslin Chapel were ornamented with *sculptured foliage*.

43-44. Legend says that in many other Scottish families the death of one of their number is foretold by some supernatural appearance. The apparition of an old man, Scott says, foretold death in the family of Bruce.

50. Alluding to the burial rites practised in the Roman Catholic Church.

## BYRON.

*The Prisoner of Chillon.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Trelawney's "Shelley and Byron"; Karl Else's "Life of Byron"; Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Swinburne's, Rosetti's, and Matthew Arnold's Prefaces to Editions of Byron's Poems; and Mrs. Oliphant's "Literature of the Nineteenth Century."

Chillon is situated at the eastern extremity of Lake Geneva.

The measure is 4xa; ll. 2, 3, and 227, 228 are 2xa; ll. 17-25 are 4ax, catalectic; the rhyme is somewhat capricious, but varying in the main between couplets and alternate rhyme. The poem belongs to the Romantic class.

10. **banned**—The original meaning of **ban** was a proclamation; hence "to outlaw by proclamation;" also "to curse." Another meaning in Middle English was "to prohibit"—the meaning in the text.

35. **marsh's . . . lamp**—The Jack o' Lantern.

55. **Fettered**—"Fetters" properly refers to bonds for the *feet*.

57. **pure . . . earth**—Freedom, open air, beneath the sky.

71. **ought**—This word is properly a past tense.

107—**Lake Lemman**—Lake Geneva; the ancient name was Lemannus.

108. Byron's prose account says 800 feet (French).

109. **meet and flow**—The Rhone flows through Lake Geneva.

117-118. **We . . . knocked**—So in the tin mines of Cornwall extending under the

English Channel, the sound of the water is heard overhead.

179. Byron is thinking of the decapitation of some criminals which he witnessed at Rome.

237. **wist**—Past tense of "to wit," to know; present tense "wot."

318. I . . . **wall**—"In the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces."—(Byron.)

336. **blue Rhone**—This is not quite correct. When the Rhone, which has its source in a glacier, enters the lake, it is charged with mud from the grinding down of the road over which the glacier moves. The river, on issuing from the lake, is blue, for the still water of the lake allows the sediment to fall to the bottom.

337. There is a torrent close behind the Castle of Chillon.

341. **little isle**—This was the only island that Byron saw in his voyage round the entire lake.

## BURNS.

*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Chambers' Life; Carlyle on Burns; Alexander Smith's Introduction to Burns's Poems; and Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry," and "On the Poetic Interpretation of Nature."

The intricacy of the stanza chosen has forced the poet to a more careful elaboration than would be necessary in his more familiar measures; but at the same time it trammels his imagination.

The stanza is the Spenserian, consisting of nine lines, the first eight being 5*xa* and the ninth 6*xa*; the rhymes being three only, viz.: ll. 1, 3; 2, 4, 5, 7; 6, 8, 9. The "Faerie Queen" and "Childe Harold" are written in this measure.

**Cotter**— "In its original acceptation the word Cottier designates a class of subtenants, who rent a cottage and an acre or two of land from the small farmers. But the usage of writers has long since stretched the term to include those small farmers themselves, and generally all peasant farmers whose rents are determined by competition."—Mill's *Political Economy*.

2. **No mercenary bard**—Poets were accustomed to dedicate works to some one who was wealthy or influential, with the hope of securing his favor, and of thus extending the sale of their books.

15. **moil**—Growing dirty by toiling through dust and sweat. The word is used now, for the most part, in connection with *toil*: "toiling and moiling."

17. **morn** and *morrow* are different forms of the same. Middle English word *morwen*. *Morning* is the same with the noun-suffix *ing*.

21. **toddlin'**—It must be remembered that the Scotch dialect is not a corruption of the classic English; of the two the former is much the purer English. Three well marked dialects existed in England—the Southern, the Midland, and the Northern; modern English developed from the second of these, and the Scottish, with but slight change, is the third, having very little intermixture of foreign words. The present participle, in the writings of the fourteenth century, ended in *and, end, inde, inge*; in Scotland the "d" was gradually dropped leaving "n" the final letter; in England the form "ing" is the one that has survived.

26. **carling cares**—These two words are of the same meaning; in Anglo-Saxon *carc* care.

27. **toil**—At present the sound of *oi* does not rhyme with the long sound of *i*; but it seems to have done so last century. Compare the often-heard pronunciation of *broil* and *soil* as *brile* and *sile*.

30. **tentie rin**—*Tentie* is said to be a corruption of *attentive*; the Anglo-Saxon word for run is *irnan*; by the loss of the termination *an*, and by the very common transpo-

sition of *r*, the form *rin* is produced, still heard in some dialects of England as well as in Scotland.

31. **canny** here means requiring care, or careful; but the context often determines the precise sense.

34. **braw** is the same as *brave* in the sense of *fine*, so used in Shakespeare; also in the Bible—"the *bravery* of their tinkling ornaments."

35. **penny-fee**—The latter part of the compound indicates the pay; the former, the *kind, i. e., money-pay* or wages.

40. **uncos**—News, *i. e., things uncouth*, unknown.

44. **Gars**—A Norse word found in the northern counties of England as well as in Scotland. Spenser uses it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*.

52. **gang**—Our nouns *gang* and *gang-way* preserve the old form.

56. **kens**—We still hear in English the noun *ken*, as in "beyond my ken." It is the same word in reality as *can*.

57. **cam**—The Scottish form is the more correct; final *e* should not be in the English word.

62. **hafflins**—The *lins* is an old English adverbial termination; it is the same as *ling* in *darkling, grovling*.

64. **ben**—A shortened form of the Anglo-Saxon *binnan*, within; it is the inner room of the house as opposed to the room next the door, called *but*; this latter being a shortened form of *butan*, without.

66. **no**—This is the simple negative, the Anglo-Saxon *na'*; *not* is a compound of *na'* and *a'ht*, ought, anything.

69. **laithfu'**—Our word *loth*.

72. **lave**—Anglo-Saxon is *la'f*, remains, leavings—what is *left*.

92. **halesome**—An older spelling than the English *wholesome*; the Anglo-Saxon simple form is *hal*, which is seen in *heal, health*.



94. **hallan**—"In houses where there is but one room the *hallan* is a low partition wall, or screen running between the door and the fire-place."

103. **ha' Bible**—The Bible kept in the principal room.

106. **Those . . . glide**—Referring to the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms of David.

111-113. **Dundee, Martyrs, and Elgin** are names of tunes in Scottish psalmody.

113. **beets**—Feeds with fuel; said to be a shortened form of the Anglo-Saxon *betan*, to make better.

119. See James II., 23; 2 Chronicles XX., 7.

120-121. See Exodus XVII., 15, 16.

122-123. See 2 Samuel XII.

125-126. The Book of Isaiah is largely poetical, and shows more sublimity and power of vivid imagination than any other in the Bible. Several of the other Prophets are poetical in part.

131. **sped**—Fared. 132. **precepts sage**. The "Epistles" of the different apostles.

133-135. See Revelations I., 9; XVIII.; XIX., 17.

138. Quoted from Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

143. In the company of those they love, and of Christ, who is "still more dear."

148-149. The rhyme of these two lines is peculiar; *heart* may have the sound of *hurt*, a pronunciation heard in Scotland; or *desert* may have the sound of *desart*, as in the English pronunciation of clerk, *clark*; Derby, *darby*; some old people still say *desart*, showing that such was once the pronunciation. See the same rhyme, ll. 185-187.

165. See "Deserted Village," l. 53.

166. Quoted from Pope's *Essay on Man*, IV., 247.

182. **Wallace**—See Green's *History of England*, "Conquest of Scotland."

## BURKE.

### *The Spirit of Liberty in the American Colonies.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—MacKnight's "Life of Burke"; Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Morley's "Edmund Burke: a Historical Study."

CRITICAL.—107. The right of publishing parliamentary debates had substantially been established in 1772.

21-26. **First . . . your hands**—Read carefully Chap. VIII., Sec. IV., Green's *History of the English People*. The spirit of liberty in the English was aroused to its highest pitch in the struggle against the Stuart tyranny.

25. **took . . . direction**—In America everything was new; there were no traditions of the past, or established customs or institutions to interfere with the full development of the principles of freedom inherent in the English constitution.

29-30. **Liberty . . . object**—That is, it is not a mere idea, but connected with something practical; such as the liberty claimed by the English, of taxing themselves through their representatives.

32. **It happened, etc.**—See in Green's *History of England*, the struggle with King John, Henry III., Edward I.; Wat Tyler's rebellion; Jack Cade's rebellion; Wolsey's administration; and the struggle with James I. and Charles I.

34-35. **Most of the contests**—See in Schmidt's *Ancient History* the struggle between the plebs and the patricians at Rome regarding magistrates; and at Athens between the Aristocratic and Democratic parties.

39. **On this point, etc.**—Such as Sir Thomas More, Eliot, Pym, Hampden, St. John (Bolingbroke). See Green's *History of England*.

46. in ancient parchments—See Green's *History of England*—Magna Charta, Edward I. and the Baronage (Chap. IV., Sec. V.), Petition of Right, etc.

47. blind usages—The custom of the country, though not existing in definite statute.

52. delivered this oracle—An allusion to the belief of the ancient Greeks and Romans, that the gods gave responses to the inquiries of the people in very important matters.

59-61. Liberty . . . alarmed—This is not quite correct; the question of religion was prominent during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; under James II. the question at issue was wholly religion, at least in appearance.

73. merely popular—That is, purely popular—as in New England, where the provinces were purely democratic; Pennsylvania and Maryland were *proprietary governments*—the former owned by the Penns and the latter by Lord Baltimore; New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia were *royal governments*. Virginia was, perhaps, the most violent in language against Great Britain.

77. Aversion from—We say, now, usually, "aversion to." The former is preferable on etymological grounds, the word *aversion* being formed from *a*, from or away; and *vertere*, to turn.

83-85. The people . . . opinion—Congregationalists, Presbyterians, etc.

130. as broad . . . air—See Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act III., scene IV.

139-140. ancient commonwealths—All the ancient republics, e.g., Greece, Rome, Carthage, had numerous slaves.

Gothic ancestors—If taken literally this is incorrect; the descendants of the Goths are in Spain, and Northern Italy, and Sweden; the ancestors of the English were Low Dutch, like the Hollanders and the German tribes along the North Sea. Probably Burke meant "Gothic" as a general term, equivalent to "Germanic."

140-141. such in . . . Poles—In 1772, after the first dismemberment of their country by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the Poles became aware of their danger, and made great changes in their constitution; among others they granted civil rights to the peasants, who had till then been in a state of serfdom.

158. Blackstone—Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780) is best known as the author of the *Commentaries on the Laws of England*. These were originally delivered in the form of lectures at Oxford, where he was a professor, and are an exposition of English law in popular language.

159. General Gage was appointed in 1774 governor of Massachusetts; his stern character only hastened the outbreak of the war. After the battle of Bunker's Hill he was recalled to England.

167. mighty—This use is now somewhat colloquial, but the word in Burke's time was common in this sense.

167-168. honorable . . . friend—Attorney-General Thurlow.

174. Abeunt studia in mores—*ab'e-unt stu'di-a in mo'-res*—"Studies influence character."

177-178. judge . . . grievance—It has been said that the laws of England have no symmetry, being merely a confused jumble. This arises from the fact stated by Burke; no scientific or symmetrical body of laws was drawn up, but when a grievance was felt a law was made to meet it—an evidence of the decidedly practical character of the English people.

191-192. winged . . . sea—The British men-of-war. pounces (Fr. *ponce*; Lat. *pugnus*, "a fist"); claws or talons.

199-200. In large bodies, etc.—The allusion is to the circulation of the blood.

208. Spain . . . provinces—Spain's provinces are now only insular; she has lost all her South American colonies.

219. accession of power—See Green's *History of England*, Chap. X., Sec. II., "The Stamp Act."

## GOLDSMITH.

*The Deserted Village.*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Forster's and Irving's "Life of Goldsmith"; Masson's "Essays"; Thackeray's "English Humorists"; Macaulay's "Essays"; Hazlitt's "English Poets"; De Quincey's "Eighteenth Century"; Ward's "Poets."

2. **swain**—A very common last century word, but little used now except in sportive language.
6. **Seats . . . youth**—Home of my boyhood. We still speak of a "country seat."
- 13-14. **The hawthorn . . . made!**—See "Cotter's Saturday Night," ll. 79-81.
15. **coming day**—Some village holiday.
16. **remitting**—Used in the sense of *ceasing*.
16. **its**—Referring to the noun *play*—a somewhat unusual construction.
17. **train**—Another last century word, common in Goldsmith. Cp. l. 2.
25. **simply**—"Merely"; or it may bear the meaning "innocently."
27. **mistrustless**—"Unconscious."
40. **And half . . . plain**—In Goldsmith's eyes cultivated fields were the most beautiful, as affording evidence of a numerous and prosperous peasantry; when the area of cultivation was reduced, the beauty was *stinted*.
44. **The hollow . . . nest**—Cf. Scott's  
"Well rest thee, for the bittern's cry  
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."  
—*Lady of the Lake*, Canto IV.
46. **unvaried cries**—The bird is often called the *peewit*, on account of its peculiar cry.
51. **Ill**—The use of the same word in different senses in close proximity is an error.
52. **Where . . . decay**—This is Goldsmith's mistake; since his day Great Britain has vastly increased in wealth by means of trade, and the population is over three times as great as when he lived.
54. Compare "Cotter's Saturday Night," l. 165; also Burns's lines—  
"A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might."
- 55-56. Everywhere the farming class is regarded as the strength of a country. Historians attribute the overthrow of the Roman Republic to the destruction of tenant farmers and of the free proprietors of small farms.
57. This is but another form of the common expression, "the good old times"; it merely shows dissatisfaction with the present state of things. Goldsmith's ideal country was one possessing a numerous and contented peasantry; and he looks back to the time when a larger proportion of the English people were peasants.
63. The unhappy state of things which the author thinks exists in England, he attributes to the great development of trade.
66. **Unwieldy . . . cumbrous**—Excessive wealth displayed in vulgar, tasteless ostentation.
- 67-68. The satisfying of one want gives rise to another; and foolish people suffer in obeying the dictates of vanity.
74. **manners**—Customs.
79. Goldsmith never returned to Lissoy after leaving it for Edinburgh.
104. Trade compels men to engage in the most dangerous occupations.
154. **Claimed kindred**—A fellow-man in need. Cf. Shakespeare's "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."
162. **His pity . . . began**—Charity gives to a worthy object; pity appeals to the feelings without regard to worth in the object.

164. Cf. ll. 149-150. Indiscriminate giving out of pity would foster idleness, but pity is a virtue.

170. Perhaps Goldsmith is imitating, consciously or not, Chaucer's character of the "poure persoun" in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*—

"Benigne he was, and wonder diligent . . .  
He cowde (could) in litel thing han (have)  
suffisaunce . . .  
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,  
That first he wroughte, and afterward he  
taughte . . .  
He was to sinful man nought despitous  
(merciless) . . .  
He waytede after no pompe and rever-  
ence . . .  
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he folwede (followed)  
it himselfe."

Goldsmith had probably read only Dryden's version of the *Canterbury Tales*. Addison, Wordsworth, and Crabbe have also delineated the character of the good pastor.

209. **terms**—Periods during which courts, etc., are in session.

209. **tides**—Seasons, such as *Easter-tide*; not the periods of ebb and flow of the ocean. Auburn was not on the coast. Perhaps the words are the same as in "time and tide wait for no man," where *tide* means *season*.

220, *et seq.* Goldsmith draws from his own experience in the description of the ale-house. On leaving college he returned to his mother's house, and spent about two years doing little or nothing; but he used to meet regularly at the inn a club of merry young fellows, over whose carousals he presided.

232. **The . . . rules**—These rules are said to have been drawn up by King Charles I.; they are as follows:—

1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no companions. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

232. **the royal game of goose**—Some say the game called "Fox and Goose"; others that a much more elaborate game is meant.

243. **barber's tale**—"The endless garrulity of barbers is a perpetual matter of joke or disgust with the novelists of George II.'s time."—*Hales*.

244. **woodman**—A wood-cutter. His song or *ballad* would evidently be about the forest.

## POPE.

### *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

**BOOKS OF REFERENCE.**—Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Ward's "Poets"; Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Hazlitt's "English Poets"; De Quincey's "Leaders of Literature"; Saint Beuve's "Causeries"; Taine's "English Literature"; Stephen's "Hours in a Library"; Lowell's "My Study Windows."

3. **Dog-star**—Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars; it is above the horizon in the day time during the hottest part of the summer, in the months of July and August. Madness was supposed to be more frequent during this period than at any other.

4. **Parnassus**—A mountain in Greece (Hellas); in Greek mythology the resort of the muses. The word is here used by Meton for those who affect poetry.

13. **Mint**—"Suffolk House in Southwark (London) was converted into a mint for coining. This was afterwards pulled down and its site covered with cottages. The whole district, containing several streets and alleys, was a sanctuary for debtors."—*Pattison*. On Sunday debtors were free from fear of arrest.

23. **Midas**—A mythical king of Phrygia in Asia Minor. He offended the god Apollo,

who thereupon bestowed on him ass's ears. For a time he concealed them under his cap, but a servant who used to cut his hair observed them. The secret so harassed the man that being afraid to betray it to any human being, he dug a hole in the earth and whispered into it, "King Midas has ass's ears." The story goes that a reed grew up on the same spot and by its whispers divulged the secret.

39. **Codrus**—A traditional name for a poor poet. So likewise **Bavius**, l. 51.

47. **Throned, etc.**—Referring to the position of the spider in the centre of its web.

50. **arch'd eyebrow**—"In a peer, expressive of contempt."

52. **Philips** (Ambrose), called by Pope elsewhere, "namby-pamby Philips." He wrote a good deal of very commonplace poetry, which, however, was highly praised by Addison. He was the object of a great deal of ridicule from the wits of the day. The bishop of Armagh, afterwards Primate of Ireland, was his patron.

53. **Sappho**—The name of a celebrated Greek poetess of the sixth century, B.C.; here evidently intended for some female writer of verses.

63. **Grub Street**, now Milton Street in Moorfields, London, inhabited for generations by writers of various kinds. Before Pope's time it had become the home of the basest of scribblers, who wrote for anyone that would hire them. Hence the term was often applied to any poverty-stricken, mercenary writer.

65. Pope's letters were carefully written with a view to being published; but wishing to have this done, as it were, surreptitiously, he resorted to many contemptible contrivances to effect his purpose. On their publication he would openly abuse the man who had published them.

66. In Pope's days, and for a long time afterwards, it was customary for an author, especially if poor, to solicit subscriptions for a book not yet published, and often not yet written. The money thus obtained would enable him to publish his book.

68. **Horace**—A celebrated Roman satirical

and lyric poet; he died A.D. 8. In person he was short and stout.

69. **Ammon's great son**—Alexander the Great—The priests of Jupiter Ammon, in the Oasis of Siwah, declared he was the son of that god. See note on l. 243, "General Wolfe and Old Quebec."

70. **Ovid**—A Roman poet, born B.C. 43, died A.D. 18.

70. **Sir! . . . eye**—It is said that Pope suffered from weakness of the eyes.

74. **Maro**—The Roman poet Virgil. See note on l. 78, "The Key to Human Happiness."

76. **Homer**—The great epic poet of Greece; wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It is uncertain when he lived; many suppose it was at least as early as B.C. 800.

79. **a fool to fame**—"So foolish as to desire fame greatly."

85. **Arbuthnot** (1675-1735)—Physician to Queen Anne; he had a taste for literature, and wrote several works. Thackeray says he was "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished and gentlest of mankind." Another writer declares, "it is known he gave numberless hints to Pope, Swift, and Gay, of some of the most striking parts of their works." He lived on terms of closest intimacy with Pope.

87-93. The persons mentioned were friends of Pope; all attained at least some eminence in literature. **Granville** became Lord Lansdowne in 1711; **Walsh** was one of Pope's earliest patrons; **Garth** was an eminent physician; **Congreve** wrote some of the wittiest comedies in the language, but their moral tone is bad; **Talbot**, duke of Shrewsbury, was an eminent statesman; for **Somers**, **Rochester**, **St. John**—see Green's *History of English People*; **Dryden** and **Swift**—see *Primer of English Literature*.

98. **Burnet**—Bishop of Salisbury, a voluminous writer, but known chiefly by his *History of my Own Time*. Dryden says of him—

"Interest in all his actions was discerned,  
More learned than honest, more a wit than  
learned."

Pope hated him, and so classes him with writers of a much lower grade.

101. **Fanny**—Lord Hervey, a nobleman of the court of Geo. II.; by some regarded as a fop, by others as a man possessed of "wit, beauty, and gentle manners." Pope hated him intensely, and assailed him on several occasions.
103. **Gildon**, an obscure writer of the time, who had attacked Pope in two publications.
105. **Dennis**, a dramatist and critic; Pope had many bitter quarrels with him. He and **Gildon** appear in the *Dunciad*.
116. **Bentley** — Richard Bentley, D.D. (1662-1742), the great Latin and Greek scholar; well known for his editions of the Classics. He edited also Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Pope knew personally little of Bentley. Macaulay says, "He was the greatest scholar that had appeared in Europe since the revival of letters." See monograph in "English Men of Letters" series.
116. **Tibald**—Pope's way of spelling Theobald, a critic and writer of the time, who edited an edition of Shakespeare, which Pope chose to regard as a rival to his own; Theobald was placed on the throne as the hero of the *Dunciad* in the early editions of the poem.
120. Cf. note on l. 116.
127. **Ambrose Philips** (cf. note on l. 52)—the author of "Pastorals," which Pope accused him of stealing.
138. **Nahum Tate** (1652-1715)—He was poet-laureate; wrote poems, translations, etc.; also a version of the Psalms of David in conjunction with Brady.
156. **obliged** — Note the pronunciation. See section 175, Earle's *Philology of the English Tongue*.
157. When "Cato" was first brought out Steele introduced into the theatre a number of Addison's admirers from the Inns of Court.
162. **Atticus**—Addison is intended.
163. **Apollo**—The god of music and poetry among the Greeks and Romans.
- forked hill**—Mount Parnassus, in Greece, often referred to by the poets as having two peaks.
164. **Bufo**—Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, an eminent statesman and a liberal patron of men of letters. Macaulay says of him, that after he became Lord of the Treasury he gave up writing poetry himself, but "wisely determined to derive from the poetry of others a glory which he would never have derived from his own." He had many faults, and, "Above all, he was insatiably greedy of praise, and liked it best when it was of the coarsest and rankest quality." See Green's *History of the English People*.
165. **dedication**—Writers rewarded liberal subscribers or sought to gain the favor of the influential, by dedicating books to them. Of course there were some, such as Addison, who were not mercenary in their dedications.
- 171-172. **seat . . . eat**—Note the pronunciation. See Earle's *Philology of the English Tongue*, secs. 181-183; also sec. 171 for "reserve," l. 179.
180. "Halifax may have not unreasonably thought that a Tory poet and Catholic convert, a political convert too, might have had his wants supplied by his own party."—*Pattison*. Halifax, however, offered to pay the expenses of Dryden's funeral and to give £500 for a monument.
188. **Gay**—See *Primer of English Literature*. Pope says, "He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princess." This he refused, and soon after went to live with the Duke of Queensbury, who managed his money affairs for him. He died worth £3,000. There "Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken and his saucer of cream, and frisked and barked and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended. . . . But everybody loved him."—*Thackeray*. Pope wrote an epitaph for Gay's monument.
198. Other writers of the period could say the same; Addison, Prior, and Steele owed their positions to the vigorous employment of their pens in defence of the Government. The bitter party warfare of the time occupied more or less of the attention of every literary man. But Pope was writing of a thing of the past; for, in 1735, Walpole's

system of bribing members of Parliament rather than literary men had been long in vogue.

212. **Sir William Yonge**, Secretary of War (1735-1746); a very witty and able speaker. **Bubo**—George Bubb Dodington—Lord Melcombe.

231. **Who . . . swear**—Pope's description of Timon's villa is here referred to. In the "Moral Essays," 4, 141 and 149. It is believed that he meant Canons, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Chandos. Here, however, he wishes to insinuate that the description was of an imaginary place. The Duke possessed a very amiable character, and Pope is said to have tried to escape from the reproach he thus brought on himself by writing him an exculpatory letter.

237. **Sporus**—Lord Hervey—see l. 101. "It seems questionable if the poet's virulence here be not an error in point of art, as it undoubtedly is an offence against public morality. The accumulation of odious epithets and disgusting images reverts the imagination and enlists our sympathy against the writer. Like all overcharged statements, it arouses mental resistance and prompts disbelief. . . . Every reader feels how

much the picture wants probability."—*Pattison*.

251-252. See Book IV., l. 800, *Paradise Lost*. **familiar** means attendant spirit. Lord Hervey was the confidential adviser of Queen Caroline, wife of Geo. II.

281. **blow unfelt**—A story went the rounds to the effect that Pope was thrashed in the streets of London.

283. Pope's enemies used to publish worthless poetry over his name.

285. Pope was extremely sensitive on this point; he would not allow a full-length portrait of himself to be taken; such are met with only in contemporary cartoons.

287. **friend in exile**—Doubtless Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, who, on being exiled from England for taking part in Jacobite plots, joined the Pretender in France.

294-299. "Pope is here expressing a sentiment genuine and deep. But mixed up with this, as seems inevitable in all that comes from Pope, is a strain of deception. The lines, as originally conceived, had another object, and were afterwards altered and applied to Mrs. Pope. When this epistle was published Mrs. Pope had been dead eighteen months."—*Pattison*.

## MILTON.

### *Lycidas.*

**BOOKS OF REFERENCE.**—Ward's "Poets"; Monograph in "English Men of Letters" series; Masson's "Life and Times of Milton"; Addison's "Spectator"; Johnson's "Lives"; Macaulay's "Essays"; Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy"; Hazlitt's "English Poets"; Masson's "Essays"; Macdonald's "English Antiphon"; Brown's "Milton"; Jerram's "Lycidas."

The prevailing metre is 5*aa*; but this is varied by 3*va* lines; the rhymes occur sometimes alternately, but often at longer and irregular intervals.

1. **once more**—Milton here intimates that, although he has given up poetical composition, he returns to it once more, that he may offer a tribute to the memory of his friend. The plants mentioned in ll. 1-2 are symbolic of poetry in general.

3-7. The terms "harsh" and "crude" refer to his estimate of his early poetical compositions.—For "forced," cf. l. 6.

6. The "occasion" was "sad" in itself, but the object was "dear." **Dear** may, however, mean "important."

8. **dead . . . prime**—King was only twenty-five when he died; he had been destined for the church, and was noted for his piety, scholarship, excellent talents, and amiable character.

10-11. **He knew . . . rime**—A Lat. idiom for "he knew how," etc. In "build the lofty rime," Milton imitates also the Latin, where, however, the word "condere" (to build) originally meant "to put together." **rime** from the O. E. *rim* is here correctly spelt, the modern spelling is based on the supposition that it is connected with "rhythm."

13. **welter**, "to roll" (*wallow*, Lat. *volv-o*).

14. **melodious tear** (by Meton), "mournful strain."

15-16. We have the invocation usual in poems of this nature. The "sacred well" is Aganippe on Mt. Helicon in Bœotia; the "seat of Jove" is the altar to Jupiter on the same hill. Some take the reference to be to the fountain of Pieria, near Mt. Olympus, in Thessaly.

18. **coy**—Formerly used of things as well as of persons.

19-22. The poet's meaning is:—"As the Muses enable me to honor the memory of my friend, so may some gentle poet record my praises when I am in my tomb."—**my destined urn**—"the tomb destined for me." Amongst the Greeks and Romans the ashes of the dead were placed in urns and kept in their houses. **With lucky words favor** has in Lat. and Gr. a technical sense, meaning "to speak words of good omen." The old Roman wish was "May the earth sit light upon thee." **my sable shroud** is by some regarded as being equivalent to "my gloomy tomb." Possibly, however, it means simply "grave clothes."

23. **the self-same hill** = "Cambridge"; **Fed the same flock** = "were companions in study"; **old Damœtas** (l. 36), = "a poetical name for some college fellow"; **rural ditties** (l. 32), = "their Latin and Greek verses."

27-28. **heard . . . winds** = "heard the horn of the gray-fly at the time when the winds," etc. Frequent allusions occur in Milton's poetry to his habit of early rising. **sultry horn**; in accordance with a classical idiom an epithet is used instead of an adv. phrase of time.

32. **ditty** (Fr. *dicte*; Lat. *dictum*): Properly means the words of a song as opposed to the air; applied here to some short poems.

32. **oaten flute**; a flute made from the stem of the oat; chosen by English poets as the emblem of pastoral poetry.

34. Milton may here possibly refer to the less studious spirits amongst his fellow students.

45. **canker**; a swelling on the blossom of the rose caused by a caterpillar's bite.

46. **taint-worm**—According to Sir T. Browne, the "taint" is a spider of a red color, supposed by the country people to be deadly poison to cows and horses. If this is what Milton means, "worm" is used in a general sense.

50-55. This kind of address was a favorite one with Greek and Latin poets. **the steep** is supposed to be a hill in Denbighshire, where the Druids are said to be buried.

54-55. **Mona**; Anglesey—**Deva**; The Dee, the boundary between England and Wales.

"The changing of his fords,  
The future ill or good of either country told."

56. What is the old meaning of "fondly"?

58-63. **Orpheus**, a mythical personage—the son of the Muse Calliope. Presented with a lyre by the god Apollo and instructed in its use by the Muses, he enchanted with his music, not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks so that they moved from their places to follow him. Various other fictitious stories are told of his extraordinary musical powers. Among them is the following, which is referred to in the text:—He followed his lost wife Euridice into the abode of Hades, and won her back on condition that he should not turn to look at her until they had arrived at the upper world. Unable to restrain his curiosity to see if she was following him, he looked round just as they were about to pass the fatal bounds, when she was caught back into the infernal regions. His grief for her loss led him to treat with contempt the Thracian woman, who in revenge tore him to pieces during one of their orgies. His head was thrown into the Hebrus, down which it rolled to the sea and was carried to Lesbos. The myth probably refers to the introduction and power of music.



64-84. We have now the first digression: the shepherd becomes the poet. The thought is: What does one gain by the laborious pursuit of learning, when life is so uncertain. Phœbus, however, reminds him that fame, the reward of noble deeds, lives on in Heaven after death.

66. **meditate** . . . **Muse** = "to compose a song by which no recompense is obtained."

67. A reference to the fashionable love-poetry of his day, Amaryllis and Neæra being common poetical names.

75. According to the Greeks the Fate, Atropos, cut off with her scissors the thread of each man's life. In his indignation Milton calls her a "blind Fury," the Furies being properly the avenging deities.

77. **touched** . . . **ears** — Among the ancients the ear was regarded as the seat of memory.

79-80. The meaning may be—

(1) "Nor is it set off to the world in the glistening foil, nor does it lie in being widely known"; or

(2) "Nor does it lie in the glistening foil set off to the world, nor in it being widely known."

In (1) "foil" will mean "metal setting of a jewel"; in (2) "some base metal which looks well to the eye."

81. **by**—Is this = "next" or = "by reason of"?

82. Jove or Jupiter was the chief of the Roman and Greek gods; Phœbus, or Apollo, being the god of song and music.

83. **lastly** here means "finally."

85. The return to the prevailing strain is marked by an invocation of the pastoral fountain Arethusa, and of the Mincius, the native river of the chief Roman bucolic poet. The fountain was in the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse; and the river, now the Mincio, in Gallia Transpadana: it falls into the Po near Mantua, Virgil's birthplace. In Arcades he speaks of "Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice stole under seas to meet his Arethuse."

87. **mood** is here used in a technical sense, signifying a particular arrangement of parts

of the musical scale. One word "mood," "a state of mind," comes from the Teutonic *muth*, an "impulse."

88. **oat**—by Meton—for "Pastoral Song."

89. **listens**, so that he may be properly inspired. The "herald" of the sea is Triton, whose trumpet was a conch.

90. **Neptune's plea**—Neptune, the king of the sea, is here represented as sending his son and herald Triton to make his excuse or pleading for the death of Lycidas. Milton evidently intended to represent Neptune as desirous of clearing himself of blame by a strict inquiry into the conduct of his servants.

95. "They could give no account of him."

96. **Hippotades**, another name for Æolus, the god of the winds. The epithet "sage" is probably used merely with reference to the weight of his responsibility.

99. **Panope**—*pan-o-pe*—A Nereid, or sea-nymph. The name means "wide view"; hence probably used here to suggest a calm expanse of water.

101. The superstition that an eclipse portends evil is a very old one. Here its evil effects are represented as extending to works performed during its occurrence.

102. **sacred**—That is, "consecrated by my love."

103. **Camus**, or the river Cam, is, in accordance with classical poetic usage, represented as mourning for Lycidas. The description given suits the river. The term "sire" refers to the supposed protecting power of rivers: thus Horatius Cocles in "The Defence of the Bridge": "O Tiber, father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray," etc.

105. **figures dim**—Possibly in allusion to the antiquity of Cambridge, or emblematic of the desolation caused by the death of his "dearest pledge."

106. **that sanguine** . . . **woe**—The Hyacinth. Hyacinthus, in classical mythology, was a youth of extraordinary beauty, beloved by Apollo and Zephyrus (or the west wind). He returned the love of the former, and as he was playing at quoits with the god,

Zephyrus out of jealousy drove Apollo's quoit with such violence against the head of Hyacinthus that he fell down dead. From his blood sprang the hyacinth, in the leaves of which appeared the exclamation of woe. **AI, AI** (cf. l. 56), or the letter **Y**, the initial of the Greek form of the name.

107. **pledge** = child — As if a pledge of conjugal love.

109. Here, as in *Paradise Lost*, Milton introduces sacred characters amongst those of classical mythology. See Luke V., 3. For the reason of the reference to St. Peter, see note on l. 8.

111. One metal indicates the advantage of admission; the other the unbending severity of exclusion.

113.131. St. Peter urges three grounds of complaint:—(1) the corruption of the clergy (ll. 114-118), (2) their ignorance of the divine truth, (119-127), and (3), see note on ll. 128-131.

119. **mouths**, by Meton, = "gluttons."

122. **They are sped** = "they are provided for."

123-124. Even their miserable instructions are dealt out only when it suits their convenience. **scrannel**, = an onomatopoeic word, descriptive of the squeaking sound produced by a pipe of this description.

125-131. **The hungry sheep** are the English people. **are not fed**. Cf. "The swelling mood of a proud clergy, who will not serve or feed your souls with spiritual food." *Reason of Church Government*. **wind** and **rank mist** refer to the "windy" and unwholesome misleading doctrines of the clergy.

**grim wolf**—(a) By some, is taken to mean "Laud," in which case **devours apace** refers to the religious persecutions of the time; **nothing said**, to the patient endurance of the people, and **two-handed engine**, to Laud's downfall; **privy paw** (= secret abduction), having apparently no point (for Laud and the High Commission Court were anything but secret in their acts), unless it refers to the secrecy of the meetings. This explanation is very improbable, for "Lycidas" was written about 1637, and Laud was executed in 1645. (b) By others, it is with more plausi-

bility supposed to refer to the Romanizing influences of the time, acting secretly (**privy paw**), and unchecked by the Court and Prelacy (**nothing said**), with which Milton may or may not have identified Laud; the **two-handed engine**—a metaphor based on the common simile of "the axe laid to the root of the tree"—being the hoped for reformation in the religious corruptions of the day, or the influence of the Scriptures—old and new—(**two-handed**)—on which Milton fully relied. Masson supposes a possible reference to the two houses of Parliament that were to deliver England.

132. The return from the digression in ll. 64-84 is marked by an invocation of the fountain Arethuse; here the return to the prevailing mood is marked by an address to Alpheus, the lover of the nymph of the fountain.

132-133. The reference is to the fall of Paganism before the power of Christ.

133. **The Sicilian Muse** is the muse of the bucolic poet Theocritus, who was born in Sicily. Here, however, the term stands for pastoral poetry in general.

136-151. **use** = "haunt"; **swart star** = "the dog star"; **swart** = "black," in reference to the effect of heat on vegetation or simply = "injurious"; **sparely** = "rarely"; **quaint-enamelled** = "curiously painted as if on enamel"; **rathe** = "early"; **forsaken**—a reference to the modest flower that "peeps beneath the thorn"; Shakespeare calls it unwedded; **freaked** = "freckled"; **amaranthus**, a Gr. word = "unfading"; the flower is purple; **laureate** = (1) "decked with laurel," in reference to King's poetical abilities, or (2) mourned by "the laurel-crowned," i.e., poets. **hearse** = (1) "a tomb," or (2) "a platform decorated with black hangings, and containing an image of the departed one." With this passage cf. what Perdita says in *Winter's Tale*, IV., iii. According to Ruskin, **Fancy** sees the outside, and is able to give a portrait of the outside, clear, brilliant, and full of detail. **Imagination** sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted, in its giving of outer detail; thus ll. 142, 145, and 147 are examples of Imagination, and ll. 144 and 146 of Fancy, 148 being mixed.

152-153. **For so**—This refers to the previous mention of the hearse of Lycidas. "For, to interpose a little ease, let our frail thoughts dally so (*i.e.*, by supposing his body on its hearse before us), with false surmise." **surmise** usually means conjecture; what is its meaning here?

154-155. **shores**—The supposition is that the body is washed to the shore; shore being, not the land, but the waters near the land—those that divide (*sheer*) the land from the sea. Does **far away** mean "to a great distance," or at a great distance?

158. **monstrous**—The ending *ous* has here its proper force. What is therefore the meaning of the epithet?

159. **moist vows** = "tearful vows."

160. **fable** = "fabled abode." **Bellerus**, a name formed from Bellerium, now called Land's End. Cf. Pope, in *Windsor Forest*, l. 316, "From old Bellerium to the northern main."

161-162. The **guarded mount** is a rock opposite Marazion, near Penzance. On it are the ruins of a fortress (hence "guarded") and a monastery, with a church dedicated to St. Michael. The **great vision** refers to the tradition that in a seat near the summit, called St. Michael's chair, apparitions of the great archangel have been seen. **Namancos**, a place on the east of Cape Finisterre, with the Castle of Bayona to the south.

163. According to some, the **Angel** here addressed is St. Michael; according to others, Lycidas himself. The context seems to favor the former view, on account of the contrast in "Look homewards," and "Looks towards Namancos," etc., and of the inappropriateness of l. 164 to the other view.

164. The Allusion is to various ancient stories of the kindness of dolphins to those who have fallen into the sea. The most familiar is that of Arion. There is also a legend of a dolphin which used to carry a boy daily on its back, backwards and forwards from Baiae to Puteoli.

165-185. "The common conclusion of a funeral elegy is the beatification of the deceased."

168. **day-star**—This may be the sun; but the ancients often spoke of Lucifer and Hesperus in this way.

170. **tricks** = "adorns"; **ore** = "golden lustre."

173. See *Matthew* xiv., 22-23.

176. **unexpressive** = "inexpressible;" **nuptial song**. See *Rev.* xix., 6-7.

177. **meek** = "peaceful." Note this order.—The Romans used their adj. *mitis* in the same way in *mitia signa*.

181. See *Rev.* vii., 17; xxi., 4; *Isaiah*, xxv., 8.

182. See note on l. 108. The transition here grates somewhat upon one's feelings. But we must regard the treatment of the subject as purely poetical. Milton's object is, of course, to return to the prevailing mood of the poem.

184. **In . . . recompense**—A classical construction = "in large recompense to thee."

186. **uncouth** here means "uncultivated." Comment on the present meaning and the etymology of the word.

188. **stops . . . quills**—here = "the holes in a wind instrument of music"; properly "coverings for them." **various quills** refers to the irregular style and mixed methods of this elegy. See digressions and passages in which various sacred and mythological personages are introduced.

189. **Doric lay** = "pastoral poetry"; Doris in Greece being the land of Bucolic poetry.

190. The reference is to the shadows of the hills.

192. **twitched** = "drew hastily" either round him, the evening now being chill, or up, his mantle having lain beside him. **blue**—the usual color of a shepherd's dress; some have supposed an Allusion to Presbyterianism.

193. We have here, as Prof. Masson observes, "a parting intimation that the imaginary shepherd is Milton himself, and that the poem is a tribute to his dead friend, rendered passingly in the midst of other

occupations." The poet may, however, refer to his Italian tour, which he was now probably contemplating. It is improbable that, at the date of the composition of "Lycidas,"

he was thinking of the part he would take in political affairs.

SONNET.—3. See *Matthew* xxv. Milton modestly claims but one talent.

## SHAKESPEARE.

### *The Trial Scene—"The Merchant of Venice."*

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—Dowden's, Gervinus's, and Hudson's "Commentaries"; Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar"; Coleridge's "Literary Remains"; De Quincey's "Essays"; Hazlitt's "Characters"; Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women"; Lamb's Works; Lowell's "Among my Books"; Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare"; and Schmidt's "Shakespeare Lexicon."

The measure is 5*xa*; but the greater part of the lines show some variation from this; *ax* is common at the beginning of a line (see ll. 1-2) and, to some extent, after the Cæsura (see l. 46); light-touched syllables are frequently suppressed (see l. 3), and sometimes a heavy syllable is prolonged into two. At the end of a line an extra unaccented (*feminine*) syllable is very common (see l. 3); the same is occasionally met with after the cæsura.

1. This and l. 2 form either a trimeter couplet, or one alexandrine

**What**—A common exclamation of impatience.

4. An alexandrine.

5. **Un capable**; "*un*" is often used where we have "*in*"; and *vice versa*.

6. A line in scansion is often divided between two or more speakers.

8. **obdurate**—The accent in Elizabethan English was often nearer the end of a word than at present. Note the omission of "that" and its insertion in l. 9.

10. **envy** = malice; a common meaning in Shakespeare.

20. **remorse** = relenting.

22. **where** = whereas.

29. **Enow**—A common spelling in former times; sometimes regarded as the plural of "enough."

35. **possessed** = informed; put into possession.

43. Not an alexandrine.

47. **gaping pig**—Perhaps "a baked pig's head on a table"; or a squealing pig. Note

the omission of the subject relative in the line.

52. Not an alexandrine—the ending being light.

56. Note omission of subject.

58. Note the effect of stress on "*will*."

67. **offence** — Resentment arising from offence.

69. **the Jew**—Evidently a general term, not merely "the well-known Shylock." "The Turk" is a common expression denoting the race. Cf. l. "Jewish heart," l. 79.

75. Note the omission of the verb "bid" before "to make." "The Elizabethan authors objected to scarcely any ellipsis, provided the deficiency could easily be supplied from the context." (Abbott.)

103. **Upon**—"In accordance with."

109-110. The scansion of these two lines is peculiar; the first part of l. 110—"Bring . . . letters"—forms also the latter part of l. 109, belonging, for the scansion, equally to each. The "amphibious section" of Mr. Abbott. (*Shakespearian Grammar*.)

118. Note that Nerissa is the companion of Portia and wife of Gratiano.

130. **Pythagoras**—An ancient Greek philosopher who taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

133. **who**—Used absolutely with “hang-ed”; the relative was often used thus by Elizabethan writers.

159. **danger**—The old meaning of this word was “the absolute power of the feudal lord” (Skeat); who may inflict injury, hence “in danger” is “in a position to receive injury.”

163. **strained**—Forced, granted “on compulsion.”

193. **truth**—Fairness, honesty.

227. **Hath . . . relation**—Applies fully.

230. **more elder**—Double comparatives and superlatives are common in Shakespeare—mainly for emphasis.

234. **balance**—“The plural and possessive of nouns ending in *s*, *se*, *ss*, *ce*, *ge*, are frequently written and more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable.”—*Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar*.

240. **do**—The sequence of tenses requires “did.”

254. **speak . . . death**—Speak well of me after I am dead.

260. Jests in the midst of tragic scenes are not uncommon in Shakespeare. “So closely are smiles allied to tears.”

262. **Which**—In Shakespeare's time

“which” had not yet become the neuter relative.

277. **pursue**—Accent the first syllable.

280. Lines having two or three accents are sometimes met with.

291. See note ll. 109-110.

299. **Soft!**—Exclamations are frequently written by themselves.

307-9. **in the substance . . . scruple**—“A grain, or the fraction of a grain.”

311. **confiscate**—Verbs ending in “t” often drop the past participle termination.

312. When a word is repeated in a line the first often has two accents and the second, one.

347. **shalt**—Note the use of future tense for the subjunctive mood.

360. **To quit**, etc.—“Remit the fine as well as the forfeiture.”

362. **in use**—To manage for Lorenzo, Shylock's son-in-law, giving him the proceeds, and when Shylock died, the principal also.

366. **presently**—At once. Comment on the present meaning.

368. **all . . . possessed**—“In relative clauses the preposition is often not repeated.”

378. **ten more**—“To make up the twelve jurymen.”

391. **cope**—Requite. **withal**, often used merely as “with.”

## SUPPLEMENTARY BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

NOTE.—After the study of the selection from each author, the student should, as an exercise, expand the outline given below. Consult also the *Primer of English Literature*.

**Arnold, Matthew** (1822—); the greatest living critic, and one of the greatest living poets; born near Staines, Eng.; eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Thos. Arnold, of Rugby; began life as private secretary to the late Lord Lansdowne; appointed in 1851 one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools; belongs to the Classical school of poetry, regarding as his masters the Greeks with their strength and simplicity of phrase and perfect sense of form; is too exclusively the poet of culture—has not succeeded in becoming widely popular; possesses imaginative power, delicacy and refinement of taste, and purity and severity of language; is the greatest of Wordsworth's disciples. Principal poems:—*The Strayed Reveller*, *Empedocles on Etna*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Tristram and Iseult*, *Thyrsis*. Principal prose works:—*Essays in Criticism*, *Literature and Dogma*, *Culture and Anarchy*.

**Allingham, William** (1828—); born in Ireland; for a time in the English Civil Service. Principal poems:—*Day and Night Songs*, *Fifty Modern Poems*, *Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland*.

**Clough, Arthur Hugh** (1819-1861), like Mr. Arnold, represents the stream of modern intellectual tradition; one of Dr. Arnold's favorite pupils; subsequently a tutor and fellow of an Oxford college; was principal of University Hall, London; in 1852 visited America, where he had spent some years of his childhood; on his return to England took a post in the Education Office; died at Florence. Principal poems:—*The Bothie*, *A Vacation Pastoral*, in hexameter verse.

**Collins, William** (1721-1759); born at Chichester, educated at Oxford; chiefly remembered for his *Ode to the Passions*, and *Ode to Evening*. Principal poems:—*Oriental Eclogues*, *Odes*.

**Cunningham, Allan** (1785-1842); born in Scotland; son of a gardener; in 1810 removed to London, where he wrote for the press; wrote romances, some poems of considerable length, and some spirited essays.

**Campbell, Thos.** (1777-1844); born at Glasgow; graduated at Glasgow University; spent some time on the Continent; returning to London, he spent the rest of his life there; made an early reputation by his *Pleasures of Hope*; this poem gained him a pension from the Government; longer poems seldom now read; his ringing war ballads are about the best of the kind in the language, full of fire and spirit. Principal poems:—*Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Battle of the Baltic*, *Ye Mariners of England*.

**Coleridge, Hartley** (1796-1849); son of S. H. Coleridge; inherited a portion of his father's genius, but also a share of his weak-

ness of will; became a slave to intemperance; possessed fine poetic taste; many of his sonnets, especially those relating to himself, are singularly beautiful. Principal prose work:—*Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire*.

**Cowper, William** (1731-1800); born at Berkhamstead, Eng., where his father was rector; was ill-treated at school by some of his school-fellows—a treatment that told upon his weak body and nervous disposition, and probably sowed the seeds of the terrible malady which darkened his life; entered a lawyer's office; obtained a Government office, but his mind gave way during his preparation for the preliminary examination; his disease took the form of religious mania and melancholy, recurring at intervals throughout his life with greater or less violence; incapacitated for active life, he retired to the country; passed the greater part of his life in the house of the Unwins; Mrs. Unwin and another friend, Lady Austin, had a beneficial influence on his career; on Mrs. Unwin's death, became inconsolable and died in unutterable despair. Cowper holds an important place in the history of English literature; he began the work finished by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott; he is the poet of the return to nature and of the simple human affections. The main charms of his verse are its truthfulness and sincerity; language direct, simple, and straightforward; style animated, vigorous, clear, and expressive; he is purely subjective; a master of pure and simple pathos; restored blank verse to English poetry; since his time poetry has taken a nobler tone. Of the sonnet in the text, Palgrave remarks:—"Cowper's sonnets unite with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature." Principal poems:—*Moral Satires*, *The Task*, *Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey*.

**De Quincey** (1785-1859); the greatest prose writer of his time, and one of the greatest writers of English prose of all time; born at Manchester; gives an account of his life in his *Confessions*; educated at Oxford; afterwards went to live at Grassmere; became a confirmed opium-eater; contributed on many subjects to many magazines; his style exact, original, full of melody, rich in apostrophes, polished and elaborate; he is somewhat egotistic, pedantic, and given to over-elaboration. Principal works:—*Confessions of an English Opium-eater*, *Autobiographic Sketches*, *Essays*, *Speculations*.

**Gosse, Edmund W.** (1849—); born at London, Eng.; assistant librarian in the British Museum; afterwards translator to the Board of Trade. Principal poems:—

*Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets, On Viol and Flute, King Erik*. a tragedy; *Later Poems*. Principal prose work:—*Studies in Northern Literature*.

**Holmes, Oliver Wendell** (1809—); a distinguished American poet and essayist; born at Cambridge, Mass.; is by profession a physician; held a medical professorship at Harvard; has contributed many poems and essays to the *Atlantic Monthly*; lyrics and shorter poems, marked by a brilliant, incisive style, delicate humor, and touching pathos. Principal prose works:—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, The Professor at the Breakfast Table, The Poet at the Breakfast Table*.

**Jonson, Ben** (1573-1637); educated at Westminster and Cambridge; served for a time with his stepfather, a master bricklayer; served also as a volunteer in the Low Countries; settled in London as a playwright; like Samuel Johnson, fought his way amid poverty and many trials to a sort of literary dictatorship; the most learned of the dramatists; a friend and admirer of Shakespeare; his characters are each the personification of some humor or special tendency of the mind; his finest pieces are the songs scattered throughout his masques; many of them are exquisite. Principal dramas:—*Every Man in his Humor, Volpone, or The Fox; The Alchemist; Sejanus*.

**Keats, John** (1795-1821); born at London; on leaving school was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon; reading Spenser fired his poetic genius; his first poem *Endymion* was received with shouts of derision; he was described as the copyist of Leigh Hunt, but "more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times as tiresome;" now it is admitted that few poems written at so early an age are so rich in the loftier attributes of poetry; this criticism greatly disheartened him, and is by some believed to have hastened his death; poetical growth very rapid; he was consumptive; gradually wasted away; died at Rome; remarkable for his passionate love of beauty, his strong and swift imagination, his luxurious flow of language, his felicity of phrase. Principal poems:—*Endymion, Hyperion, Lama, Eve of St. Agnes*, and his immortal odes.

**Kingsley, Charles** (1819-1875); born in Devonshire; educated mainly at London and at Cambridge; rector of Eversley in Hampshire; Professor of Modern History at his old University; appointed Canon of Westminster; wrote poems and novels; an earnest advocate of courage, purity, and love, healthy manhood, and firm adherence to duty; no more healthy-souled man has lived; has exerted great influence in the world. Principal works:—*The Saint's Tragedy*; a dramatic poem; *Alton Locke, Yeast, Hypatia, The Heroes, Andromeda, The Water-babies, Prose Idylls*.

**Landor, Walter Savage** (1775-1864); the original of Lawrence Boythorn in Dickens' "Bleak House;" born at Warwick; had a haughty, ungovernable temper; rusticated at Oxford on this account; left wealthy by his father's death, he lived "fast;" got into endless disputes and quarrels with almost

every one; to avoid payment of a fine for a libel he had published, he left England for Florence, where he died in misery. Some of his poems are perfect gems; his style in the *Imaginary Conversations* is finished and eloquent, and bears the impress of genius and cultivated taste; felicitous in imagery and diction; often exquisitely chaste and tender; not widely popular. Principal works:—*Gebir* (a poem much admired by Shelley); *Count Julian*; a tragedy; *Imaginary Conversations, Pericles and Aspasia, Hellenics, Last Fruit of an Old Tree*.

**Lovelace, Richard** (1618-1658); born at Woolwich; came of age just at the outbreak of the civil war; embraced the royal cause; after its defeat, took service with the King of France; on his return to England was thrown into prison; after his release, lingered in obscurity and poverty till his death; a victim to the political troubles of the time. Two or three of his lyrics are gems; but most of his poems are of no value.

**Myers, Ernest**; a living English author of verse and prose, the latter being chiefly translations of the classics; possesses marked culture and finished taste. Principal poems:—*The Puritans, The Defence of Rome*.

**Morris, William** (1834—); belongs to a group of poets, including Swinburne and the Rosettis, whose work had its origin in a literary movement corresponding to the pre-Raphaelite movement in art, pre-Raphaelitism in painting being a strict adherence to nature in form and effects as opposed to the style or rendering of certain masters or schools. Morris is the leading partner in a decorative-art firm of London, Eng.; as a story-teller he has no rival among living poets; few since Chaucer (whom he acknowledges as his master) have approached him in this difficult art; remarkable also for the grace and melody of his versification, his delightful ease and delicacy, and the general air of culture and refinement in everything he has written. Principal poems:—*The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems, The Life and Death of Jason, The Earthly Paradise, Sigurd, the Volsung*, and a verse translation of the *Æneid*.

**Newman, John Henry** (1801—); the leading spirit in the "Oxford movement," which led him and many other distinguished members of the Church of England within the pale of the Church of Rome; was born at London; educated at Oxford; in early life held the incumbency of St. Mary's, Oxford, and distinguished himself as a University preacher of great power and influence; on his secession from the Anglican Church, he was appointed head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham; in 1878 he became a Cardinal of the Church of Rome; writings very numerous, consisting of sermons and controversial works, together with a number of poems, chiefly on religious topics; one of the finest prose writers of the present century; style remarkable for its finish, accuracy, purity, and urbanity. Principal works:—*Tracts for the Times, University Sermons, Apologia pro Vita sua* (an account of his conversion and career).

**Rosetti, Dante Gabriel** (1828-1882); the

most gifted of a gifted family, for his brother William Michael is a well-known art critic, and his sister Christina Georgina is one of the greatest of living poetesses; the son of an Italian refugee, for some years professor of Italian in King's College, London; was a painter by profession; one of the leading members of the pre-Raphaelite school; early attained great fame by the originality of his designs and the vividness of his coloring; from an early age wrote verse, and in 1861 published a series of admirable translations of Italian poets; is thus characterized by an admiring critic:—"Rossetti is distinctively, though not exclusively, the poet of the romance and mastery of personal passion—passion uttered sometimes in narrative and sometimes in lyric form—his favorite type of narrative being the archaic ballad, in which a story is told and its scenery realized at a sustained, unflinching pitch of detailed vividness and intensity; and his favorite type of lyric, the sonnet, in which he is accustomed to embody a mood or phase of feeling in a pageant of descriptive images and symbols rather than in direct terms, although in directness, too, he can be a master when he chooses." His sonnets are among the best in the language; his fondness for this species of composition has probably, after Wordsworth, done most to make it so fashionable at present. Works:—*The Blessed Damozel, and Other Poems; Ballads and Sonnets.*

**Ruskin, John** (1819—); probably the greatest living prose-writer; occupies the foremost place among the critics and essayists of the present age; born at London; in his *Fors Clavigera* gives us reminiscences of his childhood; educated at Oxford; the only son of a rich father, he gratified his love of art by studying painting; being offended by some strictures on the art of the painter Turner, published in a review, he wrote a letter to the editor, which grew into the well-known book, *Modern Painters*—the most elaborate English treatise on art; he writes with great care; his style is remarkable for its ease, harmony, and grace, its appropriateness of expression, and the splendor of its imaginative effect. Principal works:—*Modern Painters, The Seven Lamps of Architecture, Stones of Venice.*

**Swinburne, Algernon** (1839—); one of the chief living poets; the greatest of the pre-Raphaelite school; educated at Eton and Oxford; the publication of his *Poems and Ballads* raised a storm of detraction, though many hailed the volume with unbounded praise; possesses a luxuriant imagination, great command of language, and consummate mastery of metre, and is especially fond of Alliteration; occasionally his command of metre and language surpasses the value of what he has to say; is often too sensuous; has written a good deal of subtle, cloquent, but highly colored prose; is a voluminous writer. Principal poems:—*Atalanta in Calydon; Mary Stuart*; a tragedy, which with *Chastelard* and *Bothwell*, forms a trilogy; *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and other poems.

**Shelley, Percy Bysshe** (1792-1822); intellectually the most richly endowed of the English lyric poets; has invested poetry with its highest attributes, if we except the taint of atheism which mars some of his best work; for infidel opinions was expelled from college at Oxford, where, before he was eighteen, he had published *Queen Mab*, and *The Revolt of Islam*; his lyrics are unsurpassed in the language; led a troubled life; resembled Byron in his defiance of control and his contempt for social restrictions, but had a sweet and lovable disposition and a heart full of charity, hope, and eager aspirations for the dawn of a better day for humanity; has never been, and probably never will be, a popular poet—poems want human interests and are often not easily understood—like Spenser, he is the "poets' poet"; his genius essentially lyrical; his poetry is of the most perfect and finished beauty; diction classical and imposing; is especially fond of Personification. Principal poems:—*Queen Mab, Alastor, Revolt of Islam, Prometheus Unbound*; a lyrical drama; *The Cenci* (the most powerful drama written since the Elizabethan era), *Julian and Maddalo, Witch of Atlas, Epipsychidion, Adonais* (a lament for the death of Keats, fit to rank with *Lycidas* and *In Memoriam*), *Hellas* (celebrating the outbreak of the Greek war for liberty).

**Whittier, John Greenleaf** (1807—); the Quaker American poet; came into note by his vigorous verses against American slavery, and by his advocacy of the cause of labor and freedom; is the most American of the poets of the New World; verse distinguished for lyrical grace and moral earnestness; ballads charming, fresh, and simple. Principal poems:—*Songs of Labor, In War Time, Home Ballads, Snow Bound.*

**White, Blanco Joseph** (1773-1840); born at Seville, Spain; of Irish descent; was ordained a priest; joined the Anglican Church on coming to England; settled in London; contributed to the *Quarterly* and *Westminster Reviews*, and other high class periodicals; scarcely succeeded in making any impression on the public mind by any of his formal publications. The sonnet in the text is declared by S. T. Coleridge to be the most grandly conceived in our language; "at least," he adds, "it is only in Milton and in Wordsworth that I remember any rival." (See Dennis's *English Sonnets*.)

**Wotton, Sir Henry** (1568-1639); born in Kent, Eng.; educated at Oxford, where he showed a taste for poetry; after graduation was employed in the diplomatic service, and passed nine years on the Continent; on his return to England was made private secretary to the Earl of Essex; on the fall of his patron retired to Italy; returned to England on the accession of James I.; was knighted by him, and employed on some important foreign missions; became provost of Eton College in 1639; best known as a statesman and diplomatist; his poems composed solely for his amusement; some of them possess great beauty of thought; is remembered mainly for the one in the text.





